

THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOLUME CXXIII.

July 1906.

No man who hath tested learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world; and, were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.—MILTON.

Calcutta :

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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW:

No. 245—JULY 1906.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following articles, written by the Count de Lesdain, describing the adventurous journey concluded in November last, by his wife and himself, should be of considerable interest to our readers. All rights of republication and translation are strictly reserved.

Art. I.—FROM PEKIN TO SIKHIM, THROUGH GOBI AND THIBET.

IV.—FU MA FU.

WE had hardly come in sight of the ramparts when two soldiers wearing their uniform which had once been ornamented with black velvet, but which the misfortunes of years had reduced to a state of rags, greeted us on behalf of the Prince, and assured us that they had come to conduct us to the lodging reserved for us.

We followed them, and instead of entering the city we skirted the ramparts to the west and south, to reach the suburb where were the inns devoted to travellers and Chinese and Mongol merchants. Some of these inns are repulsively dirty. Not one is really possible for Europeans, especially if they wish to stay two or three days. However our guides stopped and begged us to enter one of these doubtful hostels with gestures as courteous and polite as if it had been a palace. The court was full of ragged people. Only one small

room was free from the invasion of mule drivers of whom the inn was full. This was the comfortable konkouan reserved for us by the Prince of Alashan.

Without dismounting or speaking I turned my rein and ordered the caravan back. We went by the same way across the suburb and made for the chief gate of the city. I intended to see the Prince himself, and thus to force him to offer us a more decent resting-place.

When we had entered the circuit of the walls we made a great sensation, still more so when we crossed the threshold of the palace without dismounting. A servant of the Prince appeared, to whom I gave my card and we awaited his return. He soon came back, running at full speed, obsequious and smiling. The Prince was delighted to receive our visit so soon after our arrival, so at least he assured us. After this he led the way, and the Prince himself received us at the door of his reception hall.

Salutations after the Chinese manner took some time, then we sat down and I was able to observe the sovereign of Alashan. He had a very jovial face and a smiling expression which betokened unlimited self-satisfaction.

He was disfigured by the unfortunate fact that he squinted perceptibly. By an effort of will he can concentrate his gaze for a very short time like an ordinary person. For this reason in his photographs the defect is not obvious.

He inquired the reason of our visit. I replied that I thought it necessary to inform him of the manner in which his people had disobeyed his commands. I was quite sure that he had given careful orders that we were to be taken to a pleasant konkouan, but his soldiers had led us to a squalid inn where half of our baggage could not even be taken in. Appreciating that I had

given him a means of extricating himself without loss of dignity the Prince answered that I had done well to come to him without delay, and that the men who had treated us in this way and misconstrued his clearly expressed wishes should be terribly punished. He called his majordomo and in severe language ordered him to take us to a little palace near the town, and to see that we were supplied before evening with everything that man and beast could eat for eight days.

We were now the greatest of friends. He spoke of Peking, of the Russians, and of the Japanese. He seemed greatly interested in the war. He could not believe that his Russian friends would admit defeat. He assured me that it was a *ruse* on their part to crush the Japanese armies when intoxicated with success. That was a regular Chinese idea! When we left him he made us promise to return next day, when his wife he assured us would be present. This was a great proof of friendship, and we could only promise to do as he wished.

The yamen to which we were taken was not large, but surrounded with trees and away from noise and dust. It was composed of ten little pavilions standing apart, and would be very comfortable for some days.

The reader may judge after this little account of the extreme importance among these childish people of going straight to the point without hesitation and of never allowing them to treat a European with contempt. A certain class of missionaries allow themselves and their wives to be daily insulted in the streets of the cities which they inhabit. They do this with a perpetual sickly smile upon their lips in the name of Christian charity, and this is one of the reasons why I think their existence in these parts infinitely harmful. On the other hand it is always well in

dealing with a mandarin to leave him margin enough to let him lay the blame for his own faults upon his inferiors. He retains his dignity and is always much more inclined to assist one.

The city of Fu Ma-Fu deserves a special description. To start with, it is a remarkable fact to find in the middle of the desert a true city surrounded with walls and encompassed by populous suburbs. Its principal reason for existence is to serve as a market between the Chinese and the Mongols, the latter being naturally robbed. The Chinese buy sheep's wool, camel's hair, horses and camels for the caravans which transport their purchase to the export centres. A good number of the Chinese buyers act for European firms at Shanghai or Tientsin and make a profit in trading unsuspected by their employers. The Mongols buy from the Chinese flour, rice, common stuffs, coal, and ornaments such as waist buckles. Ornamented knives, necklaces of coloured glass, cotton to line clothes in winter, and, above all, shoes. For these they pay three or four times their real value.

The general appearance of the town is poor enough, the shops are little looked after and rarely repainted, since the shopkeeper takes no pains to attract Mongol customers. Many of the houses are of mud. The palace and one or two yamens are grey brick. Channels of water flow across the town from east to west and form muddy swamps here and there.

The town has not many interesting features. In the eastern portion stands a large temple in an excellent state of preservation. It is like many others in the arrangement of its buildings, but excels most of them in cleanliness and in the care spent on the different buildings. The number of lamas is not as large as in some of the Ordos temples, but they are much more friendly.

The other object of interest is a garden forty yards square in which are carefully cultivated plants rare in the Alashan desert. We were made to admire more especially a fig tree, whose miserable appearance was enough to prove that it was out of its element there. In a kind of green house, facing south, there are common plants set in pots, as one sees them in Chinese houses at Peking.

The celebrated Prince Touan is in retirement at Fu Ma Fu. He was living, I was told, in a yamen inside the town, but as I was anxious to remain in favour with the Prince of Alashan and to obtain all the facilities I could from him, I made no detailed inquiry. Had I appeared to take too great an interest in the life and doings of his friend Touan he would have become suspicious, and his apparent amiability and good will would have undergone a change.

While on this subject I may mention that not far from Ninghia the celebrated bandit General Tong fu thiang has set up his headquarters. It is difficult to state precisely what number of men he has under him. Even the mandarins of Ninghia do not know. His numbers swell according to the plenitude or emptiness of his coffers. His way of filling them is simple, and consists only in intimidating the mandarins of all ranks who hold charge in this part of the Province of Kansuh with the perpetual threat of letting his ruffians loose in the town.

As they are armed, or at least are supposed to be, with European rifles, of course through German contraband trade, they spread terror in all the district. According to the latest news Tong fu thiang is ill. He is moreover an opium smoker and there is a good chance that he will soon rid the world of his presence. He has

the deepest hatred of Europeans and his influence over the mandarins may partly explain their antipathy to strangers.

To conclude, Fu Ma Fu possesses a Russian shop-keeper, or at least a Bouriât. This man, still young, acted as Mongol interpreter to one of the latest Russian explorers of the Gobi, Cassanova. Having returned to Siberia after the expedition, this gentleman, by name Badmadgaproff, decided to return to Alashan and to settle in Fu Ma Fu as the agent of a commercial house at Ourga. That at least is the story which he wished us to believe, but as a matter of fact he is settled here as political agent of Russia with the Prince of Alashan.

Being a Bouriât, he speaks Mongolian and Russian; he has received some education, and at first sight would not awaken any suspicion. But if one considers the small stock in trade that he has with him, and which he does not even dispose of, one wonders what can be the commercial profit to him of his presence in this neighbourhood. The Mongols buy some coloured stuff, printed handkerchiefs, nails, and little things of this kind, but they cannot pay a high price for more valuable articles. The most they can do is to exchange the wool of their sheep for such articles, as they do with the Chinese for pairs of shoes.

The Prince himself is the only victim of the commercial aptitude of this Bouriât. He pays fantastic prices for European arms and curiosities. He told me himself that he had paid two hundred taels for an old fashioned little Winchester carbine, which was worth twenty, and the poor man has to pay a tael for ten cartridges. He has also bought from a Chinese photographer at Tientsin an enormous photographic apparatus with sensitive plates and chemicals to last for years.

He is a progressive Prince, and greatly interested in everything relating to arms and railways. He is bored to death in this corner of the desert and has only one desire, to return to Pekin. He is not properly speaking Prince of Alashan, but really Prince of Kukunoor. His change of kingdom is an amusing story. Several years ago he went to Pekin to be married. The policy of the Pekin Court, to that extent wise, consists in marrying to all the Mongol kinglets princesses of the Emperor's household, thus binding them to the dynasty by the links of matrimony. The Prince of Kukunoor, having married a Princess, set out again with his spouse for his distant kingdom. The Princess had no liking for this journey, and ceaselessly lamented the distance of the country in which she was to live in future. At last, having reached the opening of the Alashan desert, she absolutely refused to go a step further. The Prince in his perplexity sent couriers to Pekin to submit his case and to beg that his spouse might be forced to be reasonable. The reply from Pekin was that if the Princess refused to go on, he must settle in the place where she had stopped, and thus the Prince of Kukunoor became Prince of Alashan.

• We visited him on the afternoon of the second day that we spent at Fu Ma Fu. He received us very affably and introduced to us his wife. He has several, but this one, with whom we had the pleasure of drinking tea, is the chief wife whom all the others must respect.

Some moments after the youngest of his sons, a boy of twenty, embellished by one of the most notable stomachs that I have ever seen on a boy of his age, dragged me into a photographic dark room arranged in European fashion, with running water for washing the plates and different coloured lanterns. In the semi-

darkness of this room I should have thought myself back in civilisation, if on opening the door I had not found myself confronted by a khang of polished wood, full preparations for opium smoking, a copper brasier and carved wooden windows painted in startling colours.

We had hardly been back in our yamen a few minutes when some mandarins of the Prince's, following appeared accompanied by a great number of people carrying burdens.

They came to offer us a great number of presents from their master.

To begin with, a Mongol tent of medium size, but of very thick felt bordered with blue and lined on the inside with green and black calico. This was a present of the greatest value for us, for I had tried in vain to secure one at any price. The idea of facing the Arctic cold of Gobi in January with no other protection at night but the slender thickness of a canvas tent had been depressing. This felt tent, therefore, was very welcome, and the present, moreover, would secure the respect of the Mongols wherever we went, for the Prince of Alashan had used it himself in some of his tours through his huge and yet insignificant kingdom.

After the tent came furs. Each of us received two cloaks of the finest lamb's wool, and each of our men a large and warm sheepskin.

To conclude, there were four carpets of Ninghia make, small, but very useful for the inside of the tent and lastly a thousand German cigarettes, very bad which I could not make up my mind to smoke. The excellent man had really taken trouble to give us what we most needed, and had succeeded perfectly. I distributed a little money among those who had brought these presents and told them to thank the Prince. I entrusted to

them also a watch, I am afraid of no great value, which they were to give the Prince as a memento of our visit.

I finished the day by buying six fine camels for a moderate sum, forty taels a piece. Fu Ma Fu is the home of the biggest and finest of these animals, and I was convinced that the poor creatures which had accompanied us across the Ordos would not go much further.

On October the 10th we left Fu Ma Fu at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Prince had asked me in the morning to take an observation of latitude in his presence and I could not refuse. The observation, followed by several cups of tea, detained us a long time, and we could only accomplish a short march of five miles before sunset.

We found our new tent ready pitched at the inn of Pachentsou, a Chinese house in the shade of a huge tree, and we spent an excellent night in our new dwelling.

The country to the south of Fu Ma Fu is broken by a number of small ravines, often dry, which have been dug out by the torrents from the Alashan mountains. These torrents run in parallel courses, and lose themselves in the sand at the foot of the Sai. I found no lake for them to flow into.

On the next day we went on southward. On the road which goes to Ninghia carts can pass along and it is the great trade route of the country. It crosses a country of ravines and hills like those of the day before. To right and to left were some mud-built houses inhabited by Chinese and Mongols. They all more or less act as inns, and are disgustingly dirty, like all the places reserved for travelling Mongols.

We started in beautiful weather, and could distinguish the temple of Nanseshan-miao perched on the side of the Alashan mountains fourteen miles to the north-east, forming a white spot against the dark rock.

After the march of fifteen miles under particularly hot sun for the time of year, we reached the inn of Tourgoonn. Here the high road turns towards Ninghia across the mountains. As my object was to survey the west side of Alashan towards Tchoung-wëi, on the following day we should take a road to the south. The inn was kept by a tall Mongol woman of active appearance; her husband had been dead for some years and she had undertaken the management of the inn in his place. With the help of her two children, boys of ten or twelve years old, she made the Chinese carters obey her with a decision and a promptitude which we admired. There was none of the Mongol timidity about her.

As the rooms in which we might have rested were in such a state of dilapidation that we could see the sky through the ceilings, we preferred to set up our comfortable felt tent in the middle of the court.

I let our animals rest for a day, for the day before they had done a march of thirteen hours without stopping, during which they had covered thirty miles to find water. We were not pressed for time and I preferred not to tire them. They had to be fresh to face the sheer desert in a few weeks' time.

On the 17th of October leaving the ribbon of the Ninghia road on our left we turned south across an undulating plain haunted by antelopes. But owing to a vivid mirage I was not able to bring down one of them. A hundred yards away the plain seemed to float in the air, the smallest grasses looked like bushes, and it was impossible to sight a rifle. Towards evening we came amongst the mountain spurs running from east to west which finish in the desert growing smaller as they near the plain. Crossing picturesque gorges of rose granite and scattered boulders we reached the well of Payen Ouson,

a name often given by the carāvan drivers to the wells which they dig in this country. A great torrent bed ran down beside it to lose itself in the sand.

As I have just remarked, the march of the 13th of October was a hard one. We had come out of mountain country only to cross more, and after negotiating this, having come to a plain inhabited by the Amen Ousun Mongols, we had crossed a fresh chain of mountains, running in the same direction and bearing the Mongol name of Payen Sortrou. Then we met with a great undulating plain with some stretches of good grass in which antelopes abounded. This plain slopes gently down towards Tchoung-wëi. It is uninhabited, and seems only used for the rearing of many troops of horses. They may be seen gambolling around the stallion who orders their march and watches over the young ones. These horses are well trained from their earliest years to the privations and hardships of desert life. They cover enormous distances at a canter, when thirst forces them to come to the wells to drink. In winter they drink the snow, and scratch the surface hardened by the frost to reach the dry grass under it.

At the wells of Oiero Ottock, which we reached at 10 o'clock at night, we found some Chinese merchants installed. Installed is perhaps euphuistic, for they were smoking their opium between two stuff hangings with a camel's saddle for a roof. They were carrying loads of coarse stuffs and of opium to Fu Ma Fu. The next day at 6 o'clock they started with the first rays of the sun, and towards noon, when we were lazily resting, we saw a line of Chinese carts approaching, drawn by mules and driven by inhabitants of Tchoung-wëi, who were carrying forage for the winter to support some of the Prince's animals.

This was the first time that I had seen Mongols take such precautions for their beasts. At the end of the day I heard the voices of my men rising in a discussion which seemed likely to turn serious. I went to the spot at once, and inquired into the facts which were causing so much indignation on the part of my caravan men. I learnt that Norbo, when about to mend the saddle of one of the camels under his care, had found the straw out of two saddles removed. In the course of his inquiries he became convinced that the carters had stolen the straw to give it to their mules, which were eating it at that moment. Upon this evidence, the carters having nothing to urge in defence, I ordered twice the value of the straw to be taken from their carts, and told them to leave at once, though the next well was a good distance off. I had no desire to let these marauders spend the night near our baggage, having no confidence in the watch kept by my people.

The next day's journey was not marked by any accident. We started early, and having crossed the bed of a river which exists only in the rainy season, the bottom of which was covered with a blood red plant, we covered a small stage and encamped at the well of Oulan Outbuc. Here again we met other caravans. The road to Fu Ma Fu seemed well frequented. The high hills had disappeared, and instead of them were deep hollows and sandy plateaus. Near the well the eolian erosion had made terraces of red clay in strange shapes.

The next day we reached Tchoung-wëi after a march of about fourteen miles. As we drew near this town the sand collected in great quantities till it formed large sand hills marked at the foot by the tracks of antelopes.

We passed the Obo of Sare, the border mark between Mongolia and China, and soon after crossed the great wall, here a little mound hardly worth noticing.

Crossing the ridges and valleys of sand which kept increasing in size we came down towards Tçhoung-wëi, and suddenly saw before us the wide plain in the middle of which this town is built not far from the Yellow river.

During the flood of the preceeding months the whole plain had been under water, and in many places large swamps still remained. When we had left the wall of sand and begun to cross the field I observed that these swamps were covered with ducks, geese, and wild swans, in great abundance. They are easily killed, since, except the swans, they are scarcely wild, as the Chinese do not shoot these birds. A few shots obtained for us an abundance of succulent food that would enable us to dispense for some time with the mutton of which we were so tired.

The house which the mandarins had prepared for us was that of a Chinese merchant, the agent of a firm in Shanghai for the purchase of wool. Three small rooms, clean and warm enough, were put at our disposal, whilst my men and animals were comfortably housed in large rooms with mud walls and in fine stables.

Seeing that we should be comfortable there for a stay of some days I decided to send Norbo back to Fu Ma Fu to buy another twenty camels. The information that I had received proved beyond doubt that the price of one of these animals at Lantchou or at Leantchou would be much higher than that which I had had to pay at Fu Ma Fu, and I had every advantage to gain in buying all my animals in that town, seeing that not only was their price less but that they were stronger and not injured by badly weighted loads as those that I could obtain on the other side of the great wall were likely to be.

The town of Tçhoung-wëi is not large. Within its walls many dwellings are in ruins and, beyond the wool

trade, which is important, there is not much traffic. Several European firms keep agents there to buy wool. On the road to Ninghia following the river front was formerly a bastion three-quarters of a mile from which town. Around its ruins has grown up the suburb in which we were temporary residents.

The situation of the city is peculiar. High ridges of sand surround it on the north and west, at varying distances never more than seven miles away, which I have noticed before. The lines of these ridges all run from east to west, and as far as I could ascertain, the wind blows steadily in this direction during almost the whole year. On the south of the city flows the mighty Yellow river, to the east stretches the plain through which the river has cut its channel. There is one only high road, that from Ninghia to Lantchou. I do not reckon amongst high roads that by which we had come from Fu Ma Fa.

The alluvial plain which surrounds the city is remarkably fertile. But at times the harvest is lost owing to too sudden a rising of the river whose waters destroy everything within their reach.

We spent some time in this little Chinese town in the greatest peace. The mandarins visited us and I returned their politeness. One day when I had invited them to a great feast, one of them begged me to allow him to retire into my bedroom to smoke opium. He assured me that he could not spend an hour without smoking. I asked him to retire to his own yamen since we particularly dislike the smell of opium. I have never seen him since, and I am not sorry. Will my statement be believed that he was not more than twenty-two years old?

My greatest pleasure was to shoot in the neighbourhood of the town, where a great variety of game was to

be found. This was my bag for five days : thirty ducks three geese, and a wild swan. The flesh of the swan is uneatable, but its magnificent white down makes a very soft cushion. In connection with shooting I recollect a funny story. The military mandarin in command at Tchöung-wëi, he commanded perhaps fifty men, had a request conveyed to me that he might shoot with me. Naturally I agreed to his wish and took him with me. It took me a quarter of an hour to drive into his recalcitrant brain the chief precautions that he must take to avoid accidents, and we began shooting.

He let off his first shot too soon and landed a charge of small shot in the foot of one of the soldiers in attendance. Luckily the range was a long one and the man not seriously hurt. His second and third shot were attended neither by success nor by disaster. Just as he was going to fire his fourth, he unfortunately slipped at the side of a ditch and took a mud bath. That was enough for him. Climbing upon his mule he ambled off at full speed towards his yamen, without thinking of bidding me good-bye.

I took also during these fifteen days a series of meteorological observations which may be useful, as making known the pressures which prevail in autumn in this part of the world.

On the 24th of October there was a heavy fall of snow and the court yard of our dwelling, as well as all the streets and valleys, became a dirty drain. All active life was suspended and our existence became indescribably monotonous. I think that we should have gone mad with boredom if we had had to live long shut up in a Chinese town. During the bad season of the rains there is nothing whatever to do. Social life does not exist in China. Friends rarely visit one another,

there are no places of public entertainment except the sacred theatre where plays are given only on certain occasions and which is far from amusing even for the Chinese. After some fearfully empty days I began to understand the huge influence over this nation of the opium which procures a feeling of lassitude and of forgetfulness of the idea of time. Their communication with the rest of the world is practically none. News spreads from the leading city of the province to the small towns by means of carters and caravan drivers, but after having passed through so many mouths it is no longer recognisable and is wholly devoid of interest.

The cities which have telegraphic and postal communications are certainly better off, but even here the mistakes, the delays, and the lies in which these departments excel in China have to be reckoned with. Considering that a letter written at Lantchou and addressed to Europe cannot receive an answer before seven or eight months, it is not too much to state that life is not worth living in the interior of China, except for some devoted missionaries and others, perhaps, who have an interest there.

On the 26th I received a visit from a merchant of the town who came to ask me whether I should not like to go and see the silver mines close to Ting-liang-fu about 100 miles to the south-east, which he said were wonderful. His plan was extremely simple. After inspecting the mine I was to get leave to work them from the Governor of Kansuh, and I was then to pay my friend a large percentage on the profit in return for his zeal in putting me on to such a good thing. There was only one slight objection, merely that the Governor has never made any concessions to Europeans except on excellent terms for himself, and that the agents

of the King of Belgium at Santchou have obtained nothing from him in spite of all their efforts. So I sent the merchant about his business and patiently awaited Norbo's return.

He arrived from Fu Ma Fu with 20 camels which were far from satisfying my desires. Most of them were thin and weak. To get a better idea of their condition I had the saddles removed from their backs, and discovered that two of the animals were badly galled. Norbo seemed even more astonished than I. He had bought the camels with the saddles on, and never for a moment suspected that his Mongol brothers would play him such a dirty trick. He had paid a very high price for them, and this trusty servant must have made a handsome profit on the account which he presented to me. I could do nothing but set out with these sorry animals, and do my best to feed them up well before using them in January in the Gobi.

Without wasting time we left Tchoung-wëi by noon, the camels which had arrived the day before were loaded and the long procession filed down the street, the bells which the leaders carried on their necks giving notice of their approach.

During the first stage, we travelled towards the south-west on the stones of an old bed of the Yellow river, which covered in the dawn of history an enormous extent of ground. Compared with what it has been, this huge river seems to-day a feeble stream. Its current is fairly swift, and it works the wheels of two tanneries which have been erected on its bank. Further along in front of the village of Yula there is a rapid, which makes its presence known from afar by the flashing of its water. To avoid this danger, and to allow

the boats that go down the river to make a safe passage, a small canal, large enough for three boats abreast, has been cleverly constructed, which runs alongside of the river and enters it again, when the current has calmed down.

On this night one of my best horses was attacked by fever. The poor beast shivered like an aspen, and seemed to me very ill, but my men having held a consultation went up to the animal and one of them burnt a roll of thick paper under its nostrils while the others held it still. They assured me that after this treatment, or rather torture, the beast would soon recover its normal condition, and in fact two hours later it ate its corn greedily.

At this point the road left the river, to cross ridges of sand very lofty and difficult to climb because of the extreme dryness of the sand which gave way under the feet. The river itself issues from a narrow gorge, and it is impossible to follow its course up to Lantchou. The mountains finish abruptly at more points than one and forbid a passage along the bed, and the Chinese have not thought it necessary to undertake the hard work which a road in those places would involve. The sand, therefore, must be crossed, and one must travel towards the south-west for a long distance before turning back in a north-easterly direction towards Lantchou. Carts, of course, cannot overcome the great obstacle caused by the sand hills. They have to cross the river, travel for some distance on the right bank, and recross the river after having past the ridges of sand. A caravan with camels and horses can avoid these transshipments, but has to climb a steep ascent and put in a tiring stage on shifting ground.

In spite of all my efforts, and even some rude speeches, I had not been able at Tchoung-wëi to escape

the inevitable and hateful escort of a little fat mandarin and five thieving soldiers. After one day's march they began already to get on our nerves. They tried to persuade my men to share with them the provisions which I had bought for the journey. I intervened in time to stop this little game, but one of the soldiers then declared that he would go no further with me if he was not fed. To my mind that was an additional reason for refusing. The following morning he had deserted.

No doubt he would plunder in the neighbourhood until his companions returned from Lautchou, and would lay all the thefts which he committed at the door of the "Foreign devils." On various occasions I had asked the mandarin in command in the towns where my escorts were appointed whether I had to furnish their ordinary food, flour and rice, to the soldiers. I always received the same answer, that I had not to think of anything, and that they had to provide for their own nourishment. It is certainly a fact, none the less, that these men receive no provision when they leave their home to accompany a traveller. The mandarin knows it, and in this way makes himself an accessory to their brigandage. The result is that when robbed the peasants dare not bring complaints, since they know that their judge is himself the chief culprit of whom they will have to complain.

From Tchoung-wëi we had risen more than 1,800 feet, and at this season of the year this slight change in height caused a much greater change in the temperature. It was very cold at night, and the thermometer hardly rose above freezing point by day whenever the sun retired for a few moments behind a veil of clouds.

We were on a great plateau whose northern side sloped gently down to Alashan, and whose southern flank was supported by a low chain of mountains. From the

village of Siwantnatze, at which we had halted and which is only a miserable hamlet, we saw in the clear splendour of day the chain of the Alaśhan mountains defined against the north-east and standing out from the plain strongly coloured in dark blue and mauve. In the earlier part of the day the road had followed the course of a tributary of the Yellow river, and all along it we had come across ancient beacon towers, which the authorities made use of in old times to communicate interesting events quickly from one point to another. Torches in varying numbers served as an alphabet.

On the 4th of November the camel drivers asked me to give the animals a little rest. Those that they had recently bought were not yet in training for daily marches. I hesitated a little, for I thought that this proposal was due to laziness rather than to their concern about the camels, but having inspected the animals I decided to halt for one day at the village of Yany Pringchoin; composed of six houses. Instead of devouring with eagerness the grass which was fairly good many of the camels crouched on the ground, their long necks extended and their eyes closed, which is always a sign of fatigue. I wondered anxiously what use I could make of them, unless I got them into better condition, in a country where long halts are not possible.

The day was not entirely wasted. I took some observations with an eclimeter to determine the height of some snow peaks far to the west.

Towards evening one of my men, Saral, brought to us four lamas, whose miserable appearance and unwontedly humble attitude showed that something important had happened.

The poor wretches had come from Peking and were going on pilgrimage to Kumbum. They had

quitted the capital of the celestial Empire six months before, and had gone first to Utaishan, had then continued their journey by the Shansi, up to Ninghia, and had been delayed at Yany Pring-choin for several months as the result of a night attack.

On their arrival they had pitched their tent at a short distance from the village, where, incidentally, was a garrison of ten soldiers, posted for the suppression of brigands, thinking themselves perfectly safe under the protection of the authorities. But in the middle of the night they were suddenly and treacherously attacked by some gentlemen armed with swords and Mongol rifles, who stole the money which the pilgrims were taking to Kumbum as an offering from their monastery, and left them in the most pitiable condition.

One of them had his neck nearly severed; another had lost an ear and was pierced in the shoulder, a third had his elbow cut open by a sword stroke, and the fourth, in defending himself had seized in his hands the sword of his assailant, and had thus received a most painful wound.

Since then they had remained where we found them, at first too much damaged to travel, and when they had partly recovered too much afraid. Further more they had not been allowed to join any large caravan travelling in comparative safety, and they had come to beg us to allow them to travel with us on the next day. They were certain that the brigands would never attack a company, however small, commanded by a European, and armed with repeating rifles.

I granted their request through sheer humanity, but I gave my men strict orders to keep a keen eye upon their behaviour and movements, for your lama is the most hypocritical, insinuating, and skilful of thieves.

Our new travelling companions appeared punctually at the hour of our departure in the most grotesque dress. The weakest of them, with the wounded neck, was seated on an unfortunate little donkey, a tiny animal which could hardly manage to put one foot before the other. The three stronger lamas walked, very gloomy, and pushing before them two little asses on which they had put the little that remained to them, a small tent in rags, some sheep skins on which they slept and some ten pounds of flour.

The only interest attaching to our journey on that day was that we turned south, and left the plateau which command the desert of Alashan. We entered a little winding valley, and at once the temperature seemed to rise, and the wind was less cutting. After having descended for 16 miles a series of hollows we reached the little town of Sutran. According to custom the mandarin sent one of his followers to present his card to us and to greet us in his name. This man brought us to a fairly clean little house and invited us to take possession of it, when suddenly, just as I was ordering the camels to be unloaded, the mandarin himself arrived, one of the most curious specimens of his kind that I have ever met.

Advancing towards us with extended arms he performed several salutations. Then suddenly he rushed towards me and pressed me to his chest with every sign of the keenest emotion. My resistance was useless, he repeated this comedy, and on its conclusion begged us to follow him to his yamen where he had prepared a room for us.

The yamen was one of the poorest, made of mud, painted white and ornamented here and there with large rings of red. The whole building was shaky, and suited the wretched little town in the midst of which it was built.

But the reception prepared for us was as careful as could be. We were given Chinese brandy instead of tea,

and our host drank a full cup of it. I began to understand the strangeness of his behaviour. He was a drunkard, and seemed to have prepared for our reception by the most copious libations. I afterwards learned from his servants that their master was never sober to their knowledge, and that no man from there to Lantchou could drink so much brandy without falling flat on the floor.

I decided to spend a day at Sutran with the object of making a map of the surrounding mountains. The mandarin could not express his joy at this news, and finally drunk off at a gulp another cup of his favourite beverage. The reader may be interested to know the pecuniary resources and the occupations of these small mandarins. An officer of the blue button, like the one at Sutran, receives a fixed salary of four hundred taels, about £48 a year. When I say that he receives this pay, I mean that he is supposed to, but for a number of reasons which would take too long to explain, and which are more or less due to the rapacity of his immediate superiors, he seldom handles it. On his side he has to support a certain number of soldiers, subordinates of all kinds, a steward, some beggars, himself, and his family.

In China living is evidently cheap, but it is impossible to live on nothing, even on the edge of the Alashan desert. What then can our mandarin do, since he gets little or no money? He must oppress the people untill he obtains his requirements and more besides. He has in fact paid a certain price for his post, and he naturally desires to recover his expenses. Furthermore, if he wishes to get on, and have a brilliant career, he must save a sufficient sum during his three years' occupation to buy a higher post which will probably cost him double what he paid for that in which he is

at the moment exercising a semblance of authority. He must sell justice, make a profit out of criminals, force law suits upon rich merchants, allow his soldiers to rob, and omit to pay his debts. In this way the Chinese mandarins, from the highest, to the lowest, are rotten to the core, and to change this deplorable state of things, which is at the bottom of Chinese stagnation, prodigious efforts are needed and a lapse of time, of which those who speak of the regeneration of this huge empire have no conception. All the forces, for good and evil, in this populous country are not centred round Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tientsin and Peking, or in the neighbourhood of the open ports, and only a very small fraction of the people has been impressed and affected by the presence of the Europeans with whom they are in frequent and compulsory contact. Ninety per cent. of the Chinese people have not the least idea of our ways and our ideas, and we shall have to overcome the formidable resistance of all the authorities who are profiting by the actual state of things before we can arrive at any practical result. In that day we shall perhaps bitterly regret that we did not leave the terrible monster who will then rise before us crouching in his muddy lair.

The soldiers who keep guard at the yamen and act as police receive pay ranging from 2 to 3 taels a month. They all smoke opium, and their pay is just enough to enable them to indulge in this vice. On what then do their families subsist? On thefts protected and unpunished and above all on blackmail. That is the chief means of extracting money from the tradesman. Give me so much or I denounce you to the mandarin. The wretched trader pays, and unless he leaves the city and appears in his new home as a poor man, he will die a

beggar. An old comic opera assures us *La Chine est un pays charmant*.

On leaving Sutran we passed a great number of towns, villages and fortified farms. The last Mussulman rebellion, which caused fearful ravages all through Kansuh caused the elevation here and there of fortified dwellings surrounded by great mud walls, sometimes more than twenty feet high, with one or two towers which command the country and act as bastions. Inside these walls is a path on which are heaped broken stones and large pebbles. Very rarely the inhabitants possess a bad rifle or a jagged sword. Their one hope and resource lies in their implements of work and in these heaps of stones. Sometimes above the entrance gate is a turret built out like a balcony. Through a hole in the flooring of this the defenders, in case of attacks, would try to throw boiling water, bricks, and anything that might wound or kill upon their assailants. Before the Mussulmans spread on all sides with fire and sword these farms, which look so warlike to-day, were only surrounded by walls of moderate height. The difference in colour between the upper and lower portions shows that they have only been recently fortified.

What caused and probably would cause again if a new rebellion broke out, the ruin of these unlucky peasants, is their want of united action. Each farmer took refuge in his own farm, with his wives, children, and servants, in all perhaps ten or fifteen persons of both sexes, and tried to beat off the enemy in his own way. These isolated dwellings were taken and burnt one after another. The conquering assailants murdered and plundered, though they were not numerous and had only imperfect weapons like those of their victims.

The general aspect of the country is consequently most picturesque and I felt as if we were travelling in the middle ages in the days of bandits and highway men; of strong castles and civil wars.

Before concluding our march for the night and halting at the little fortified village of Sacretien we crossed a ridge about 1,200 feet high, around which lay numerous deposits of coal, scattered on the surface of the ground. The inhabitants of the country profit by these abundant riches and use them for immediate needs. Their methods of work are very primitive. Wherever the precious mineral protrudes above the surface, they attack it with pick axes and dig a hole never more than ten yards deep. Whether the vein is exhausted or not they abandon it for fear the earth should fall in. They will not take the trouble to prop up the walls of the cavity which they have made. They rarely follow the vein to its full extent. That would compel skilled work which they consider useless and costly, while a little further on they can tap fresh supplies of coal on the ground level without trouble or expense.

Kansuh is extremely rich in mines of all sorts,—coal, silver, gold, tin, zinc, copper, and iron. Unfortunately communications between this remote province and the rest of the world are costly and lengthy, and certain minerals such as coal which would yield large profits under other conditions must remain unproductive until the conditions for working them improve.

The coal of these mines is burnt in all this district as far as Lantchou. Near this capital are other very rich mines.

We continued a monotonous journey in a country full of farms, destroyed by Mussulmans, and small fortifications of the kind that I have already described.

In the morning a disagreeable surprise awaited us. Three of the camels, and three of the best, were absolutely incapable of starting. They seemed drunk, with their legs straddling to keep their balance, their heads hanging, their eyes closed, their thick lips slobbering. Every effort to make them advance or move being vain, I was obliged to wait for another day, for I could not lose these three animals. As for leaving them behind and committing them to the care of the peasants, they might just as well have been sacrificed at once.

The camels had been poisoned by a plant which grew in the neighbourhood, with a thin stem and a red corolla. Oddly enough the horses, mules, and asses had eaten this plant with impunity. Only the camels had suffered from it.

My men began at once a course of treatment which consisted in beating the animals with sticks until they tried to move. As a result they fell heavily to the ground and lay with their necks stretched out in front. Then they opened their mouths and poured into them a draught difficult to specify, but in which ammonia played a great part. Then they let the sick beasts rest near the tents, while the others were peacefully feeding in a part of the plain where the dreadful plant did not seem to have taken root.

Towards evening the Mongol Norbo asked me for some *sapeques* to buy aniseed with from a neighbouring farm. He crushed it, mixed it with flour, and made pills of it which he caused the camels to swallow. A little while after two of them were strong enough to get up and take a few steps. If not loaded they would be able to manage the march of the next day. I was not so happy about the third, which had not opened its eyes all day, and which was dropping a great deal of foul smelling saliva from its mouth.

That night was a disturbed one. At about eleven o'clock I suddenly heard a noise of hoofs and of frightened neighing. Seizing a carbine, which I always kept loaded, I ran out, and for some time could distinguish nothing in the dense darkness of the night. I heard my men calling to one another and I went towards them. "A wolf had carried off the chronometer mule," they told me, shivering with fright. I handed rifles to two of them, and we started in pursuit, but only met with a few casual falls, due to the invisible inequalities of the ground.

In the morning I examined the tracks left by our nocturnal assailant. I could easily see from the size of the pads and the length of the claws that it was no wolf but a panther that had carried one of our beasts off. I questioned some countrymen who had been drawn to the spot by the news of the incident, and they assured me that sometimes panthers of great size come down to the plain in search of food and carry off their sheep.

The half-eaten carcase of the mule lay a few hundred paces away.

On November 13th the cold was intense. Snow was falling fast, and under these conditions our march was a trying one. The men were grumbling, they always wanted to stop as soon as the temperature became unpleasant. Their sighs and sulky faces furnished us with our only entertainment on this hateful day. We slept in a tiny house, which we hunted out in the middle of a small town strikingly like a mediæval stronghold, with its moats, dungeons, and fortified gateway. Its three hundred inhabitants were huddled inside it, terrified at the sight of us.

In the night the temperature went down to ten degrees, and the snow was frozen hard. Luckily we should reach Lantchou on the next day.

V.—THROUGH KANSUH.

The city of Lantchou, the capital of the Province of Kansuh, is very picturesquely situated. Limited on one side by the Yellow river it extends over a large plain between three valleys, and contains a population reckoned at a million souls. I think this number greatly exaggerated. I should consider the half of it a correct estimate. The most curious feature of Lantchou is the bridge of boats which joins the two banks of the Houang Ho. This bridge is made up of a large number of boats on which a kind of pontoon has been set, constructed of roughly joined planks of wood, so that there is a certain amount of danger in crossing it. The boats are bound together by huge chains of iron running from end to end of the bridge. If the iron employed were of better quality a band of half the diameter would suffice. The current is not very rapid, and the danger of a breach is confined to the time of the melting of the snows, when large blocks of ice are carried down by the water. The city inserts a large sum in its budget every year for the upkeep of the bridge, but owing to the usual system of plunder very little of it is spent in that way.

Below the bridge some strange rafts may be seen on the muddy water, made of inflated sheepskins tied together with ropes. A deck thrown over these bladders is more or less firmly attached, and we have before us the kind of vessel which transports travellers and trade from Lantchou to Ninghia. An ordinary wooden boat would not be able to resist the rapids, which pass, as I have noted before, between pointed rocks standing close together, and swing round sometimes actually at right angles. Even these boats are not safe, and five years ago

an unfortunate European met his death under sad circumstances not far from Lantchou. In endeavouring to escape from a threatened massacre, he took refuge on one of these rafts, and entrusted himself to some inexperienced boatmen who, at the first rapid, were unable to control the craft. It perished with all on board in the waters.

The barracks, parade ground, and rifle range of the Lantchou garrison are not far away, opposite the eastern gate. I was not able to ascertain how many men the garrison was supposed to consist of, but certainly the Governor does all in his power to improve his soldiers. The men are far inferior none the less to those whom we reviewed at Koei Hoa Tchang. I witnessed some of their drills, and can state that they have still much to learn before they will even be presentable.

Lantchou possesses also a factory of arms, existing in a large and clean building, originally built by a German company which attempted to manufacture cloth. Had the company succeeded its profits would have been enormous, but it had to fight complete corruption and sordid greed, and was obliged to close its doors in total failure.

The factory of arms produces rifles such as our grandfathers used a century ago. They are hammer guns well enough made for arms of this kind, but quite incapable of resisting the smallest troop in modern warfare. A great number of these rifles are delivered at Sining fu, where they are bought at a high price by Tibetan caravan drivers, who always dread the attacks of robbers between Sining fu and Lhassa. At Lantchou the price of one of these weapons is nine taels.

It is also possible to procure arms made in and imported from Germany at Lantchou, Mausers and Mannlichers, with their cartridges. Everyone knows, but

nobody mentions, the source whence they come and the illicit contraband of which the importers are guilty.

While at Lantchou we received the kindest hospitality from Mr. Spilingaert, originally a Belgian, now a naturalized Chinaman. He is one of the only Europeans I believe who has held for a long time an administrative post in China. He is a mandarin of the red button, both civil and military, and has received the celebrated decoration of the 10,000 families. That decoration is as follows:—When a mandarin in charge of a great city has satisfied the inhabitants by his honesty and good administration, a certain number of families, 10,000, join in offering to the mandarin three large parasols, to which are attached a number of small black and yellow silk streamers, one for each family and inscribed with its name. They also present to him a dress of black and yellow silk with inscriptions. The mandarin has the right to wear this dress at an audience of the Emperor, and thus prove to his master his qualities as a servant and officer.

Another and much commoner mark of the esteem in which an officer is held is the hanging up in a small cage of wood at the entrance to the town, under the arch of the chief gate, of a pair of his shoes when he leaves the town. All who have visited Chinese cities must have noticed these cages.

At Lantchou we met two German explorers, Lieutenant Filshner and Doctor Taffel. The lieutenant had come from Shanghai to Lantchou by the well-known high road, accompanied by his wife, but the lady had stayed at Sining fu with the representatives of the China Inland Mission, dreading the weary journey through Tibet, while the two explorers were doing their best to reach the Oring Nor.

They had thought it advisable to have recourse to the Chinese forces to assist them on their journey, and had appealed to the military mandarin of Sining fu. He had given them a strong escort of well-armed soldiers and one of his own official tents with a view to impressing the inhabitants of that undoubtedly dangerous portion of Tibet.

But all these precautions proved useless, for they were attacked by a troop of armed Tibetans, who began to fire on them at night after they had come out of a defile. The European caravan suffered no loss, but the next morning they judged prudent to retreat at full speed leaving their baggage behind. They reached Yunnan and from thence Lantchou and Sining fu.

The result of their expedition strengthened the resolution which I had long formed to rely solely on my own force in crossing Tibet, and to avoid everything which might suggest to the Tibetans that we had any connection with the Chinese authorities. Their hatred and contempt for the Chinese is so strong that that feeling alone will drive them to attack a convoy which they would probably allow to pass unmolested without an armed escort. The presence of an escort shows them that the explorers are afraid of them, which incites them to brigandage. My theory was justified by experience.

Lantchou is also the principal site of the mining agents of King Leopold, who have been vainly trying to acquire mining concessions for years with more perseverance than knowledge of the situation.

Strangers seem to be absolutely loathed at Lantchou. It is no rare experience to be insulted in the open street by persons of all classes and to have the harmless but exasperating salutation of "Foreign devil" dinned

into one's ears. The mandarins are difficult of approach, for they follow the example of their chief the Governor, who considers all Europeans to be dust under his feet and treats them with the most perfect unconcern. In spite of treaties, in his official relations with the missionary bishops he never gives them the titles conferred upon them by the convention signed by Mr. Gerard. I do not think that the convention is to be approved of, since it degrades Europeans by definitely placing most of them lower than some Chinese officials in its endeavour to raise the prestige of missionaries, but anything once signed should be held to.

On one of the walls of the city pamphlets were stuck up, vilifying and cursing Europeans. Shortly before our arrival abuse of Mr. Splingaert had been written up, Chinese mandarin of high rank as he was. There is no open declaration of war, but the latent hatred is only waiting the signal to break out.

It is practically useless to appeal to Chinese tribunals for justice to secure the condemnation of the insolent ruffians who try to make Europeans a popular laughing stock in broad daylight in the open street.

While we were there a Boxer publicly conducted so active a propaganda that the magistrates could not shut their eyes to it. They arrested the gentleman and sentenced him to a very small number of strokes with a bamboo, and left him free to begin again. Within six months of the troubles of 1900 this man would have been beheaded. Such is the change already!

While waiting at Lantchou I did my best to improve the condition of my caravan camels. Many were hurt, and all very thin. As I was constantly told that my caravan drivers were neither experienced nor clever enough to keep them healthy, I sent for a camel driver

named Lao Yang from Leantchou. He had a great reputation for his skill, and had served under Mr. Spingaert on one of his many journeys, when he acted as secretary to Baron von Reichtoffen on his celebrated expedition.

When Lao Yang had arrived and taken command of our little troop we had no more reason to delay at Lantchou, and in spite of the kind hospitality offered us, we decided to start again.

Our course before entering the Gobi desert included a diversion to Sining fu and Kumbum.

I shall not enter upon a detailed account of this road, not specially interesting, since it has been travelled over by all the explorers and missionaries who have gone to Kansuh.

The road leaves the river and leads to Ping fen, a sub-prefectoral town, which commands the high road to Leantchou and Sining fu. It follows the windings of a little tributary of the Yellow river, down hill all the way, across lofty and picturesque terraces of red clay which seem to keep to a height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet without exceeding it. The population without being numerous seems prosperous enough and food and lodging are easily found by the traveller.

Having reached Ping fen on the 3rd of December I decided to send all the camels and two-thirds of the men to wait for us at Leantchou, not thinking it worthwhile to take them round by Sining fu. The renowned Lao Yang assured me with much gesticulations that he knew of an excellent place not far away and to the west of Leantchou where the animals would find plenty of food and would visibly improve their condition in three weeks. We only kept with us what we wanted and a little money. I hired two carriages, or rather two springless carts, covered with a straw roof, in which

to journey to Sining fu. Each cart cost twenty taels and was drawn by a horse and a mule in tandem, strong animals both. I promised the drivers a little extra pay if they covered the 340 lis (115 miles) between Ping fen and Sining fu in four days. This distance could easily be covered were it not for the intervention of steep ups and downs, and the crossing of a ferry. We settled ourselves as comfortably as possible amongst bundles in one of the carts, and having put all our men into the other started off at a good pace, while our caravan of camels moved slowly northward under the noisy and tumultuous orders of Lao Yang.

We arrived at the day and hour fixed. But we had some trouble in doing it. After the first thirty miles the fine rapture of the drivers and their animals began to fail. After sixty miles the carts crawled. We contrived it by making night marches, sleeping in the carts.

Sining fu is a very picturesque city, not only owing to its position, but chiefly because of the number of different races which contribute to its population.

In the chief streets, lined by shops of all kinds, may be seen Chinese from all parts of China, Tibetans from the North and from Lhassa, Ordos Mongols and Mongols from Tsaidam, Kansuh Mussulmans and Mussulmans from Lob Nor. Aborigines, whose ancient history can hardly be traced, and half Russianised Bourriats, occasionally even a Hindu. *Pêle mêle*, crowded together, the naked shoulder of a Tibetan against the blue cloth of the Chinaman, they discuss for an interminable time the price of a box of European matches or of a small looking glass. The pointed coiffure of the bold looking Tibetan women overtops the mass of dirty caps with red silk buttons worn by the

Chinese. All are busy and interested, for Sining fu is the chief emporium of civilization for a large portion of the world. Here the great caravans that come twice in the year from Lhasa and Chigatze obtain what they require. Through Sining fu the news of China reaches the centre of the desert, and along with it the cheap articles which the common Tibetans can afford to buy. Whether all these races are always on the best of terms with one another it would be hard to say. But there did not seem to be an unusual amount of quarrels and discussions. All visitors to Sining fu seem chiefly animated by the desire to satisfy their curiosity, to amuse themselves, and to buy as much as possible at small expense.

The Rev. Mr. Ridley, of the China Inland Mission, kindly came to see us and gave us interesting details about the country which he knows through and through. I am indebted to him for a chart of the distribution of the different nations in the neighbourhood of Sining fu, which is full of interest.

As we did not intend to make a long stay at Sining fu, we decided to go the next day to the famous monastery of Kumbum, so much extolled and celebrated by the various travellers who have seen it, from the Fathers Huc and Gabet down to the most recent explorers, for example Sven Hedin.

This monastery was the principal cause of our visit to this portion of Kansuh.

We could not start before midday. We had to hire some horses, and as those which had been brought to us in the morning were unfit for use, we had to wait several hours before we could obtain suitable animals.

There was nothing remarkable about the first portion of the road, which followed the bed of the river until it turned at right angles to follow the course of a

small tributary, near the source of which stands the great monastery. We advanced at a good pace, not being burdened with a numerous following or much luggage. We only had with us a few soldiers, and an officer of low rank whom the mandarin in charge of the Tibetans had thrust upon us, under the pretext that we should be better treated by the lamas. One of our own men amused us greatly by the exuberant joy which he exhibited without ceasing all the way. He was Sarrol the Mongol. He had put on his finest clothes to go to Kumbum, and even then not considering himself sufficiently sumptuously attired had borrowed various ornaments on all sides. It was a great day for that good Mongol, the fact of having gone to Kumbum more or less as a pilgrim gave him an absolute right to everlasting happiness, and meanwhile undoubtedly caused him great terrestrial pleasure. He gesticulated, shouted, yelled, sang out of tune and galloped about, trying to make his pony perform skilful evolutions on the edge of the ditches until both pony and rider eventually rolled over on a stretch of thick mud.

Having passed several mills worked by the swift current of the little river we came in sight of Kumbum. But night was now beginning to fall, and we had to continue our way by the light of the many lamps which shone out on all sides from the different buildings of the temple with the most pleasing and picturesque effect.

Some lamas, warned of our arrival, were waiting for us near a dimly lighted porch leading to a large inner court. They led us politely to the little room which had been reserved for us, which we reached by climbing an unsteady ladder which served for a staircase.

We found a meal, laid in a room some 15 or 18 feet square with a wooden floor, ceiling and wainscoting,

consisting of butter, tea, and some cakes, cooked in the Chinese manner. After bidding us good night the lamas retired, fingering the small beads of their rosaries. We woke in the night nearly suffocated, and having lit a candle we found a thick and bitter cloud of smoke coming into our room through the cracks in the flooring. Some pilgrims had made a fire in the room under ours, and were peacefully cooking their dinner with no idea that they were smoking us out. After a short parley they laughingly consented to remove their kitchen and their fire to the middle of the court. At dawn some lamas came and knocked at the door, and presented us with a piece of silk from the grand lama. They were to be our guides over the monastery.

The court of the house in which we had spent the night presented an attractive spectacle. A large number of Tibetans, men, women, and children, were warming themselves in the sun, or finishing their meals, and as the sun gradually warmed the air, partly threw off their sheepskin clothes, exposing their naked and sinewy shoulders. All were wearing the little pointed cap which gives so unwarlike a look to Tibetan soldiers, but is not without originality.

We then began our inspection of the different temples. All are well kept up, and some of them richly ornamented. On some pillars of the largest hall panther and leopard skins were hung, very old and covered with dust. Others were covered with very well worked Turkistan carpets. There were statues like those in other temples, but more richly decorated, and, as elsewhere, pictures representing scenes in Buddha's life. The true wealth of Kumbum lies in its precious collection of Buddhist sacred books, which are of the highest interest to scholars of this difficult and arduous science.

such as Rockhill, but which leave the ordinary traveller unmoved. These books are usually made up of separate pamphlets pressed together between two pieces of painted carved wood, and bound together by rolls of embroidery.

One specially interesting spot is where all the pilgrims prostrate themselves at full length in homage to the divine Buddha. In front of the open gates of a small temple some planks are laid on the ground, which are longer and broader than the length and breadth of a man. The pilgrims prostrate themselves on these boards, sliding forward on the palms of their hands until their whole body is resting on the ground. Then they rest, and prostrate themselves again until they are turned out by the attendants. Some lamas keep order and receive the offerings.

We were surrounded by a group of inquisitive lamas. They were also very evil smelling, which is not to be wondered at, considering that it is their custom to smear their bodies with butter and grease, and that they generally put on a new layer without removing the former one. But suddenly, as if by some enchantment, we saw them disappear in all directions and we were left alone in the middle of a court.

Their precipitate flight was soon explained by the appearance of the grand lama. He was proceeding to a temple near by, crowned with a yellow hat resembling an old Roman helmet in shape, and had in his hand a painted wooden sceptre. He has the right to inflict severe corporal chastisement on any lamas whom he may find offending as he passes along, and the latter are not at all anxious to meet him.

He was a cheerful looking person, of the well-fed type, and he allowed us to photograph him with evident

pleasure. The Kumbum lamas have been completely civilised by the passing visits and sojournings of a few Europeans, and have even learnt the value of tips.

What we particularly wanted to see was the famous tree which is attributed by legend to the times of the Buddha himself, and on whose leaves and bark letters like those in the Buddhist books are supposed to appear, which are universally venerated and worshipped. Some travellers have attached great value to this legend, and assert that the phenomena of the appearance of the letters cannot be otherwise explained. I admit that I never imagined for a moment that anything supernatural took place and my only object was to discover the "fake" practised by the lamas to inflame to such an extent the credulity of the pilgrims. In December the tree, a kind of wild cherry, was naturally leafless, but the priest in charge of the temple before which it grows begged us to admire the lettering printed on the bark, which only extended, a point worth noting, to the height of a man. Its falsehood was not difficult to determine and to make sure I inscribed my name in Chinese characters according to the process evidently employed.

A thin transparent skin covers the bark of the tree, loose in places, and hanging along the trunk. Between this and the bark is a certain amount of liquid which colours the skin. If the skin is forcibly pressed against the bark the liquid is forced aside and the skin sticks to the bark by atmospheric pressure. Owing to the absence of the liquid a white spot forms when the skin has been crushed, which can be seen some way off. This is how the writing grows on the famous tree at Kumbum. The tree itself also is far from being very ancient.

I had hardly finished writing my name when the lamas who were present became violently angry and pushed us out of the enclosure with more energy than consideration, while the priest in charge of the sacred tree prostrated himself before the altar at the back of the little temple, and began a series of noisy prayers and exorcisms. However, we got back to our lodging in peace, followed by an unsympathetic crowd, and having bought a few curiosities we set out on our return journey to Sining fu by a shorter road than that by which we had come, across the small group of hills to the north-east.

One of the greatest difficulties that the traveller in China has to contend against is the unpunctuality of the people that he has to employ. And the worst of it is that there is no remedy for it, for in the primitive intellect of the peasants, mule-drivers, and members of the lower classes, the notion of time is extremely vague. In spite of our orders to the people we had hired for our journey to Leantchou, across the lofty and difficult mountain country named after Czar Alexander III, to be punctual at six o'clock in the morning, not one had deigned to put in an appearance at ten o'clock, and I was beginning to lose patience when at length our drivers and their animals came in under the gateway of the inn.

We had had great difficulty in securing the necessary transport. The way was hard and even perilous in winter and no one was anxious to venture upon it, considering that it is possible to reach Leantchou almost comfortably by the Ping, fen road. But this latter well-known road was not what we wanted, and although the season was against us we had determined to go by the mountain way and to overcome with high pay the reluctance of the mule-owners. Furthermore, the inhabitants of these mountains have a very bad reputation.

Rightly or wrongly, they are said to plunder and rob travellers without mercy, and our own servants trembled in every limb at the thought of the great perils from men and from nature that they were about to experience.

We soon entered a valley through which ran a small half frozen stream, the general direction of which was clearly north. The slope was gentle, the ground firm, and after a quick march of twenty-two miles, we reached the small town of Wan-Yuen-fou, at nightfall, where we had to put up for the night at the most disgusting Kon-Kouan imaginable. On the 12th of December we managed to get the men up early and started at sunrise. The view was then a lovely one. We were in the centre of a small plateau covered with snow like a thick and spotless carpet. The walls of the town as we left them were hidden by snow and the high peaks before us were snow-capped. The cold was nipping, below zero at seven o'clock, but luckily the wind had not yet risen and a sharp walk rapidly warmed us.

The march of the day before had been easy. That day's was not. My men tried one last effort to make us return to Sining fu and take the Ping fen road. They knelt down in the snow, and with grotesque gestures of despair once more described to us the dangers ahead. They had met a soldier, they said, who had come over the same road in winter two years before.

He had lost his mules and his baggage. To put an end to these lamentations I bade them bring up the soldier. He was a tall and insolent ruffian. As he began to repeat his string of lies I struck him across the face with my riding whip and sent him rolling in the snow. I promised similar treatment to anyone who should make any further reference to the perils of crossing the Alexander III mountains, perils which I considered

infinitesimal myself. We began to climb, and the slope was at times steep enough to make it necessary for us to urge our animals on. The people of the country are the ancient aboriginals of Kansuh, the most authentic survivors of the primitive race from which the Chinese have sprung. The type is by no means savage or brutish, on the contrary it appears to bear a stamp of refinement and good humour. They are easily distinguishable from the ordinary Chinese by their finer features, the size of their eyes, and their simple look. The head dress of the women is distinctly like that of the ladies of Tibet in shape, but they wear no ornaments or jewels.

These people are obviously very poor and very hardy. Some among them were simply attired in old sacks, and the young children played about almost naked in piercing cold which forced us to draw our fur cloaks closely round us.

Having crossed two fairly easy ridges we came down again into a valley running from north to south, above which rose the loftiest ridge that we had to negotiate. The country round was practically desert. Only one poor dilapidated house could be made out on our right. The savage aspect was impressive, the more so that the path which we were following was almost wholly concealed, the mules and horses leaving no tracks on the pebbly soil. The river, or rather the torrent, was frozen, and large blocks of ice here and there showed where the water had tried to force its way. In the valley a large amount of flint and granite of all colours was noticeable. I counted seven different tints of stone, sometimes in layers and producing an unusual and picturesque effect.

The climb became more and more difficult, and shortly before reaching the summit of the pass the

frozen snow on the ground, made slippery, by the tread of our animals, made the march a dangerous one. I determined accordingly to alight, not feeling safe on the old mule that I was riding. I had hardly walked fifty yards when the animal suddenly fell and slipped on its back some little distance without hurting itself much. It was suffering from mountain sickness, although we were not at a height of 12,000 feet, and we had to carry it on the slippery slope.

At the top of the pass I gave the straining caravan a rest and consulted the barometer and thermometer. We had risen nearly 3,000 feet since the morning, and the glass stood at four degrees below zero although we were in brilliant sunshine. Unfortunately there was a strong wind and we could not think of resting for long.

Then we began a descent on the northern side of the pass which was really dangerous and such as I had not contemplated. The slope was exceedingly steep, and the winding path which followed it entirely covered with ice. Everyone wondered how the mules were going to get down without losing their footing and taking "headers" into the abyss.

The caravan started off, using every possible precaution. For fear the men might be dragged away by the animals, I ordered the latter to be left free to make the descent in their own way. Strange as this may seem, I had absolute confidence in the admirable balancing instinct of the mule, a confidence which has never been shaken. So the animals went down impelled by the weight of their loads, squatting on their hind legs, slipping rapidly down the frozen slope. Sometimes they cannoned into one other, and their loads became entangled, but they always managed to retain their

balance at the last moment with marvellous agility, even when they seemed lost.

As for ourselves we followed in a more dignified manner. Sometimes walking and sometimes . . . otherwise. We had removed our smooth leather shoes, which would have added to the danger, and were marching in woollen socks, with the result that our feet soon became as cold as the ice we were treading, and caused us much pain. To add to the charm of the situation it was growing dark and the bottom of the gorge became absolutely indistinct. We could not see the mules which had distanced us considerably.

At length the slope became easier and the path wider. The ice which covered it was less thick, and we could increase our pace and search for the animals which we soon discovered, huddled on the frozen ground, exhausted by their efforts during the descent. To the great astonishment of the men not one mule was hurt and not one load damaged. As it was out of the question to pass the night in this spot, we went on in the hope of reaching a small inn we had been told of about five miles from the pass. We arrived there at eleven o'clock, having crossed the icy water of several large torrents, and after many tumbles over the stones and rocks which filled the road and could not be distinguished in the thick darkness.

Then we had to wake the inn-keeper who was asleep, and make our way through the bales of all kinds which blocked the entrance of the only room. A fire was lighted with great difficulty which filled the room with smoke rather than heat, and under these sorry circumstances we passed the night.

We started again early the next morning in spite of the grumbling of the mule drivers who wanted to make

us spend a day in this dirty house under the pretence of giving the animals a rest. The real reason was that being paid by the day they lost no opportunity of trying to increase the sum that would be due to them at the end of the journey. The first few miles led us along a little path which was slippery with glazed frost, and wound along by the side of the river, sometimes clinging to the rocks, and sometimes by the water's edge. The valley gradually widened and pine trees appeared, which made the desolate country look more cheerful. The slope was fairly steep, and the torrent ran at great speed in its bed, which accounted for its not being frozen. This road must be absolutely impassable when the snows melt, owing to the height and force of the waters.

During the night the temperature had stood at 10 degrees below zero, but in this enclosed valley, where we were sheltered from the wind, the influence of a glorious sun soon made itself felt, and towards mid-day the temperature was about 34 degrees. In the evening the gorge was perceptibly wider, scattered cottages were to be seen and we met convoys of tiny asses carrying pine logs to Tien-tan-tzen. One end of the log was attached to the pack saddle and the other trailed on the ground. These little donkeys can in this manner convey loads of several hundredweight from one place to another.

Soon the torrent, the right bank of which we had been following, joined a river, and we were close to the lamasery of Tien-tan-tzen, the white walls of which we detected at a turn of the road after crossing a bridge which was strikingly constructed of beams of wood laid one upon another, each one-third larger than that immediately below it. A little further we had to cross the river, and as at this point the current was less rapid,

and the bed of the river wider and more level, the frost had had time to do its work, and the water was covered with a thick coating of ice which acted as a natural bridge. The solidity of this did not seem to me beyond suspicion as we occasionally heard prolonged sounds of cracking, and on close examination I discovered that as the level of the water had perceptibly fallen the current was no longer supporting the weight of the ice, but was running at a distance of a foot or so below it. However we had no choice but to go on. I ordered the mules to be sent over one by one in spite of their plainly manifested terror. I was hoping that we should achieve our end without running any serious risk, when I observed that two of my caravan men, no doubt finding it tedious to wait until the mules and drivers that preceded them had singly reached the other bank in safety, were trying to make a single journey of the crossing, not only for themselves but for three heavily laden mules with them. In spite of my repeated orders they continued to advance, and I saw with horror the ice swaying in a most disquieting fashion beneath their weight. There was a crack, and a fissure appeared, but by some extraordinary chance the elasticity of the ice still held out for a few minutes, and these reckless fellows arrived safely, half dead with fright, and promptly received the due punishment of their disobedience.

When we reached the lamasery we were taken to a house which was luckily newly built. It was remarkably clean, and lacked the *sui generis* smell, which the Mongols and Tibetans have an unfortunate habit of imparting to any house in which they stay. Pine-wood wainscoting adorned the rooms and, which was a really wonderful thing, the door shut quite fast. The chief lamas did not put in an appearance. This fortunate fact

enabled us to dine early, and to enjoy a well-earned meal without first having to run the galuntlet of their curious questionings.

On leaving the lamasery next day we took the road to the north-west, which followed for some time the course of the river which we had crossed the day before on the ice, at a height of some hundred feet above it. As I was jogging along behind the caravan, admiring the snow-covered country, which was really surprisingly magnificent, an enormous eagle suddenly dashed out of the rocks and swept on extended wings close to my mule's head. The animal taking fright leaped to the edge of the abyss and for a second I felt myself hopelessly lost. Two of its hoofs lost their hold on the path and kicked loose stones down on to the ice below. But by a great effort of its steel-like muscles it recovered its hold, and the incident was miraculously over, leaving us safe and sound. My nerves were so shaken by the horrible tension of that second that I felt I could ride no more on that stage and preferred to walk to the end of it. On this day we saw every kind of game, pheasants, wild peacocks of an uncommon slaty blue colour, stags and antelopes. The pheasants especially were countless, and furnished us with an excellent stock of provisions. All day long we were climbing ridges, only coming down into valleys to climb again. The differences of altitude reached sometimes twelve or sixteen hundred feet, and wearied the caravan animals. This was no doubt the reason why the mule drivers tried to deceive me and to make an attempt to take the Ping fen road without my noticing it. But I discovered the plan, and their trickery only resulted in their being fined to the extent of some taels. Towards evening the road passed a coal mine which was being worked, near the top of a

ridge, in an imposing and wild situation. Some miners were living at an altitude of 9,900 feet, working their mine when the atmospheric conditions allowed them. A little lower down discharges of gas made us cough. This was escaping from some narrow clefts on the side of the mountain, and going on we came to a spring of warm water containing iron and carbon, the steam of which rose in a column condensed by the bitterly cold air. The water came out of the earth at a temperature of 85 degrees.

Our lodging for the night at Trahoũ was less poor and dilapidated than we had feared, a peasant's inn, surrounded by some fields, at the bottom of a valley running north and south. The next day was another weary and back-breaking climb. The first pass was 3,300 feet above the level of Chantou. Luckily none were covered with snow like that which we had crossed on the 12th, and they were easily negotiated. Not a living soul came in sight. All was wild desert. In the evening we reached Ra-liou-toua-tze quite worn out. From this village to Leantchou the road became easy, continually descending, and the ground though frozen was not too slippery. We reached Leantchou on the 20th of December without any further adventures worth recording.

VI.—TOWARDS REPALARAITZE.

LEÁNTCHOU is a comparatively well-known city. Not only have some European explorers visited it, such as Bonin and Sven Hedin, but two missions are flourishing there in healthy rivalry. One is a Belgium Catholic Mission, with a good number of converts, the other is a station of the China Inland Mission richer in hope than in achievement.

The city is a detestable one, not only because of the evil smells which abound in it, but much more owing to the character of the people in Northern Kansuh. In no country is human intelligence so dense and slow as here. Such at least was the opinion of Confucius. The slightest undertaking, the most slender purchase, takes an infinite time, and usually turns out unsuccessful. The mandarins were polite to us, but really hostile, as is always the case in Mission stations. The people have no respect for Europeans, and these are frequently insulted in broad daylight, since certain missionaries allow themselves to be abused without replying. The city itself is large, even too large for the population and for the number of houses made of mud and pebbles which are in it. It is built on the broad strip of land which stretches across Northern Kansuh between the mountains and the Gobi.

We happened to put up at the temple of Shi-lai-sen or the temple dedicated to the man coming from the East. For the time that we had to spend in Leantchou during our preparations for an expedition into the unknown Gobi we preferred some rooms, recently white washed for the mining agents of the King of Belgium, to an inn.

Our object was to identify certain lakes printed in a dubious manner on the map, whose existence was alleged by some and denied by others, but on learning

that we were going to penetrate into a country practically unknown my caravan drivers from Santaoh, who had never shown any taste for a life of adventure, cried aloud and swore by all their gods that they all had extremely aged parents or children of a tender age who required looking after without delay. I dismissed the lot, I admit without any regret, for greater liars and sluggards I had never met, and I set about finding new servants.

This was no easy task, for the people of Leantchou have the reputation of being shameless robbers, and if possible I wanted only to employ safe men. My best course was to approach the Belgian missionaries, who since they knew many families could recommend to me the most likely and the least dishonest persons. With their aid I got together a sufficient number of men, but then a great difficulty arose. These gentlemen were willing to go with me wherever I wished to venture, provided that I did not leave the high road! The efforts and diplomacy which were necessary to get them to start for the unknown would fill a book. One having promised changed his mind next day. Another was held back by his wife, another by his children, a fourth by his mill. The truth was that they had a great fear that we should all perish together.

None the less we set out on the 4th of January 1905 with a staff shaking in its shoes, on which no reliance could be placed. Our caravan included 25 camels, which had remained in pretty bad condition, in spite of Lao Yang's promises at Ping fen, and one riding horse. Four men drove the camels and at evening had to pitch the Mongol tent given us by the King of Alashan. A gentleman of strange character and grotesque appearance had undertaken the responsibilities of the kitchen, and a tall, disconnected fellow acted as *valet* and butler.

Our provisions for a three months' journey included all that we could obtain in this badly supplied city.

We carried with us, in great, grey sacks upon our camels, 700 lbs. of flour, 250 lbs. of millet, 200 lbs. of rice, 100 lbs. of meat, which we trusted the frost to preserve, and 1,000 lbs. of peas for the animals, to sustain them during the several days in succession when they would find no green food.

A strip of cultivated land stretches along the banks of the Poua river from Leantchou to lake Tching trou rou, the first of the sheets of water which I wished to identify, but instead of following the winding water courses, I decided to cut across the desert and to meet the river again at the small town of Tchong fen, where dwells the mandarin charged with the government of the Emperor's subjects who have settled in this remote portion of the Empire. For two days we crossed fields of various crops, in the middle of which from time to time rose farms with high fortified walls. The country was unquestionably fertile, well watered by the streams which come down from the mountains and drained automatically by the natural slope of the ground towards the desert so as to spread the water where it is wanted for fertilisation. We crossed the Poua on our third day's march. The swiftness of its current, though it has not much water in summer, had preserved it from being entirely frozen, but blocks of ice which were carried down it bumped against the legs of our quiet camels. The temperature at this season, although very cold, was extremely pleasant. The sun rose and sank every day in a cloudless sky, and if during the night the temperature often fell 20° below zero, by day it was sometimes so hot that we had to unbutton our thick sheepskin cloaks. Towards evening as a rule we had a light breeze from the north west.

But we soon passed the lines of cultivation, and began to traverse the great plain, grassy and deserted, interrupted by ridges of sand. After seven miles, we came upon the small deserted temple of Latachoue, built upon a little rise in the ground, below which are two springs, which were then transformed by the frost into two pools of ice. The temple is surrounded by ruins, and the great wall here takes a turn northward. We crossed the wall twice on our march towards the north, and on the other side of its remains we pursued our way over a great rolling plain, well covered with grass even at that season, in which troops of antelopes were roaming.

Before we had left Leantchou more than five days the courage of our drivers began to fail. On the morning of the 9th January two men begged me to let them return to their dear Leantchou, alleging a sudden illness of which they showed no symptoms, for they were two hardy fellows gifted with splendid appetites. Naturally I did not grant their request, but to avoid a recurrence of these fancy ailments I made them swallow large doses of ipecacuanha. This made them think twice before trying a fresh subterfuge.

We lost this day altogether, for my horse, the only one we had, having bolted, we were employed until sunset in recapturing him.

As we went on we found that the grassy plateau was succeeded by a sandy plain covered with small stones, on the left some low bare hills, and across the plain itself some furrows in the sand. There was absolutely no green food here, and as I did not wish to encroach upon our stock of peas, I resorted for the nourishment of the caravan to a convoy of peasants who were going from Tchungfen to Kantchou, carrying to the latter town a large supply of straw and forage. At a high price we

obtained what we wanted. 'Hence these gentlemen saw in our difficulty a means of making a large profit.

Next day, after crossing two large frozen rivers, the Tasiho and the Liaosipo, whose frozen beds were hardly roads designed for camels, and a smaller river, the To Ho Tze, we left the sand, and after eleven miles were glad to reach country well cultivated and thickly inhabited. The lines of the fields were broken only by occasional banks of sand carried by violent spring winds. A further march of eight miles brought us under the walls of the town of Tchong fen, half buried in the sand, and sheltering a collection of extremely wretched mud huts. There is no Kon-kouan in this town, which is the terminus of Chinese administration towards the desert, and no mandarin except the sub-prefect in charge ever ventures into this neighbourhood. We had therefore to pitch our Mongol tent in the court of a dusty inn, whose rooms were some of them roofless and others without doors in a temperature of 25° below zero. Just before we reached the town, Han, our *valet*, having mounted against all orders on an already loaded camel, and having gone to sleep on it, pleasantly rocked by the pitching and rolling which make the boldest seasick, had fallen from his mount on to the ice, and had dislocated his knee. Accordingly I called the most fashionable humbug at Tchong fen to his help, promising a good reward if the tibia and femur of my servant, who wept like a child, should be properly set. The doctor got to work at once, and began by filling his mouth with warm water, which he then discharged on his patient's knee. After ten minutes of this treatment he went through a series of gestures, worthy of the most accomplished charlatan, and only then did he set the injured knee. The performance took a long time, but the result was satisfactory.

I had learned from experience never to interfere myself in serious cases. The European who is foolishly kind enough to try to minister to the woes of others gains as his only sign of gratitude a charge of having tried to poison the patient, if his remedies have not full effects, and has to bear upon his shoulders the responsibility of all the evils experienced by the sufferer.

North of Tchong fen the Russian maps, which are the best for all that concerns the Gobi, mark an absolute desert. We were therefore prepared for a march over sand and stones, guided only by the compass and the sextant, and were much surprised to travel for three days for a distance of over fifty miles through cultivated fields, and to meet continually with large farms, the whole country being intersected by irrigation canals carrying the fertilizing water of the Poua Ho and its tributaries.

The road was good, and would have been practicable for carts. The river ran on our left, with cultivation on one side of it and the rocky and sandy desert on the other.

The natural slope of the ground has only permitted irrigation of the land on the right bank. The country was flat, and sparsely wooded, and the sun poured down blinding beams. On the 14th of January we made no march. We were at the village of Tching trou rou, on the actual edge of the desert, and as the pack saddles of the camels were in very bad condition I had decided to spend a day in mending them. The *cul de sac* in which we were was surrounded by sand on all sides. Chinese cultivation ended here, and we could not be far away from the Tching trou rou lake, which takes its name from the village, and into which the Poua Ho flows. We had crossed the river once more the evening before, and for the future it lay on our right.

On the morrow having, crossed the sand ridges without much trouble we reached a large plain encircled by bare rocky mountains which looked mauve in the distance. There was no sign of the presence of any lake, and I moved by intuition towards a cleft which was indicated in the mountains in front. There were many antelopes in the district which were not very wild, and I had several shots at them. This led me to observe a most interesting phenomenon. The cartridges of my Mannlicher rifle, loaded with cordite, carrying ordinarily more than 2,000 yards, exploded with an altogether different sound from their usual dry crack, and the bullets fell spent, with a wide trajectory, at 150 or 200 yards. I could only attribute this to the intense cold to which the cartridges were exposed. Had we been attacked then, our defence would have been very feeble—we could not have relied upon the range of our rifles or the accuracy of our aim.

Towards evening my attention was attracted to a white mass on the right, and I felt sure that we were not far from the lake, the ice on which could be perceived. We inclined eastward, and soon after reached the banks of the lake. Two poor cottages stood near by, marking the site of a well at which we were to spend the night. The water of the lake happened to be slightly salt, and unfit to drink or to use in cooking.

On the border of the lake dead fish already dried showed that the water level had sunk since the spring flood, and a hundred yards from the edge masses of thick ice broken and forced up proved that the sinking had gone on since the first days of frost. I could not determine the shape of the lake, which was surrounded on the south-east and north-east by huge ridges of sand, and on the west and north by a plain and some bare hills.

All its lines were confused by an intense mirage, a glittering of the white mass of the ice and of the reflection of the sand. The inhabitants of the huts at Seu rong non-tien asserted that the circuit of the lake was 200 lis., but this estimate seemed to me an exaggerated one.

The next day we set out across the sand to the north-east of the lake; we had never seen such high ridges, and at first I thought the caravan would never get out of them. There were real precipices between them sometimes more than ninety feet deep, where the wind collected, whilst over our heads it picked up the dry sand and spread it over the caravan in a thin rain. The displacement of the sand here must be very rapid, for having ordered a halt of some minutes in the course of this back-breaking journey over the yielding ground, I noticed that a hundred yards behind us, in the very track of our caravan, the wind had heaped up a layer of sand more than a foot thick.

After painful efforts maintained for several hours we got out of this *impasse*, which on a stormy day would certainly entomb any rash adventurers.

A little after we reached the summit of a crest of lava which commanded the lake. These beds of lava stretched from the north-west to the south-east for a distance of at least several miles. They are now as high as the summits around them, but it cannot have been so in old times, for while the wind and the sand have levelled the rocks on the top of the mountains and reduced them to a uniform height, they have left the lava ridges untouched.

Then we found to our great astonishment that the lake Tching trou rou is composed of two sheets of water separated by a narrow isthmus which the sand can open or block in a short time. The smaller sheet, entirely hidden

by the sand hills, is shallow, and lies to the north of the other.

Having crossed the lava ridges we lost sight of the lake and of the whole basin through which we had been marching for several days. We sighted a small valley full of a coarse grass, which although dried by the frost made excellent food for the animals, and we decided to halt there. The water we were carrying with us in the form of ice made it unnecessary to search for a well, and camels can spend long days without drinking, especially in winter.

We were about to cross the sheer desert, whose long desolate furrows impress forcibly the strongest mind and the most self-confident of men. It is not a matter of nerves, but simply the distinct knowledge that while crossing these huge dead expanses a caravan's existence is at the mercy of any accident that cannot be foreseen and of any mistake in the calculation of longitude and latitude which may result in an inability to find water and supplies.

Even the faintest trace of a path had altogether disappeared. The neighbourhood was painfully monotonous, the horizon was bounded on all sides by a chain of low hills wrapped in a bluish mist in which, as in mirage, they seemed to move. My men presented an appearance even more disconsolate than that of nature, for they seemed to have lost all hopes, and performed their duties with even less energy than usual. We marched all day over the desert extending on all sides in the manner that I have described for several hundred miles. About sixty miles to the west a great chain of mountains, Yapalu shan, stretched its blue grey mass, whose lines were confused and lost under the rays of the burning sun. The march itself was as simple as possible. There were no

obstacles to turn us from our straight course, and when we stopped for the night near the well of Mona Shantze, which we had some difficulty in finding, since the man we had engaged as a guide did not know the way and had never really visited the district, we had covered fifteen miles almost without noticing them. As my readers will be able to judge in the course of my narrative the halt nearly proved fatal to one of us, but I must not anticipate events.

On the 19th of January we set out again under intense cold aggravated by a cutting wind. We had hardly covered a mile before the course of our guide became even more erratic than on the day before, and having questioned him closely I made him admit that he did not know towards which of the three heights which stood out to the north we ought to be making. Accordingly I resumed control of the caravan, and to the great surprise of our people gave the order to incline to the left and to make for a depression which was indicated in the Yopalushan. If the Russian map was correct, there should be here a little Mongol temple visited some years before by a Russian explorer, where I hope to find a better qualified guide. I calculated that we were about thirty-five miles from it.

A stretch of yellow sand lay in front of us, with ridges which did not look high, but foreboded a total absence of water. So I ordered the head camel driver, Lao Yang, to go back to the wells and to fill some of the casks while we went on slowly.

He did not seem pleased at the order, for he took some time to get started. I thought that he would recover from his sulks and would faithfully perform my instructions, and his ill will gave me no further anxiety. I was the more astonished when he joined us again after

another thirteen miles at finding the casks empty and hearing him explain that my habit of trusting to chance displeased him and that he had not procured any water so as to force me to retrace my steps. We were therefore obliged to camp on the sand and to await up to a late hour of the night the return of two camel drivers whom I hastily despatched to the wells. Lao Yang was a little too sore to go himself.

I admit that I had begun to have some doubts as to the success of this expedition, supported as I was by a head servant of the type of Lao Yang, disobedient, arrogant and untruthful, and by others terrified at the stories of death from thirst which he had repeated to them ever since we started. These men could never understand how I was able to lead them straight from point to point merely by observing the stars. They could only see in my orders the frightful symptoms of an insanity of which they were to be the victims.

On the following day we crossed small ridges of sand all some ten feet high and running from north to south. It was only towards evening that we reached a slightly different site, where some alpic bushes afforded food to the camels which they needed badly.

From the tent door we could see clearly the depression towards which I had led the caravan, and which proved to be a broad pass cutting the mountain chain in two.

We reached the temple of Kush late next day in a snow storm which hid the leading animals of the caravan from the men in the rear. This fall of snow made the cold less bitter and gave an Arctic appearance to the whole district, which was covered under a spotless white mantle which crackled under the heavy tread of the camels.

The temple, inhabited by a small number of lamas, has no striking peculiarity. It is built near a well to

the side of the road taken by the numerous caravans which carry the trade between Koei Hoa tchang and Kantchou fu, by way of Paoto and Repalaraitze. This road passes somewhat to the south-east of the great temple of Aque miao. All along its course are small pagodas like those of Kush'in which a few miserable monks vegetate without even the resource in this awful desert of cattle breeding like some of their more fortunate colleagues. They spend their time in begging a little money or food from the caravan drivers, and live for long years on this barren ground, only passing from their smoky and dusty rooms to the cold and dark hall of the temple, in which they mutter indefinitely prayers which they do not understand. These wretched people would very soon die of hunger, but for the superstitious credulity of the caravan drivers, who imagine that the lamas can throw an evil spell over their beasts, or, which is more likely, poison the well and destroy their pack animals.

The snow continued to fall for two days, and as marching under these conditions was really very painful, we remained stationary. I was suffering also from a slight attack of fever for which complete rest was the best cure. But our life under our felt tent was very dull and monotonous. The day gave us hardly light enough to read by, and no noise broke the silence as of the grave. The wind had dropped, and the carpet of snow deadened the footfall of the caravan drivers.

When we started again on 25th January, we followed the road which I mentioned before. This, being thickly covered with snow, was hard to find. A few days would see us at Repalaraitze, the point at which the roads of the Gobi desert meet at right angles. Towards evening there was a fresh fall of snow. The ground was covered to the depth of a foot, and

after a short march we pitched our tent. All day we met no one, and the tracks of our caravan on the snow were blotted out under the fresh fall, like the wake of a ship. The death-like stillness of the huge expanses seemed never to be broken by the noise and bustle of life. For three days we journeyed in the same direction to the north-east, now mounting and now descending the long and gentle slope, between two ranges of bare hills, far distant and low. The country was mournful and deserted looking when the sky was cloudy, but when the sun shone upon the huge white plain the sight was magnificent, though rather blinding to the eyes.

We were only a few miles from Repalaraitze, and in view of the last hill that conceals the temple, when our march northward was arrested by one of those accidents against which the will of man can do nothing.

My wife, who so far had borne the fatigue of this long journey excellently, was attacked by typhoid fever. My readers will remember my statement that the well of Mona shantze was to prove fatal to us.

The water of this well had been poisoned by decayed bones and morsels of skin and flesh from camels which had died of weariness or disease. Unluckily we had only discovered this too late. It was more than enough to develop the germs of this dreadful disease. Accordingly we had to stay at this desolate place covered with snow, for twenty-two days, without drinking water except such as we could obtain by melting the snow and without any means of renewing our provisions which were gradually diminishing. We wondered anxiously what we should do when they were entirely exhausted. I had brought food for three months, but had not reckoned on the careless gluttony of my men, who ate twice

as much as they needed, or on the wear and tear of the sacks which were never mended and which allowed their precious contents to be scattered on the march.

During this lapse of time, which seemed as though it would never end, the temperature was very cold, frequently dropping to 37° below zero. There was no fresh snow, and the sky recovered its splendid clearness, but great hurricane winds blowing from the west penetrated all the clefts of our tent and made our situation almost intolerable.

Some long caravans of thin camels travelling from Paoto to Kantchoufu passed close to us. They moved slowly one after another, two or three hundred in number, many of them carrying on their necks bells whose mournful tinkling echoed across the great flats in a manner which we shall long remember.

I often tried to buy such provisions as rice and peas from these passing caravan drivers, but they would not sell them at any price, being themselves sadly impoverished and having no more than they needed for their own support.

At last the day came when we had to think of returning to Leantchou at once, although my poor invalid wife had by no means recovered. We only had rations for three days and the camels had for some days had nothing to eat except the thin brushwood which appeared here and there above the snow and which we also used for fuel.

One of the questions which exercised me most was as to how these wretched animals would be able to take us back to our starting point, exhausted as they were by want of food.

We hastily constructed a litter of poor materials, which broke down more than once on the way, and set out on the 20th of February, not knowing whether

we should reach Leantchou in time, since all depended on a specially rapid march which it seemed hard to expect from the caravan animals.

However the day before I had visited Repalaraitze, where a temple stands to the south of a moderate sized lake. This temple and its lands are richer than usual, for a number of roads meet here. They are as follows : from Paoto to Kantchou, from Paotu to Tchongfen, from Paoto to Moming, from Fu ma fu to Moming, from Fu ma fu to Ouliousoutzai, from Fu ma fu to Hamil. The number of camel caravans that pass this place is considerable, and sometimes a score of them encamp side by side on the banks of the lake, since there is a sufficiency of grass in the neighbourhood. The Gobi desert is as a matter of fact more productive in these places than is generally supposed. Certain stretches are certainly an absolute desert, covered with dry and shifting sand, or fine gravel, but here and there are meeting places, in which one feels closer to China and less lost.

I will say little of the anxiety of the return journey. We accomplished marches so long and tedious that they were really achievements. Many of our camels were unable to keep up, and the caravan was much reduced both in men and animals when we reached Leantchou.

Fortunately we met with no accidents, and the men we had left behind us joined us again at Leantchou safe and well after a short rest.

Miss Mellor, a lady of the China Inland Mission, nursed my wife with skill and devotion, for which we shall ever be specially grateful. Little by little she was restored to health and was again eager to continue the journey which had been so unhappily interrupted.

LESDAIN.

(To be continued.)

Art. II.—THE GENIUS OF TAMIL LITERATURE.

AN APPRECIATION.

OF all the vernaculars spoken in modern India, Tamil occupies a unique position. In the first place, it belongs to the Dravidian group of languages which, as languages, are admitted on all hands to be entirely distinct from those forming the Aryan group. Next, it has struggled hard with a remarkable degree of persistence against the wholesale influx of Aryan ideas and Aryan influences, and, unlike the other members of the group, retains to this day unmistakeable traces of this not wholly unsuccessful struggle. Lastly, it possesses a body of literature which, for its vastness, its variety, and those enduring qualities without which no literature is worthy the name, can challenge comparison with any Indian literature, ancient or modern, excepting Sanskrit itself.

An interesting controversy has been going on for some time as to the nature and worth of this literature, as to how far it is indigenous and how far it is indebted to that perennial source of all influences that for more than thirty centuries have helped largely to mould the destinies of this country, namely, Sanskrit literature. On the one hand, it is claimed that the palmy days of Tamil had passed away long before any considerable amount of Aryan influences could be shown to have affected the Dravidians, that in fact signs are not wanting which indicate that the slow yet steady operation of these same influences was in no small measure responsible for that decay, and that, so far from Tamil literature having been the gainer for its contact with Sanskrit, the

truth lies just the other way, the so-called classical Tamil literature being nothing more than a pale and sickly imitation of the foreign model. On the other hand, it is contended with equal warmth that the Tamils had no literature to speak of before the advent of the Aryans, that their literature became what it is to-day, a living and growing organism, by virtue of the vivifying breath of Sanskrit, and that in this respect it stands on precisely the same footing as the vernaculars of Northern India. This controversy, carried on for the most part between the non-Brahmans of the South representing the old Dravidians on the one side and on the other by the Brahmans representing the ancient Aryans, seems never to have attained to the dignity of a historical question to be settled by other considerations than those of birth or race. A calm and impartial view of the situation, however, will show that neither party is wholly in the wrong and that, like the knights in the fable, they are warring for partial truths without the patience to look at the other side of the shield. For, in fact, Tamil, while borrowing much from Sanskrit in Religion, in Philosophy, in Poetry, and in whatever else makes for civilised life, has at the same time preserved its independence and its dignity as a language and a literature.

In considering this question, we have to survey a powerful stream of literature embodying the thoughts and feelings of a gifted race for well nigh two thousand years, of which the sources are lost in the dim vista of pre-historic age. The earliest accounts, naturally enough, are to be found in legends and tales of gods and sages presiding over the Assemblies of the Learned in the capitals of the old Tamil kings. No works are extant, which even these legends ascribe to any but the last of such Assemblies, which is generally referred to the first

or the second century of the Christian era.* The works under our examination thus range over a period of more than 1,800 years. Such a body of literature can only be examined in a general way and the process must be far from exhaustive. Considering the nature of the problem on hand, however, we trust this will be more than sufficient for our purpose. We therefore propose to select representative works of every degree of importance, classify them under these five heads: 1. Grammar, 2. Ethics, 3. Lyrics, 4. Philosophy, and 5. Epics, and examine their language and their contents with reference to the present subject.

We take Grammar first, because it has generally been allowed that the Tamils, at an age when most of the modern languages of India were still in the womb of time and the others were not yet out of their swaddling clothes, were able to construct a grammatical system which has many claims to be regarded as scientific. The *Tol Kâppiyan*, the oldest treatise extant on Tamil Grammar, is traced by the Tamils to *Tol Kâppiya* or *Trana Dûmâgni*, a disciple of the sage *Agastya*, supposed to have lived about the time of the *Mahâ Bhârata* war. It is truly archaic in expression, has the smallest proportion of Sanskrit words to be found in any Tamil work known to us and is undoubtedly the oldest existing work in the language. Most of the technical terms are genuine Tamil words; and the general system is so unlike that of *Pânini* as to compel recognition of its distinct originality. Such indeed was the opinion of those who were competent to pronounce on the subject, till Dr. Burnell published his monograph on the *Aindra*

* A collection of 400 odd stanzas by various authors who were members of the early Assemblies, under the title of *Pura Nânûru*, we may dismiss at once, as having no literary value.

school of Sanskrit grammarians. A certain Aindra Grammar is expressly acknowledged in the Preface to the Tol Kâppiyam to have been the model of that work ; but no grammar known by that name now exists—either in Tamil or in Sanskrit. Now Dr. Burnell, acting upon this clue furnished by the Preface and comparing that treatise with two works on Sanskrit Grammar, the Kâtantra and the Kâchâyana, arrived at results as instructive as they are interesting. It appears that the general frame-work of all the three treatises is the same except where the nature of Tamil requires a different treatment, that most of the technical terms in the latter language are only the literal renderings of their Sanskrit originals, while others are direct adaptations therefrom and that in the result the common origin of the three is undeniable. The Sanskrit treatises belong admittedly to a school of grammarians anterior to Pânini and the conclusion immediately follows that the Aindram referred to in the Preface to the Tol Kâppiyam was a Sanskrit work which was the prevailing authority among the Sanskritists until Pânini effected his great revolution in the Grammar and Philology of that language. Dr. Burnell is inclined to believe that the term Aindram has reference to a school of grammarians rather than to any definite work by an author. But this, surely, is unwarranted in the face of the probabilities of the case. A distinct author, by name Indra, is expressly referred to in a Sûtra of Agastya's Tamil Grammar quoted in Sênâvaraiyar's Commentary on the Tol Kâppiyam. For aught we know, such a work might have been in existence, of which the surviving representatives are only the two treatises above mentioned. In any view, the question seems to be decided so far as the originality of the Tol Kâppiyam is concerned.

This conclusion, while surprising in one respect, seems in another respect to be perfectly natural. For what strikes even the casual observer in these works of early Tamil is the remarkable abundance of Sanskrit names to denote ideas which in their nature are of an abstract or scientific character. Words like Lakshana (grammar), Sûtra (rule), Sangha (assembly), etc., adapted into Tamil and representing the corresponding ideas in the days of these early Assemblies, have a significance which no student of literature ought to lose sight of. The very names of the work and the author, Tol Kâppiyam (Kâvya), Tol Kâppiya and Trana Dûmâgni have a like implication. These facts, so long a standing puzzle to Tamil scholars, now receive their due explanation at the hands of Dr. Burnell. The existence of the Pâli work probably justifies Dr. Burnell's surmise that the Aindra school of grammar was the prevailing one among the Buddhists about the beginning of the present era. We know from other sources that the Tamil literature of that time was profoundly affected by Buddhistic and Jain influences and chiefly cultivated by men professing those faiths. Whatever, therefore, we may think of the minor details contended for in that monograph, we are compelled to admit that Dr. Burnell has placed beyond dispute the general question relating to the originality of the Dravidians in the field of grammar.

The later works on Tamil Grammar, of which the Nannûl of Pavanandi is fairly typical, professedly follow in the wake of the Tol Kâppiyam, with modifications, however, rendered necessary by time and change. The more important innovations deserving notice are the additions on Prosody and Rhetoric. Of these, the former is to a certain extent necessarily original, while

the latter is a bodily adaptation from Sanskrit laying no claim to originality of any kind.

In the end, the truth as to this part of the subject under inquiry appears on the whole to be that about 100 or 200 A.D. (or it may be earlier, but how much earlier we cannot tell), the Tamils had a very ingenious and creditable adaptation of the Sanskrit models then in vogue, but that very little of this performance can by any laxity of speech be called indigenous.

The next part of our subject brings us to the literature proper of that period. We exclude for the present from our consideration all those works which come more naturally under the heading of epics. Of the rest, we may pass over collections like the Ten Songs which are crude in respect of what Goethe would call their architectonics and are otherwise by no means of any considerable merit. Thus we come to what is unquestionably the distinguishing feature of that age—the great abundance of ethical poems, as a rule sententious in expression and profound in import. Intensely alive to the moral aspect of existence, the Dravidians appear to have found in Buddhism just the inspiration necessary to call forth their latent impulses in literary form. These poems are of varying degrees of importance and of varying degrees of merit, extending over a wide range from the wise sayings of the sweet poetess Auvai to the somewhat ponderous utterances to be found in many of the so-called Eighteen Minor Didactics. Every school-boy in the Tamil country knows by heart many of these wise maxims and the name of Auvai especially is a household word in every Tamil home. This form of literature, of a quality so rare, is beyond all doubt a characteristic of Tamil. Though we have something very similar in Sanskrit and for that matter in all Oriental literatures, it

cannot be suggested that the latter have the same merit either in quantity or in quality or anything like the same abundance and range. .

But the glory of these poems, magnificent as they are, pales into insignificance beside the immortal work of the weaver-bard of Mylapore. The sacred Kural, translated into English and French, Latin and Italian, enjoys a world-wide popularity which is the highest testimony to its worth. Beautiful legends have grown round the name of the author and his admiring countrymen, of whatever caste or creed, have claimed him for their own. His obscure birth near modern Madras, his humble and strenuous life as a weaver, his great work, the jealousy of the contemporary poets, the struggle and the final verdict, his uniform humility, and above all the singular accord between his life and his teaching form one of the most touching stories in the literary annals of any race. We cannot say how far they are true, we only know that they must be true in spirit if not in fact. For, these legends apart, from out of the work itself, rises the figure of Tiru Valluva, calm, sublime, a great soul, a wise soul, from whom kind Nature had hid nothing, speaking as from the heart of Being, an Oracle for all time. A perfect embodiment of plain living and high thinking, he made, if any made, the nearest approach to the Master in whom he had taken refuge.*

The poem consists of 133 chapters of 10 couplets each, thus making 1,330 couplets in all. This couplet of four and three feet, apparently peculiar to Tamil, is admirably suited to secure at once brevity of thought and beauty of form. For this double purpose it has obvious advantages both over the single lines of Auvai

* A close examination of the introductory chapters I—IV, as well as of the general tone and certain special teachings of the Kural, will show that the author was a Buddhist rather than a Jain.

and the longer stanzas of the other poets. The work is divided into three parts entitled Duty, Wealth and Pleasure, a division for which the poet is evidently indebted to Sanskrit writers on the so-called Purushârthas (the ends of man). Though the division itself is taken from Sanskrit, the use to which the poet puts it is all his own. No similar work is found in Sanskrit, nor any attempt, so far as we are aware, has been made before or after, to treat under these heads the topics herein dealt with.

The range of the work is as wide as human nature itself. From the lofty exposition of wise statesmanship to the eternal wailing of the human spirit in darkness and in error, the circumstance and pomp of war and the sweet strains of mercy dropping as gentle rain from heaven, the quiet calm on the peaks of wisdom, and the struggle on the plains below, friendship and love, and the deep joy of life with the mirth and laughter of fair women and of lisping children, and that peace which passeth all understanding, all have a place in that unique work. This astonishing range is coupled with an insight and a power equally astonishing. Whatever the subject-matter may be, it bears on its face the indelible mark of a master mind. Take the following which is as good as any other :

The gods she knoweth not, but her lord she adoreth ;

And behold ! she biddeth the rain to come and it cometh down
or this :

Sweet is the flute and the flowing harp ;

But not to ears filled with childhood's gentle lisp.

or those wonderful lines on Grace, Love that redeemeth :

They without grace have not that world

Even as they without wealth have not this ;

Who killeth not nor eateth aught that lives,

Him all creation in love adores.

and then these lines, so sweet and true *

When I look at her, she looketh down,
But when I look away, behold, she looketh on and smileth.
And if the eyes speak straight unto the eyes,
What more shall words avail ?

These must suffice. Every competent person must see that the force of language could no further go. And the whole is in that strain. For this range and this power, where shall we look for a parallel? Solomon is tame. Bacon and Montaigne are too earthy, of the earth. They all lack the Tamil poet's strong faith in human nature. In all soberness, it does appear that the latter's superiority in matter and contents is even more pronounced than in method and form. Wise sayings, shrewd remarks, keen observations on men and things, sharpened by wit or tempered by humour, there are in plenty in all good writers. But for truth and for power, for breadth, for beauty of thought and of form, for the compact union of wit and of wisdom, and for that eminently human love which halloweth all, the Sacred Kural stands alone in the literature of mankind.

We come to the next topic. More than 500 years have gone by. Great changes have passed over the land. Kingdoms have arisen, flourished and decayed. Now we are in the midst of the clash of arms tempered heavenly. The old religions of the Buddhists and the Jains have lost their freshness and have degenerated into creeds. A mere matter of monotonous routine, they have ceased to give spiritual nourishment to a god-intoxicated people. A new craving has come over the race. It came from the North, where it had already begun its work. From the snow-clad Himalayas to the dark blue ocean, the country presents one vast, seething mass of humanity, burning with love, prayerfully uplifting its heart

for something higher and better that shall be a solace for all the ills flesh is heir to.

At this time appeared those great Teachers whose privilege it was to give back to the people their old national faith. Their message was from their Father in Heaven; and they spoke with the tongues of angels and of men. They were humble and lowly and came from all castes of the society. There were, amongst them, Brahmanas rich with the heritage of centuries of intellectual growth, men of the middle class drawn from the strength of the community, Chandalas whom the Divine Grace had touched and purified. But they were all equal in the sight of the Lord and of His Chosen. Their lives were simple and their one mission was to do the will of Him who sent them. They did it worthily. In the doing of it, they spent the best energies of their fine souls; and they had their reward. To this day, their hymns form a kind of lay Bible to the Tamil people and in them shines Truth robed in the rich draperies of Music and Poetry.

The collections we have at present cover a period of nearly five centuries and take account only of the more important singers. They easily fall into two classes, devoted to Vishnu and Siva respectively. The first, called the Nālâyira Prabandham (The Four Thousand Songs), contains the hymns of the Âwârs or Apostles of the Vaishnava faith. The second consists of the Dêvâram (The Divine Garland), the Tiru Vâchakam (The Sacred Word), and the Tiruvisaippâ (the Sweet Songs), by the Nâyanârs of the Saiva faith. The spirit of both is the same. The difference, if any, seems to be that the Saiva hymns are surcharged more with thought than with feeling, while those devoted to Vishnu are more instinct with love that surrenders the

self. As a matter of fact, however, the former are always set to music and sung in the shrines of Southern India, while the latter are chanted in a grotesque and awful fashion ; and this circumstance throws a deceptive veil over their relative value.

As works of art, they are wonderful. They are all pervaded by an earnest and pure and holy love. Their childlike trust in a Superior Power, their simplicity, their depth, their evident sincerity, their occasional note of fearlessness as if breaking out from all bonds of the finite, their naïve confession of ignorance, and their unfailing eye for beauty casting a halo of loveliness over all, create for us a charm which it would be difficult at first to realise that mere words could do. What for example can be more touching in its simple earnestness than the following ?

Holy as Ganga, Cauvery's waters flow around, exceeding swift
and broad ;

And the City lies fair, amid flowery groves ;

And the Lord, our God, is there in peace sublime ;

And shall we, my heart, my soul, live here (far, far away) ?

or this ?

Even as the cow longeth for her young, O Lord,

May my heart in longing melt for Thee.

again,

Give ear, all ye, for Him have I seen who broods on the face
of the deep,

And nought shall we serve (on this earth)

And nought shall we fear.

Surely, the voice of truth never spake louder.

And then, that grand declaration lofty and pure :

All the wealth of the gods we contemn and the kingdoms of
this world and the next,

So they be not with them that are the Chosen of the Lord ;

But the sickly and the despised, even they that feed on carrion,
but are dear to the Lord,

Unto us, verily, they are as the gods.

Now, it must be evident that this kind of literature in such profusion is extraordinary indeed. We have nothing like it in Sanskrit, nothing like it in the modern languages of Northern India or in the other Dravidian languages. The only parallel to it in the West is perhaps the Psalms of David. They, however, tinged as they are with earnestness throughout, have not the same sureness of the lofty spirit. Then again they have not, at any rate to the same degree, that faith, trustful, simple, even as the faith of the child in the father, which is such an attractive trait of these hymns. The uniform excellence of these lyrics is to be traced to the only cause which can possibly explain it, *viz.*, the deep devotional tone of the Dravidian mind. Bhakti or devotion was not unfamiliar to the Aryans; but evidently it could not hold a prominent place amongst a people so thoroughly philosophical as they were. How else could it be that the Aryans who founded and elaborated this religious system, who wrote constantly and voluminously upon it and whose literature, whatever the subject, never ceases to be in touch with the other world, should yet have left this aspect of the theme to be taken up and perfected by strangers who accepted their religion? We are aware that a goodly number of this heavenly choir were Brahmans; but it is well known that among the finest and most typical of them are Nammâlvâr and Tirumangai on the one part and Appar on the other. We are therefore inclined to believe that, if Bhakti had a place among the Aryans, it was so mainly as a philosophical doctrine and that its vivid realization in practical life was almost wholly Dravidian.

It only remains to point out that this lyrical tradition has been continued in a more or less unbroken succession with varying results up to the present time.

But the tone has changed and the skill of the master is a memory of the past. The organ voice of old spake as having authority, rejoicing in possession. These are restless, pessimistic and monotonous in their wail, finding no joy in all this fair creation of God.

Closely connected with the Religion of the Dravidians is their Philosophy, called the Saiva Siddhanta system. As implied by the name itself, it prevails among those Dravidians only who are the followers of Siva. The Vaisnavas accept the Visishtâdvaita system promulgated by Ramanuja. Substantially, however, there is little difference between the two. Dr. Pope thinks indeed that the Saiva Siddhanta system is peculiar to the Dravidians as having been invented by them. But the evidences against this view are overwhelming. In the first place, all the technical terms employed, such as Pati, Paśu, Pāśani, Âtma, Karma, Śiva, Śakti, etc., are genuine Sanskrit words. If some of them are used otherwise than in accordance with ordinary Sanskrit usage, the ideas themselves so expressed are not foreign to that language. Then, again, all the leading ideas and the general frame-work of the system are Aryan, being nothing but a Śaivite analogue of the Ramanuja school of modified Monism. What in this performance is justly due to the Dravidians is that, in their Philosophy as in their Grammar, while adapting foreign models, they kept those adaptations alive by working strenuously at them generation after generation by way of comment, explanation and elucidation till at length the adaptations became as popular among the Dravidians as the originals were among the Aryans.

We now come to the last and perhaps the most interesting topic under discussion. The old Tamil name for the Epos, *Todar Nilai Cheyyul*, has given

place to the more modern one of Kâppiya from Sanskrit Kāvya. The earliest poems of the kind of which we hear are assigned by tradition to the Buddhistic age, and are said to consist of ten works, the Major Five and the Minor Five. Of these, there are only three now extant and they belong to the former group, the Silappadhikâram, the Manimêkhalai, and the Jīvaka Chintâmani. The first two are in the Ahaval metre and are more properly described by their Tamil name than by its Sanskrit equivalent. They relate stories of pure Tamil origin and their scenes are laid in the Tamil country. The last is a story of Northern India written in the latter-day Vritta metre and otherwise bears unmistakable signs of Aryan influence. They are all saturated with the religious ideas of those times and are ascribed to poets professing the Hindu, the Buddhistic and the Jain faith respectively.

Viewed as poems, they have not much value. They have indeed a certain simple pathos, such as we associate only with an infant society sensitive to the higher influences of life. As a rule, they show also a sympathetic appreciation of nature and sometimes the situations are finely conceived. But they have no plot and they have no characterization. The Manimêkhalai especially is not so much an epic poem as a grave disquisition on philosophy. The Silappadhikâram is perhaps the best representative of the class. It is a simple story of the Tamil country simply told. Its author, a royal sage of the Chêra family, was evidently a lover of his country, with its rivers and mountains, its kingdoms and cities, its institutions, its customs, its literature. There is an air of natural magic about the poem, a touch of antique pathos, a fervour of patriotism, now and then agreeably interspersed with lyric—

snatches of enthralling melody, which all lack of constructive skill notwithstanding, yet leave a gracious impression on the mind. The *Chiptāmani* is a poem of an altogether different kind. It is decidedly more modern in tone as well as in treatment. It displays a greater facility of expression, a more delicate ear for music, a greater skill in the grouping of imagery and is justly regarded as an inexhaustible store-house of poetry to which every succeeding writer is indebted to a greater or less extent. But its plot, so monotonous, so deficient in variety, in strength, in character, must ever stand in the way of its taking rank as an epic poem of a high order. The fact is, for epics of the genuine classical style, we must go to the age of the Religious Revival.

In truth the Revivalistic age was the most splendid in the annals of Tamil literature. Great teachers had come and gone. Their voices had been hushed in rest. But their works began to bear fruit. The old creeds of routine and despair were dying a slow and lingering death. Learned Brahmans had appeared, men of large hearts and powerful wills, who sought to unify the race within the fold of the *Vēda*. Under the energising stimulus of the Religion of Love, whole nations began to feel young and strong once more. The *Chôlas* notably, were the most forward in responding to this new awakening. A series of able sovereigns, born warriors and born statesmen, had raised the power of this people to their zenith. Rajendra Kulōttunga was now on the throne. He was a mere usurper and therefore employed all possible means to reconcile to his rule the subjects over whom he held sway. Victor in a patriotic war, of astute and far-sighted statesmanship, a liberal supporter of learning, he loved to surround himself with men of genius and men of culture. Thus his

enlightened reign, as it was the most brilliant in Chôla history, was also the most brilliant in the literary history of the Tamil people.

The era opens with that gifted son of the Muses, Kamba, the author of the Ramayana, "The Prince of Poets," whose name is proverbial among the Dravidians. Wonderful stories are told about him, some of which bear a curious resemblance to those current about Kalidasa. His birth and early life are buried in hopeless myths, and even the accounts of his later life are not free from difficulty. That he was of obscure birth and of humble circumstances, that he had little learning and what little he had he owed to his generous patron and friend Sadaiyappa Mudaliar of Tiruvennei Nallur, that in his manhood, the idol of his countrymen, he was courted by all and even the kings vied with each other to do him honour, that in the height of his fame, he wrote the immortal epic which was to hand him down to a remote posterity, these perhaps are facts of which we can be tolerably certain. A man of singular felicity, on whom both Nature and Fortune had lavished their choicest gifts with a liberal hand, as he bore poverty with honour, prosperity and glory he adorned with humility.

His work, the Ramayana, is an adaptation of the celebrated poem of Valmiki. But it is more than an adaptation, it is a transformation by the magic touch of genius. Similar adaptations there are of course in almost all the vernaculars of India ; but this enjoys an honour scarcely accorded to the rest. Its reputation is not confined to the Tamil country only. It is known to the Telugus, the Canarese have heard of it and even the people on the other side of the Ghats have a strangely familiar notion of its worth. A poem of more than 40,000 lines in length, even the Brahmans have not

hesitated to call it the Kamba Sûtra in recognition of its massive thought and its profound significance in relation to the eternal problem of existence.

The plot is the well-known story of Rama and follows close upon the original. The changes are few and at first sight inconsiderable. But they are the few that indicate an artistic sense of rare delicacy not found in any but the highest poets. Among others, we may mention the spectacle of Sita standing on the balcony of her palace, a dream and a beacon-light from a far-off land, before the bewildered vision of the young hero accompanying his preceptor along the royal street of Mithila : Lakshmana meeting the widow of Vali clothed in pious renunciation even as his own mother was in distant Ayodhya : and the Queen of Ravana expiring for very grief on the dead body of her great husband.

The style and the language are in every way worthy of the theme. Liquidity of diction and fluidity of movement, familiar to the readers of Matthew Arnold, are their chief characteristics. Written in four-lined stanzas throughout, the poem does not offer the same scope for the frequent changes of the cœsural pause which add so much to the rhythm of the *Paradise Lost*. The Tamil poet, however, employs another device which serves the same purpose. The length of the lines is varied every now and then, so as to suit the varying aspects of thought in the progress of the story. The Chintâmani displays the same skill in the handling of the verse, but the art is found in its perfection only in the Ramayana. To this rich and varied music of the verse, add an unrivalled command of language, a never-ending wealth of imagery, a high sense of the lofty and the sublime, and there is Kamba, the great artist in the great style.

But the abiding charm of the poem is its power : power of character, of portrayal, of evolution. We are struck with wonder at the marvellous skill of the poet in depicting character, at his marvellous acquaintance with the inmost recesses of the human heart. A few touches with that mighty pen and there stand the characters, living and breathing, strong in their life, as if fashioned by the Great Architect of the Universe Himself. Here, it would seem, the poet leaves his original far behind. In the words of Dr. Bower, " We have read both Valmiki and Kamba ; and at times we are at a loss to know to which of the poets the palm of victory is to be given." Now, whence this difference which is also a merit ?

Modern criticism on the national epics of the Hindus has come to the conclusion that the Mahâ Bhârata is a truly heroic poem in the Western sense of the term, but that the Ramayana belongs to the class of poetry technically called didactic. In other words, while the Mahâ Bharata is the story of men and women in real life, moved by the conflicting passions and motives of our complex humanity, the Ramayana seeks to present an ideal state of society in which the characters are but the personifications of the virtues and vices of our race. Such obviously seems to have been the aim of Valmiki. This circumstance, whatever its other merits, is hardly calculated to make the work a success as an epic poem. The moral interest must necessarily remain that of the thinker rather than of the artist. If it is a criticism of life, it is a criticism not limited by the conditions of art. Consequently, the fascination of Valmiki lies chiefly in his loving appreciation of nature. Kamba, on the contrary, is decidedly a poet of man. His consummate mastery of the hidden springs of conduct is his distinguishing merit. His

characters are so real that if you prick them they bleed. A profound student of human nature, to whom nothing was a secret in all the intricate windings of the human heart, he has made the human interest of the Ramayana its supreme interest as a work of art.

To explain this point further, let us take examples. In Book II., when Rama proposes to go to the forest by himself, Valmiki makes Sita deliver a moral lecture on the duties of a faithful wife. This is eloquence, to be sure, and of a very spirited kind, but it is not poetry. Now, let us see what the Sita of the Tamil poet does. She has not a word to say about duty and very likely has not bestowed a thought upon it. Of course she is grieved, even shocked, indignant, not because she is not allowed to do her duty, but because an irresistible impulse would not suffer her to live apart from her lord. Then again, in that distressing scene in Book III., where on hearing the deceptive voice of Mârîcha, Sita urges on Lakshmana going to the rescue of his brother, Valmiki puts into her mouth language which can only be described as brutal in its Pharisaical heartlessness. In Kamba, on the contrary, a different complexion is put on the whole incident; and, but for the passage in the original, one could not be certain even of the barest suggestion of the idea. But it is in Book V. that the climax is reached. Whoever would understand the difference between Valmiki and Kamba as poets and artists must compare the somewhat tame and lifeless picture presented by the former of the forlorn queen whose one featute is a perpetual longing to be united to her husband, with the Tamil poet's masterly delineation of Sita, true and virtuous, Janaka's daughter and Rama's wife, in ignominious bondage, restless, introspective, impatient, now bemoaning her hard lot, now in

pious resignation, a prey to alternate hope and wan despair, now blaming the heroes who would not come, then in self-pity for her unkind word to the faithful brother and all the while wondering whether good to her would ever come that comes to all.

A rich and harmonious blending of melodies, a copious diction, an unfailing exuberance of imagery, and withal a masterly skill in the presentation of character; these then are the sum and substance of Kamba's claim to immortality. It does not include invention, plot or construction. In the light of the remarks we made upon the epics of the Buddhistic age, this fact suggests a curious conclusion. In the whole history of Dravidian literature, we do not come across a single instance of a well-constructed plot evidencing the creative genius of the people in the higher realm of art. In this respect, the race seems to labour under an absolute incapacity.

The subsequent history of the epics need not detain us here. They are all adaptations from Sanskrit with more or less of success, but in every way inferior to the Ramayana. Mention may be made of the Skanda Purana which seems to be based on the plan of the Ramayana and of the Nala Venbâ whose 400 quatrains form a pretty little casket of pure gems perfectly worked out.

We are now at the end of our task. We have seen that, in Grammar and in Philosophy, the Dravidians at different times accepted wholesale adaptations from Sanskrit. We have seen that those adaptations were afterwards worked out by them on independent lines and unaffected by later Sanskrit developments. In Ethical and Lyrical Poetry, we have seen their originality, their supremacy, how under the stimulus of the Northern religions, time and again, their latent impulses of justice and truth and mercy and love bodied forth in literary

forms of transcendent beauty. Lastly we have seen how in Epic Poetry, without invention, without the creative effort of the higher mould; they yet were able to produce works of considerable merit and one poem of supreme excellence.

A general consideration of the foregoing will probably justify the conclusion that the Dravidian mind is essentially receptive and not creative. On the one hand, whether in Art or in Science or in Philosophy, the race has produced nothing that is at all original. On the other hand, under the fecundating influence of Sanskrit, we have works of all kinds coming into existence. Also, let us mark, the only two fields in which their supremacy is established, devotion and morals, are mainly for the play of what may be called the feminine qualities and are subsidiary to religion which involves the exercise of the creative faculty of man. Again the total absence of any dramatic work, original or derivative, is a fact that tends to support the position. The conclusion thus seems irresistible that Tamil literature, whatever there is of it, is traceable directly to Sanskrit influence. At the same time, in moral and devotional poetry, this influence was rather the occasion than the cause of the sudden and brilliant outburst. And the outburst itself was brilliant, flashing with a hundred hues of genius and imagination such as is nowhere else to be seen. Creative or receptive, therefore, we may be quite sure that, as long as there are five persons speaking the Tamil language, the *Kuṛa* and the *Ramayana* and the Devotional Hymnology will continue to be a cherished solace to men in their short journey through life with its bright moments of happiness and its long hours of terrible distress.

SUBRAHMANYA V. SUBRAHMANYA AIYAR.

Art. 'III.—ON THE*TEACHING OF LANGUAGES IN EUROPEAN SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

IF my readers will forgive so paradoxical a beginning I should like, at the outset, to alter the title of this article to "the teaching of *language*," for in that apparently trifling change of a plural to a singular lies compressed, I venture to assert, the whole philosophy of language study and so of language teaching. For purposes of philological research, whether detailed or comparative, classification and subdivision are no doubt both useful and expedient, but all such research only tends to emphasise the great truth that, however many and various its forms, language, like art, is *one* and in its essence indivisible. Whether this principle be accepted or not, it is safe to affirm that it is true at least as regards the Indo-European forms of language, the only forms with which we are here directly and professionally concerned. It is, in my opinion, of the very first importance that we should ourselves realise and that we should impress upon the minds of our pupils this *unity and continuity* of language. May I go further still and say that the first and greatest principle to be impressed upon the mind of any child is the unity and continuity of all human knowledge. Let it be ever persistently borne in upon our pupils that knowledge is power and power is usefulness. No child should ever be asked to learn anything without a careful and thorough explanation of the reasons why the teacher makes the call upon its mental powers. We talk sometimes of "discipline" as though the word were synonymous with "compulsion," and only too often we forget that its true sense is "*learning*." Now, that language is the first and strongest bond of

sympathy between the teacher and the pupil is obvious enough, so obvious indeed that most of us are, content to use it all our lives long, never reflecting that we use a miracle! I have often been amused by the expression on the face of a boy on hearing his first answer followed by the question, "Now don't you think it is a very wonderful thing that I should have been able to ask you that question and that you should have been able to make me know at once what was in your mind?" Of course he has never thought about it at all—how should he?—and yet, seriously, what a marvel it is! I have generally found that the curiosity of even a dull boy is at once aroused by the novelty of the idea, and that he is perfectly ready to follow with the utmost interest a simple little lecture on evolution. Once he has realised what language means to him, or tried however imperfectly to realise what he would be without it, he feels himself in real sympathy with the primary anthropoid of the jungle, and is quite eager to trace the successive stages of its marvellous development. Nor should we be content to begin at the anthropoid. Let us go back, back, back, to the origin of all vital forms, back as far as modern science can help us to ascertain or to conjecture. Already we have linked up with chemistry, geology, botany, biology, and other fascinating sciences; we have given our pupils vistas of wonderlands and glimpses of the roads that lead to them, roads that, as they must now see, leap straight into or out of their own little world. How many children grow up with a vague notion that the alphabet was the beginning of all things! I can dimly remember wondering how Adam and Eve learnt theirs and who could have taught it to them. It is an almost stunning revelation to the average boy that an alphabet, so far from being the beginning of all history, represents

perhaps the most remarkable stage of human development this world has seen. All this helps him to take a wider outlook, a more true perspective. It lends intrinsic interest to the most ordinary sound. It prompts him to ask *why*—not the shallow thoughtless *why* of the pestering child, but the keen earnest question of the real seeker after knowledge. The grand result is that already he can understand why it is *good to know*. He is prepared to set about the task of learning "everything about something and something about everything."

I have endeavoured to convey some idea of the means by which, as it seems to me, a child may be led, and not driven, up to the actual study of some special form of language. Already I seem to hear voices urging me to waste no more precious time in nebulous talk, to be practical, to get to business, or the boys will not know their declensions by half term or their irregular verbs in time for examinations. Well, I am coming to "business," but, if my critics will bear with me awhile, not just yet. I desire first to consider, and to consider, *with the pupil*, why we should study language at all. Why not remain content with that particular form or dialect which has so far sufficed for the commonplace purposes of every-day life—*chichi* for instance, to me, and I suspect to most of my readers, at once the most interesting and the most horrible of all dialects under the sun. Shall we treat our study as sordidly practical or as purely educational, as a useful acquirement or as a mere mental gymnastic? Shall we study the language that we may learn it or shall we learn it that we may know its literature? Surely we must do both. There is no need to descant on the priceless value of history, biography, and poetry. Their influence is obvious. For the great bulk of children in this

country, whose special and most crying need is elevation and refinement, these things have an incalculable worth. Another point on which I think all teachers engaged in European education in this country should insist even *ad nauseam* is precision of accent and purity of diction. For the sake of every one and every thing that we call English we should regard it as a sacred duty to preserve linguistic accuracy at least if nothing more. Few of us possess the magic of eloquence or the power to fashion "jewels five words long," but we can all strive to be correct in syntax, to avoid glaring vulgarities or sloven, slipshod, false construction, and to see that, so far as in us lies, our pupils do the same.

Let us suppose then, teacher and pupil agreed that it is expedient to study language in some form or forms. The question that arises next is, what form shall be chosen as the main, what others as subsidiary, or rather complementary? So far as the latter are concerned I suppose we should all agree that the question must in almost every case be decided by force of circumstances, by the exigencies of surroundings, or by individual and practical requirements; but the selection of the main form should be based, I venture to say, on considerations higher and deeper than any of these. Personally, I am convinced—and the conviction has been slowly and deliberately reached in the course of some eighteen years' experience as a language teacher—that for the main form there is none that can for a moment be compared with Attic Greek. As Mr. F. W. Myers pointed out in his superb essay on Virgil, "Greek had all the merits of other tongues without their accompanying defects. It had the monumental weight and brevity of the Latin without its rigid unmanageability,—the

copiousness and flexibility of German without its heavy commonness and guttural superfluity ; the pellucidity of the French without its jejuneness ; the force and reality of the English without its structureless commination." It would be easy enough to add a hundred more reasons in favour of the choice which I suggest, and it would not, I think, be difficult to show that in every century the writers whose style has been the most admired and whose work has had the greatest influence on human thought have been those whose thought and style had been formed by the study of the masterpieces of Greek literature. Nor can I agree with those who hold Greek to be too difficult for the average pupil to acquire. The standard of achievement reached by the great Greek authors is so high that for a "barbarian" to approach their level is no doubt difficult, perhaps indeed impossible : but experience has shown that to acquire a good working knowledge of Greek, the knowledge that enables a man, as Macaulay said, "to read Plato with his feet on the fender," is quite within the grasp of even average ability. The decline of confidence in Greek as the basis of language teaching has been due solely to bad methods in teaching, and the recent attacks on the position have after all only served to show its inherent strength. It must, however, be reluctantly admitted that the advocate of Greek in modern India is as one crying in the wilderness. Apparently for no other reason than that Macaulay, with questionable wisdom, decided in favour of English for native education, it is decided that English must be best for Europeans too. The great essayist would, in all reasonable probability, have been the first to reject this curious deduction and to admit that he owed his mastery of English to his life-long study of the literatures of Greece and Rome. However,

the *fiat* has gone forth and one can only sigh and make the best of it. And now for our subsidiary forms. I cannot agree with those who would retain Latin while discarding Greek. Roman Latin can never be really understood by those who have no Greek, and if Latin is to be studied in India at all, Parisian Latin is the preferable form. French, to give it the name which by the merest accident of history it has acquired, has much to recommend it for our purposes. It will never do for us what Greek or Roman Latin could have done, but it will accomplish many of the best objects of language study, while its comparative ease renders it in some respects especially desirable in a country where school life is so often all too brief. For our third form, I think most of us will agree that, at any rate for the next few generations, it will be impossible to deny the just claims of Urdu, if only for the reason that some proficiency in the vernaculars is absolutely necessary to the establishment and maintenance of that sympathy and mutual understanding between the dominant and the native races without which this Empire can never be governed on the true principles of Christianity. The cases in which it would be safe to enter upon the systematic study of any further forms beyond these three are, I fear, so few that we need not here pause to consider them ; at the same time that *unity* of language of which I have already spoken should be kept ever before the pupil's eyes, and it should be persistently brought home to him that, so far from adding to his burden, each and every fresh acquisition, be it only a smattering, strengthens his powers and nerves his mind for further conquest. The last and greatest argument for language study is to be found in the immense opportunities for the exercise of moral influence which it

affords. Far be it from me to deny that science and mathematics, if taught with reverence for the subject and with a single eye to the ultimate happiness of the greatest number, are potent instruments for good. Still the fact remains that pure mathematics in the first instance make their appeal to the intellect alone; language is the intercourse of human hearts, soul communing with soul.

And now that teacher and pupil are agreed that it is well to study language and have made their choice of forms, the only question still remaining to be solved is that of method. Of the methods of the past, and in only too many cases of the present too, the less said the better. Who does not know them? Which of us has not rebelled against them? I do not hesitate to say that generations of English boys have been "choked off" the ancient classics by sheer bad teaching inflicted on them by those who had suffered in the same way themselves, and who, having little or no latent sense of artistic beauty in them, have never so much as dreamed that Greek and Latin could be anything but "grind." The late Bishop Creighton once declared in public that the average English boy had a natural aversion for learning of any kind. Never, I respectfully submit, was a more unjust libel uttered. The average English boy is to the full as eager for knowledge as the boy of any other country in the world, but you do not encourage the pilgrim to enter paradise by deliberately surrounding it with a desert of dry bones. Some years ago I was told by one who was my headmaster at the time—he was a man of immense erudition, but a most ineffective teacher—that there "must be drudgery." If drudgery means mere labour done without conviction and without interest,

what a hopeless confession of failure! I do not pretend that we can be always at the top pitch of enthusiasm or that all subjects will appeal to us with equal force, but from the moment that interest on either side fails altogether, the work ceases to be worthy of the name. It will surely be admitted that the primary object of the teacher is, or should be, to arouse interest. How then can it be aroused? Well, it is a mere truism that what arouses our admiration arouses our interest at the same time. Obviously then the surest and the easiest means is to present to the child something that shall arouse his admiration from the first. *Mensa*, a table, *mensæ*, of a table, *et hoc genus omne*, have never, it may safely be affirmed, excited any feeling but disgust. Strangely enough, outside the class-room we recognise this readily. We all know that for success in the painting of figures some knowledge of anatomy is a necessity; yet which of us would expect to arouse enthusiasm in the beginner by giving him a bone to study, with the intimation that when he knew all about that bone, he should be given another? This is simply what we are doing when we compel an unfortunate child to learn the declension of a noun by rote. Suppose, again, that when our student knew his bones, we proceeded to show him, as the next stage in his education, some miserable daub not worth the canvas on which it had been painted. Yet that is simply what we do when we introduce the child to some wretched "reader" or a rubbishy third-rate author. Surely it is almost a waste of words to say that we should begin by taking our young student to the great galleries and there showing him carefully selected masterpieces of a simple, chaste, but always classic type. Let him study there with one who is at the same time a judicious critic and an enthusiastic artist at his

elbow to guide and to explain, and his own enthusiasm, or at the least his interest, will be aroused for life. Nothing can ever quench it. Once he knows *why* he must study the bones, he will study them *con amore*. And so surely it must be with us. On these or some such lines we must proceed if we wish to avoid killing the tender bud which it should be our object to develop. Hitherto our whole system of language teaching has been as a pyramid standing on its apex. We have tried to build from the foundation of an invisible point. We have laboured over the letter, but we have forgotten the spirit.

I am well aware that the critic who confines himself to merely destructive criticism gains and deserves no confidence. He must be prepared to face the question. How then would you yourself proceed? I have already indicated the lines along which the pupil may be led up to his subject. The preliminary introduction over it is obvious that the alphabet must be mastered if not already known. The moment the pupil can read a syllable he should be initiated without delay into the beauties of literature. I cannot insist too much on the expediency of allowing him to see from the very outset *nothing but true literature*, nothing but the best that can be done. The curse of language teaching is the "reader" with its stupid rubbish utterly devoid of beauty, interest, almost of sense. I suggest that the child be brought at once into contact with a good book or a really well written short story. Even if the teacher should have to explain every word and phrase, the child will have gained more from a single page of true literature than from all the readers in the world. When such books as Kipling's *Jungle Books*, Kingsley's *Heroes*, Church's *Stories* from Homer and many more are available, it

is absurd to pretend that there is no first-class literature capable of being brought within the comprehension and appreciation of the average child. Probably it would not be difficult to compile a list of the "Hundred Best Books for Children," excluding all books that could not be read with equal pleasure by adults. In the early stages of the reading the teacher will, of course, be called on for an immense amount of exposition, even to the point, perhaps, of physical fatigue; but when the teacher enjoys the subject matter as much as the pupil, fatigue is forgotten in the delight of imparting to others a love for that which we already love ourselves. Cicero says truly that "we can never enjoy anything to the full unless we have a friend to share in our enjoyment," and surely it is as true that mutual enjoyment can make a friend out of a stranger. Personally I should hesitate to say whether I owe more friendships to the *Æneid* or to cricket, but it has always seemed to me that a boy who loved his Virgil and could stand up to a fast ball on the leg stump must be a character worth knowing, one whose friendship would be a treasure of incalculable worth. Every day the teacher will find that he has less time to spend on the explanation of rudiments, every day the pupil will find that he sees more and does more for himself, every day the two are drawing closer and closer together in the pursuit of the common goal. In a very short time—exactly when must depend to some extent on circumstances, but certainly within a month—the pupil should be asked to attempt his first "unseen" translation—I am assuming that we are engaged now on the French or the Urdu—and here encouragement must be judiciously blended with quiet insistence that the *whole* translation shall be done, that sense at least shall be written down; more than this we have no right to

expect for a while, but we may, in some cases we shall, get more, and if we do let us not forget to praise it. A little enthusiastic praise is a marvellous incentive to the diffident beginner. Above all it should be impressed on the young translator that if he has succeeded in finding out without help or hint *what the passage is about*, the discovery is more creditable and of immeasurably greater value than the correct meanings of stray words without context or connection. Also we must be infinitely careful in giving him our own translation, we should be even ostentatiously eager to find the precise phrase word or idiom that conveys the sense and should give him our reasons for rejecting every translation, however correct, that seems to lose in the slightest degree the spirit of the original. We should make him understand that so long as the sense and spirit are preserved he is entirely at liberty to tell the story in his own way. All this is of inestimable benefit to his English, far more so indeed than a so-called "English lesson" could ever be. Nothing is of greater value and importance than this "collateral teaching" if I may so call it. The teacher should never lose an opportunity of pointing out the strong affinity that still exists, after the lapse of so many ages, among the various forms of the Aryan language. He should dwell constantly on resemblance in words, on the change that may have taken place in usage and significance, especially when, as is so frequently the case, some important development of human society is shown in the history of the word. He should point out divergences of idiom as illustrating the characters of the various branches of the Aryan race. In a word, he should be ever striving to make his pupils realise that language is simply the history of the human race, entirely true because so unconsciously recorded. It might often

happen that a passer by, lingering for a few moments outside the class-room window, would be unable to say with certainty whether the actual subject of study at the moment was English, Greek, Latin, French, or Urdu, but he could not doubt that research was being ardently pursued and that teachers and pupils were equally interested in the pursuit. And here I would say a word on the subject of time-tables. It is obvious that such things have their uses and that under modern conditions there must be a certain amount of organisation of curricula. In so far, however, as they tend to foster the idea that knowledge can be divided into water-tight compartments entirely unconnected with one another, that geography, for instance, can be treated to any purpose apart from the history that it has made, time-tables are radically and fundamentally injurious to true learning. The time-table, *per se*, teaches nothing but punctuality, and this great virtue can be far better instilled in other ways. Fancy Socrates with a time-table! Imagine a keen huntsman suddenly whipping hounds off the scent in the middle of the best run of the season because the clock had struck eleven! It was my privilege for some years to be teaching a form composed of boys aspiring to scholarships at one or other of the great public schools. Except for one hour, during which they were with the mathematical master, I was responsible for all their work, Latin, Greek, French, History, and everything these terms involve. They were instructed always to bring up the text of any works we might have decided to read during the term. On entering the class-room, which, it is worth while to observe, was in furniture and arrangement designedly as unlike the conventional school-room as it could possibly be made, it was my invariable practice to ask the boys

themselves what they would like to read first, and the selection was made strictly in accordance with the desire of the majority. I never found that they showed any tendency to shirk an author on account of the difficulty or obscurity of the style. No matter how "stiff" might be the speech in the Thucydides, how recondite and elliptical the Cicero letter, if they had been told that it was fine, or curiosity had been aroused by some previous allusion, they were genuinely eager to know it for themselves, and they had the true artist's love for the harmonious whole. They were deeply imbued with a sense not only of the unity but of the dignity of knowledge. Reading with such boys as these is pure delight. I may be told that they were exceptionally gifted boys and that it is futile to argue from the exceptional. I can only reply that some of them were very "average" indeed, and I cannot but think that we are all inclined, as Bishop Creighton was, to underrate the capacity of the average pupil for appreciation. Yet that distinguished prelate oddly enough puts his finger on the weak point in one of his letters when he speaks of the futility, the impossibility indeed of teaching "Grammar" in the ordinary way, the way so beloved of school boards and inspectors. Grammar, that is the rules which govern the use of language, the art of writing it, should be absorbed almost unconsciously from the reading of great literature. But this is one of the many reasons why we should be so careful to show the beginner only what is best and purest. The teacher should be ever expounding, comparing, criticising, discussing, touching on everything that seems to arise naturally out of the reading. He should not be afraid of being discursive. The advantages of concentration, of keeping to the point, can be impressed at a later stage. For the present what is most to be desired

is that the pupils should acquire that sense of unity, on which I have already insisted, and on which it is, in my opinion, almost impossible to insist too much. And in the course of his criticisms the teacher will not lose sight of etymology; he will, especially in the early stages, be continually drawing attention to the formation, inflections, idioms, and phraseology of the particular language form in which the author wrote. In this way the keen and interested pupil learns and learns thoroughly, because with interest, his grammar, learns it as a humanity, a thing of life. Surely this is better than the senseless repetition of nouns, verbs, adjectives, and all the rest, meaningless apart from their context, useless as the single bone. To revert to the analogy of art, when the student has seen the figure in its beauty he becomes curiously interested in the bone; the botanist, who has seen the tree, or even a single leaf, is interested at once in the cells or vegetable tissues that compose it. Could it be so if he had never seen a forest? In the same way pupils who have seen something at least of the glory of literature find no drudgery at all but rather enjoyment in working at a critical paper which, set too early, would have merely perplexed and repelled them. A boy who has read Homer and enjoyed, as nearly all boys do, "the strong winged music," "the long roll of the hexameter," becomes keenly interested in the anatomy of the language out of which such beauty and such goodness could be wrought. I crave the indulgence of my readers if I have dilated too much upon this subject, but it is one on which I feel strongly. To the sympathetic study of literature, with all the wealth of poetry, philosophy, and history that it enshrines, to the pursuit of knowledge with young, bright, eager and congenial spirits, I owe more happiness than I can ever hope to repay, and

those who have known it too will sympathise and bear with me.

And now what shall we say of *writing*, of the attempt to use for himself the rod of those magicians whose marvels the pupil has for some time now known and admired. Again at the outset it should be most carefully explained to him why he need write at all. In French, Urdu, or English the reason is obvious enough; he has been studying all these in their present form and may at any time have need to write in them for purposes of the present-day life. In Greek and Roman Latin the reason may not be so clear, the object not so immediate. At least, however, he can understand that the power to write or speak in the language is the only test of his power to use it. And here I would offer a fervent protest against that most false and misleading of all phrases "the dead languages." There is no such thing as a dead language, science has shown us clearly that though everything is ever changing nothing ever ceases to exist. Language *may* die with the human race, but it is absolutely certain that neither it, nor any form of it, can die before. As I said, language is human history, ever changing, ever developing, ever, let us hope, upon the whole progressing. But while the law of *change* is universal, death is, even with ourselves, nothing but a convenient term for a change which we do not as yet entirely understand. Once get pupils to realise that language *lives*, and they will realise that the spirit at least of those who loved or wrote or acted, only a little earlier than we, lives too. Cæsar should be as real to them as Lord Roberts, Virgil as living a power as any poet of our day, more so indeed, for has not his spirit been gathering strength and influencing human thought more deeply as the years go on? To

return to the practical teaching of writing, whether as mere translation or as original composition. It is possible that I may have startled some of my readers by the shortness of the time within which, as it seems to me, translation should be attempted from the language form studied into the mother tongue. If there be any such I shall probably surprise them even more by the length of the time I think should be allowed to pass before writing should be attempted at all. I have spoken of the "reader" as the curse of language teaching; I might have added another, in my opinion fully as injurious, the short sentence associated with the name of Otto, who may or not have deserved to bear all the weight of an infamy which should be shared by thousands more. These foolish sentences are in themselves almost meaningless, teach almost nothing, and have done infinite harm by tending to destroy what I have ventured to call the artistic sense of the harmonious whole. "Studies" are no doubt of the utmost value to the art student, and so in the proper place and at the right time are sentences to the student of languages, but we do not *begin* by showing the art student one little corner of the picture giving just a glimpse of, say, half a leg or the finger of a hand. The very first piece of composition attempted should be *continuous and complete*: a little story is the best, simple and easy as can be, but for any sake let it be in good literary English form and let it be complete. Now it is obvious that no one can be expected to write in any form of language with which he has not yet acquired a sound working acquaintance, and even with the most apt pupils it is of little or no use to attempt the experiment until the mind has been soaked in the best literature (which, let it never be forgotten, may be also the simplest in form) by daily readings extending over at least three

or four months, perhaps more. In all but a few rare cases the first attempts will seem poor and perhaps discouraging. The teacher will be disappointed, it may be, to find his pupils still so unfamiliar with the forms of which they have seen so much. Believe me, there is no need to despair. Let him look rather for what there is and 'try' for the moment to forget what there is not. In all but a few very bad cases, where the sense of language form is almost non-existent—and such are the exception, not the rule—he will find something remembered, something applied, especially if the pupil has been encouraged to use only what he has seen in the course of his reading and therefore knows to be correct. Above all, as before with the translation, let him not fail to praise whatever it may be possible honestly to commend, if it be but a single phrase. If he lets his gratification be seen, he may be sure there will be more next time. Even the slackest and least ambitious boys like to be praised for what they have themselves produced by their own efforts, and will take immense pains if they feel confident that their efforts will be appreciated. Prizes and even marks are entirely unnecessary, are indeed to be deprecated as tending to promote a false ideal and to obscure the true goal. Once boys have realised the dignity of knowledge, it is astonishing how hard they will work to attain and to secure it. When the prose, or, it may be, the verse composition, has been shown up it is a good plan for the teacher to give out the fair copy *at once*, a preliminary one at least, that the pupil may see how his difficulties might have been surmounted while they are still fresh in his mind. It is all the better if they have seen the teacher preparing his version before their eyes while they were doing their own. So far from posing as an oracle he should be careful to let them see that

what has troubled them has frequently troubled him too, and that only his wider experience of literature has enabled him to overcome the difficulty of expression. He should suggest all the possible "turnings" that occur to him, weigh carefully their merits or demerits, consider the passage in whole and in detail from every point of view, and show clearly his determination to be content with nothing but the very best. In going through the pupil's composition with him, it is well to take two or three, or even more at a time, comparing them, and letting them learn from one another's failures or successes. After a time will come the delightful stage in which mere accuracy of grammar or correctness of expression can be taken for granted and there remains nothing to be seriously considered but style, in which there can be no finality. There is no more powerful stimulus to a keen pupil than to have his own phrase adopted in the fair copy when put up on the board, or to see his own version even compared with the original Latin, Greek, or French from which the passage set him has possibly been translated. Indeed this latter method is by some good composition teachers invariably adopted on the ground that then only can they feel sure that the fair copy is the "real thing." They are perhaps in danger of forgetting that in their own translation something may have been lost and of laying themselves open to the retort courteous made by an Oxford undergraduate to his tutor when the latter, in reply to some criticism of the fair copy, thinking to crush the critic and overwhelm him with confusion, informed him with a superior smile that the Latin he had ventured so rashly to criticise was the Latin of no less a one than the father of letters, as Mr. Paul has called him. "In that case," was the calm reply, "I am afraid I can only say that Cicero seems scarcely

to have caught the spirit of the English!" The don, one of the most famous in the University, retired that night if not a sadder—for he was himself a wit—at least a wiser man. However, be the fair copy the work of a great writer, or only a humble but conscientious imitation thereof, it is of the utmost importance that in the earlier stages it should be learned and said, from the English, *not* by heart, by every pupil separately. To this learning of the fair copy I attach the utmost importance. For some time it is a real trouble to the teacher and takes some little time out of his leisure hours, but the time required is gradually reduced and the trouble repays itself a thousandfold. In the end time is saved and each weekly composition gains something from the previous fair copies. In the later stages boys who have done well may safely be excused from learning the fair copy altogether.

Original composition should be begun much later and only practised very occasionally, once a month at most, I think, but boys should realise that it is of all literary tasks the highest. If only for the obvious purpose of the development of original ideas and of the power of putting them into words, it is to be commended. But it is ill making bricks without straw, and any attempt to imitate the Egyptian taskmasters is apt to have disastrous results. In justification of the principles and methods here advocated I may perhaps be allowed to say that they have been tested again and again, in code examinations in India, in Cambridge Local Examinations in India and at home, in public school scholarships at home, the latter by far the highest and severest trial of all, and that they have stood the test. A rather striking case in point happened to come under my observation only a

few days ago, and as most of us are specially interested in local conditions I may perhaps be excused for relating briefly the circumstances. . A boy brought me a piece of French prose almost, if not quite, as good as anything I ever saw done by anyone of his experience and opportunities. Last year he had never heard of French. Within the past twelve months he has been taken through nearly the whole of Daudet's exquisite "Contes du Lundi" and most of Voltaire's Charles XII. He has never been asked to look at anything else except to study by himself, for a few minutes at a time, a little paper book showing the inflection of French verbs, and as this has not been pressed, I fancy very little of the kind has been done. He has never seen a grammar and has certainly never had a grammar lesson in the ordinary sense of committing to memory dry bones of accidence. The English set was a section from the latter part of Gardiner's "Outlines of English History." The whole was turned into correct idiomatic French, and some portions were, as it seemed to me, most happily rendered, but what I desire to insist upon most is that the verb inflections were correctly formed, *the accidence was as sound as the style*. Two or three other boys did almost as well in proportion to their opportunities. One of them a boy whom, as I confess with shame, I all but gave up in despair some months ago. I may add that these same boys astonished me by their thorough and most accurate knowledge of the French book set for the High School last year after only one reading.

Before I close I should like to offer a few remarks on two more points ; the first, is the subject of set books, or as it is the fashion to call them here "prescribed readings." To the conscientious teacher, who must perforce keep one eye always on the examination looming

in the near future and who has a nervous terror of "bad results," there is a grave though very pardonable temptation to spend too much time on the book set to be "got up." I do not regard set books as an unmixed evil. It is good for a boy or girl to be made to read a book more than once, to realise how much there is in any book worthy of the name, to see how much was missed in the first reading, how indeed there are always after every reading gleanings of the rarest value still to be found. But what he needs to realise still more is that the more he has read the better he understands ; yet once again he sees the unity of all created things. Speaking generally, I would say that three months out of the twelve should be the outside limit of the time devoted to the set book. All good examiners recognise this in principle, and in the university and public school scholarship examinations no special readings are prescribed at all. The school library, which is the second point on which I wished to dwell for a few moments, affords the best opportunity of impressing on the young reader that a good book is like a real friend, one of whom it is scarcely possible to see too much. The books in the library should be selected with the utmost care, and anything labelled "for boys" should be regarded with suspicion. The library should be largely, if not entirely, controlled by those responsible for the language teaching of the schools, they should watch over it with jealous care, yet without fussy interference, never relaxing their efforts to render it as attractive as it can possibly be made. To those who have already gained a just appreciation of the highest and the best in literature, dialects become interesting and valuable as an aspect of human life, and "journallese" can do no harm to a taste already formed on the best models. Newspapers must be read if the

young are to see history in the making, and if they do not, they will never really understand or care for the history of the past. The boy who knows the condition of affairs on the North-West Frontier of India will have no difficulty whatsoever in following with intelligent interest Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul, and to him who looks out on the Russia of to-day the French Revolution lives again. A taste for philology too should be studiously fostered; those who have felt the beauty of language and who have read in it the history of their race will always be ready to study its sciences and to learn by observation that the laws of language, like all other laws, are but the customs of the majority. This helps to teach them the great truth that the "views" of to-day are the "belief" of to-morrow, and that the minority of this age, in advance of their time, will become the majority of the next. Finally, what we have to teach is not merely facts, but the living principles that underlie the facts, we have to show that phenomena are inevitably traceable to some first cause.

I only plead with my colleagues of the profession to remember, what we are all so apt to forget, that teaching is a privilege and not a drudgery; and I would suggest as the motto of our working lives: "It is the letter which killeth, but the spirit which giveth life."

C. W. NEWTON.

Art. IV.—SCIENTIFIC JUDICIAL SENTENCING.

IT is entertaining to watch the progressive developments of analytic science in new directions, and to observe the doings and ways of those who throw themselves under the wheels of this Jagarnath. One of the penalties exacted by it from the modern mind of the proper type is excruciating precision in the detection and adjustment of details. This virtuous vice is not restricted in its indulgence to phenomena but penetrates to the mental processes stirred by them. The appetite of the latter-day scientific conscience for microscopic exactness can be satisfied only by enforcing mathematical proportions in relations previously lying about loose, unclassified and unregulated, in human life. Whether, however, all that is undergone in this way raises the average level of popular intelligence about the subjects experimented on, or promotes human happiness generally, or even endows the few who labour for the good of the many with ideas worth having, and not procurable otherwise at less cost, is a question deserving of some study. The opportunity of considering it has once more been handed round, and this time to several nations, by a circular of the International Commission on Judicial Sentences which was issued four years ago, and is now, as indeed it has for some little time past been, bearing fruit in several gardens into which its seedlings were transplanted. The Commission, it may be remembered, was the creation of the International Congress of comparative law which held its sessions in Paris in 1900; and it included among its members M. A. Le Poittevin, Professor of Law in the Paris

University, Mr. Crackenthorpe, K. C., and five other personages, holding respected legal positions in their respective and respectable countries ; of each of whom it is only fair to say that he has never since disclosed any consciousness of bearing any resemblance to Frankenstein. The commission sat in Paris in May 1901, and, after critically investigating those portions of the field of jurisprudence which may be suspected of suggesting the grounds for their decisions to judges, propounded five exhaustive questions which will presently be placed before the reader, who may accept this intimation as a suitable preparation. Starting with the observation that, in some countries, laws prescribe a maximum without prescribing a minimum limit of punishment for crimes, and that this and similar "anomalies" devolve a large discretion upon individual judges, with whom sympathy is thus evoked, the circular, without stopping to point out how the prescription of a minimum could have tempered the "anomaly" or reduced the discretionary power of the judge, proceeds to enquire whether "judges act on any settled principles" in awarding punishments, and whether "uniformity in this respect is desirable." If "this respect" means adherence to some principle, the suggestion that any limitation of unprincipled license may possibly not always be desirable, reveals one of the reversionary hazards of the search after exactitude, that may prove disquieting to the uninitiated and unprecise mind. The questions of the circular open up, it may be noted by way of illustrative analogy, a wider controversy than that which Mr. Holman Hunt's book has started afresh between the pre-Raphaelite and later schools of painting. That busied itself mainly with comparisons between the relative merits of picturing general outlines and going

into minute details, and touched on other matters, such as the refinement of expression or the merits of daubing, mostly in so far as they were contributory to or destructive of some mysterious feature of the final effect. The investigation now sprung on civilisation by the International Commission, though it deals chiefly with the sentences passed by judges, further sets its conductors the task of analysing contributory processes and even agencies, with a simultaneous diffusion of zeal and concentration of discrimination rather distracting in their methods and scope. For the influences which weigh in a judicial consciousness at the moment of delivery of a sentence are both abstract and concrete, rational and sentimental, subjective and objective. Any list of them would include such physical features of committed crime as the evidence brought upon record, and also such psychical elements as varieties of individual estimates of the identical circumstances, and variations of personal impressions, intellectual or emotional, of so delicate a nature as to defy definition, and at times identified only as the source of some subtle residual conviction. It is in view of this last batch of hidden origins of disclosed circumstance, that doubts arise as to the practical advantages, not to speak of the beneficial tendencies, of the possible and conceivable discoveries of the contemplated investigation. Though the reader who may remember is advised to forget the story of the colonial judge whose decisions were always upheld on appeal until he began to give his reasons for them, some readers may resemble the hero who strove to forget everything but could not help remembering that the Greek language once existed, and may bear in mind the instructive hunger and thirst after righteousness which always lands on its blessing, though it may never

succeed in explaining either, the quality of the appetite or the nature of its final satiety to any other intelligence.

Unlike substances that can be resolved by chemical analysis, whose constituents may also be hunted into their last resorts by the spectrum, and have their secrets extorted by excathode rays, the conclusions announced by judges, even when perfectly acceptable and entitled to general respect, have embraced, both before and at declaration, mental processes and it may be emotional contortions, lying beyond the scrutiny of any body but the individual judge, and sometimes also not admitting of explanation, even when understood, by himself. It is in fact unwise to raise toll-bars or to post collectors of statistics on the roads by which conscience and imagination help the trained intellect to arrive at convictions on even the least, and still more on the most, abstruse matters. The first idea probably formed by any student of the questions set forth will be that they might have gained more by demanding less. The judge put into a confessional and plied with requisitions, answerable and unanswerable, may not always recognise the temptations which it may be wise to resist, or challenges which it may be right to ignore. The impulse to have a fling at an enticing target is not confined to schoolboys. Nor is the self-restraint needed to neglect opportunities of present display, on the chance of proving serviceable in some future and less ostentatious way, of such general prevalence amongst the most trustworthy judges that it can be depended on to eliminate from an investigation the seductions which had better, had that been practicable, have been excluded from its programme.

The questions actually promulgated are as follows : —“ I. Does the judge, when awarding a sentence, act on any theory as to the object of punishment, such as

retribution, expiation, prohibition, or reformation? Is it desirable he should do so? II. Does the judge keep the same end in view in the case of all offences? Is it desirable he should do so? III. When the judge makes a distinction between one offence and another, on what is the distinction based? IV. Does any such distinction made turn on the offender's antecedents on judicial record, or on his education, intelligence or other personal quality? If so, on what, and why? V. In the absence of special circumstances, does the judge award the full penalty allowed by the law, or does his normal sentence fall short of this?"

In their original presentation, these questions have been formulated with an elaboration of detail, relating both to the offender and his judge, as well as to the temporary relation between them, and much that preceded it and more that must follow it; all which, besides taking up too much space, could convey little of ascertainable value to minds unfamiliar with the special conditions which have suggested them, and are superfluous for the few duly qualified victims of the inquisition. Excessive introspection is accounted one of the unhealthy mental habits of the age, sometimes immoral in its tendencies, often emasculating in its effects, and almost always objectionable in its methods. It is indeed held by some extreme moralists to be as criminal when performed *oram populo* as the entire physical divestiture of clothing of which the Penal Code takes account. It may conceivably be condemned even by more moderate censors because, for one wholesome impulse it may awake in a genuine enthusiast, ready made for a safe monomania, and made immune to prevalent infections by some inoculation not universally available or applicable, it sets floating numberless affectations whose contagion or

infection, if not unadulterably mischievous, is negatively useless. The danger of uselessness anywhere has become less negligible since the point of the definition of "dirt," as "matter out of place" has passed from the list of literary epigrams into that of moral maxims. It is not insinuated here that a programme of such respectable parentage as that of the international commission stands on the same level with chapters of sensational literature, secular or religious, embalming some of the worst products of an age of fast fashions and show moral reflection and middling bad manners, which, moreover, being essentially artificial, cannot have many, if it can have any, stray offshoots of a natural type, for which it may be claimed that, if man be fashioned after any divine image, all natural impulse, not diverted by artificial obstruction, must in some sense connote a reversion to type, as of water seeking its own level. Nor is it rashly asserted that no conceivable benefit can result from metaphysical or psychological speculations unconsciously tending, even when not consciously directed, towards the platform of so-called Christian Science; from which, unless restrained by some yet undiscovered barrier, it may yet wrest the palm for success in the feat of subordinating the objective to the subjective, the phenomena to the noumena, in a sphere in which this process might not unprofitably have been reversed. *Noblesse oblige*; and kings will betray themselves, even when acting as cooks, as much as in what they do as in what they leave undone, whether in baking cakes or, as the child critic of Alfred the Great put it, in "caking bakes." But the heritage of tradition and association, which bulks so largely in the typical British judicial character, seems less likely to render, after vivisection, the noble service which it has for many

generations spontaneously and instinctively yielded to society, with the help of only the regular professional education and ordinary judicial experience which have buttressed it in the past, and with no further provocation than the simple sense of duty, sometimes perhaps spurred by the danger of society, or reined in by the pitifulness of crime, but always natural and usually also unstudied and unrehearsed. It seems at any rate unlikely to respond, to any wide extent or any useful purpose or with any general public acquiescence, to the latest fashion set in Paris—or shall it be gibbeted as the latest bolt out of the blue of the least morally refined atmosphere of the civilised world? As for Mr. Crackenthorpe, K.C., and his part in this surprise, his British co-parceners in silk may well be imagined thinking aloud *que diable allait il faire dans cette galere?*

W. C. MADGE.

Art. V.—MACAULAY IN LOWER BENGAL.

II.

I.—AS PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

MACAULAY came out to India with a lofty aim, which he conceived as the ultimate object of the British Rule in India, the final cause, so to say, of England's Mission in the East. It arose out of his strong Whiggish tendency and consisted in "that of fitting the population of India to govern themselves." The idea was much in advance of his time and was clearly held in his view all through his remarkable political career. In India, all his efforts were directed towards the furtherance* of this grand aim. As President of the General Committee of Public Instruction, he found an opportunity to educate the people of India through the medium of the most practical language—his own mother tongue—thereby aiming at uniting the diverse races of India possessing a variety of languages into a corporate body. This was his greatest triumph, which he sincerely believed would eventually work out the salvation of the Indian people.

On the 8th December 1834 Macaulay became the President of the General Committee of Public Instruction at the nomination of Lord William Bentinck and in the place of the Hon'ble Henry Davenport Shakespeare resigned.* The General Committee of Public Instruction was established on the 17th July 1823 by the Governor-General in Council, the Hon'ble Mr. John

* It is not true, as is generally believed, that the Hon'ble H. Shakespeare resigned dissatisfied with Lord William Bentinck's Education Minute. He resigned the post long before the Minute was published.

Adam, "for the purpose of ascertaining the state of public education, and of the public institutions designed for its promotion, and of considering and from time to time submitting to Government the suggestion of such measures as it may appear expedient to adopt with the view of the better instruction of the people, to the introduction among them of useful knowledge and to the improvement of their moral character." The members of this Committee, of which the Hon'ble Mr. John Herbert Harington, then a member of the Supreme Council, was President, were selected from the most enlightened individuals* of the Company's Service, and they were authorised to exercise, through Sub-Committees or individual members, the superintendence of all the Government seminaries—that is, the colleges at Benares and Agra, the school at Benares, the Free School at Cawnpore and schools at Ajmer and Bhagulpore and the Arabic College at Calcutta, now called the Calcutta Madrasah. With these institutions the General Committee of Public Instruction commenced its labours. The Sanskrit College at Calcutta was opened by them in 1824, the Delhi College in 1825 for instruction in Arabic, Persian and Sanskrit, the Allahabad School in 1834, besides two more at Saugor and Midnapore.

The above arrangement continued till the end of December 1834 when the operations of the Committee were brought to a stand by an irreconcilable difference of opinion as to the principles on which the Government support to education should be administered. Half of the Committee called the "Orientalists" were for the continuation of the old system of stipends tenable for twelve or fifteen years, to the students of Arabic and

* I have not been able to ascertain the names and the number of the first members of the General Committee of Public Instruction.

Sanskrit, and for liberal expenditure on the publication of works in those languages. The other half called the "Anglicists" desired to reduce the expenditure on stipends held by "lazy and stupid school-boys of 30 and 35 years of age," and to cut down the sums lavished on Sanskrit and Arabic printing. At this juncture, Government requested the Committee to prepare a scheme of instruction for the college at Agra. The Committee were utterly unable to agree on any plan. Five members were in favour of Arabic, Persian and Sanskrit learning and five in favour of English and the Vernacular, with just so much of the Oriental learned languages as would be necessary to satisfy local prejudices. The Orientalist party consisted of the Hon'ble Henry Davenport Shakespeare, Messrs. Henry Thoby Prinsep,* James Prinsep † and William Hay Macnaghten ‡ and James Charles Colebrooke Sutherland, § who was Secretary to the Committee. The "Anglicists" or those who were in favour of

* Father of Sir Henry Thoby Prinsep, late of the Calcutta High Court.

† The great numismatist of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. His name is preserved in Prinsep's Ghat.

‡ Knighed afterwards and became Envoy in Afghanistan and was assassinated there.

§ Nephew of that eminent Oriental scholar Mr. Henry Colebrooke, was born in 1793. At the age of fourteen, Sutherland went to sea and spent seven years in the Navy as a midshipman. He served in a dashing frigate called the *Acasta* commanded by Captain Ker. In 1815 the *Acasta* was paid off and Sutherland became "a County Captain." On his arrival in India in the Civil Service he made his election of the judicial branch in which he rose to distinction. Before he had been about ten years in the public service, he quitted it and became a partner of the Agency House of Alexander & Co., Colonel James Young, Military Secretary to the Government, persuaded Sutherland to join the Agency House. On the failure of that firm in 1833, Sutherland became a pleader of the Sudder Court, and in 1835, on the re-organisation of the General Committee of Public Instruction, became its Secretary on a salary of Rs. 500 a month. In 1837 when the Secretary to the Indian Law Commission fell vacant by the retirement of his friend, Colonel James Young, he was appointed to it. Sutherland's connection with the Indian Press dates from 1818 when he joined James Silk Buckingham in his *Calcutta Journal*. On the suppression of that paper in 1823 he became editor of the *Bengal Chronicle*, which was also suppressed by the Government. Then Sutherland joined the *Bengal Hurkaru* which he conducted till 1835. He married the daughter of his early friend, Colonel John Garstin, the architect of the Calcutta Town Hall. He was found dead on his bed on the 1st February 1844.

imparting education to the people through English, were Messrs. William Wilberforce Bird,* George Saunders, George Alexander Bushby, C. E. Trevelyan and J. R. Colvin.

When these two parties were pulling in different ways regarding the means of instruction, Macaulay was appointed their President, but he declined to take an active part in its proceedings, till the decision of the Supreme Government should be given on the question at issue. The Governor-General, therefore, asked the respective parties to submit their cases, setting forth at great length their opinions. Their respective reports bear date the 21st and 22nd January 1835. Macaulay in his capacity of Legislative Member of the Supreme Council, considered these reports and wrote the celebrated Minute on them dated the 2nd February 1835. All these were again considered by the Governor-General in Council who decided the point in favour of the English language, thus completely supporting Macaulay's views on the case. The following is the full text of Lord William Bentinck's Resolution on Indian Education dated the 7th March 1835 :—

"His Lordship in Council is of opinion that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science amongst the natives of India, and that all the funds appropriated for the purposes of education would be best employed on English education alone.

"It is not the intention of his Lordship to abolish any college or school of native learning, while the native population shall appear to be inclined to avail themselves of the advantages it affords.

"His Lordship in Council decidedly objects to the practice which has hitherto prevailed of supporting the students during the period of their education. He conceives that the only

* Not Mr. Robert Martins Bird of the North-Western Provinces, as erroneously stated by a writer.

effect of such a system can be to give artificial encouragement to branches of learning, which, in the natural course of things, would be superseded by more useful studies, and he directs that no stipend shall be given to any student who may hereafter enter at any of these institutions, and that when any professor of Oriental learning shall vacate his situation, the Committee shall report to the Government the number and state of the class, in order that the Government may be able to decide upon the expediency of appointing a successor.

"It has come to the knowledge of his Lordship in Council that a large sum has been expended by the Committee in the printing of Oriental works. His Lordship in Council directs that no portion of the funds shall hereafter be so employed.

"His Lordship in Council directs that all the funds which these reforms will leave at the disposal of the Committee, be henceforth employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the English language."

Macaulay's Minute* of the 2nd February 1835, which is too long to be quoted here *in extenso*, was the final and decisive blow that settled the contest. The Governor-General's order met with vehement opposition from all who gained a livelihood from the old system and who now saw their occupation gone. It met with equal opposition from many influential Europeans high in the Civil Service of Government, whose opinions were formed on the Oriental model. Macaulay, however, entered heartily upon the work and the principles enunciated by the Government were carried out to their fullest extent. For this purpose the constitution of the General Committee of Public Instruction was revised and enlarged by the addition of several new members.

* Sidney Smith wrote to a friend in 1838: "Get and read Macaulay's papers on Indian Courts and Indian Education. They are admirable for their talent and their honesty, we see why he was hated in India and how honourable to him that hatred was."

The following extract from the Report of the General Committee of Public Instruction for the year 1835 will show how its constitution stood after re-organisation :—

“ The General Committee consists at present of 17 members, one of whom (the Secretary to Government for this Department) is so *ex-officio*, two are elected in rotation by the native managers of the Hindu College, and the rest are appointed by Government indiscriminately from among the society of the capital. None of them are paid. The Secretary alone receives a salary of Rs. 500 a month.

“ The General Committee seldom meets. Its usual course of proceeding is for the Secretary to note the points which require decision in a blank book, which is circulated among the members, and the majority decides.

“ The transaction of business is very much expedited by the appointment of Sub-Committees chosen from among the members of the General Committee. There is a standing Sub-Committee for the management of our finances, another for the selection of books and other instruments of instruction, another for the selection of masters, and one for each of the colleges at and in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta, besides others which are occasionally appointed for temporary purposes. The members of the Sub-Committees are generally proposed by the President and approved by the members of the General Committee. They usually transact their business by meeting in person, and they send up their recommendations to the General Committee which adopts or rejects them as they think proper. The Sub-Committees seldom consist of more than three members who are selected with a particular reference to their own wishes and means of information. The President and Secretary are members of all the Sub-Committees.”

In order to serve as a class-book for these Lectures (on English composition and literature) we have induced the School Book Society, by offering to take half the impression, to undertake the publication of a book of selections (the selections were made by Captain D. L. Richardson) from the English poets from Chaucer downwards in the order of dates, and we shall

shortly commence the preparation of a corresponding volume in prose.*

The first report was signed by the following gentlemen in the following order :—

- 1 T. B. Macaulay (Thomas Babington Macaulay).
- 2 E. Ryan (Sir Edward Ryan).
- 3 H. Shakespeare (The Hon'ble Henry Shakespeare).
- 4 B. H. Malkin (Sir Benjamin H. Malkin).
- 5 C. H. Cameron (Charles Hay Cameron).
- 6 C. W. Smith.
- 7 R. J. H. Birch.
- 8 J. R. Colvin (father of Sir Auckland Colvin).
- 9 Ross D. Mangles (Ross Donelly Mangles).
- 10 C. E. Trevelyan (father of Sir George Otto Trevelyan).
- 11 J. Young (Colonel James Young).
- 12 Radhakant Deb (Sir Raja Radhakanta Deb).
- 13 Russomoy Dutt (Founder of Rambagan Dutt).

To this report Mr. Henry Thoby Prinsep appended a dissenting Minute. It was dated Fort William, the 26th July 1836.

I have already said that the business of the Committee was chiefly conducted by minute books. The minutes of Sir Charles Trevelyan are very elaborate. But Macaulay's minutes are neither so numerous nor so long as Trevelyan's. Three-fourths of his opinions on the proposals submitted by Mr. J. C. C. Sutherland, the Secretary, are conveyed in the concise expressions "I approve," "I do not object," "I would decline the offer," and so on. These unpublished educational minutes are

* This was undertaken by Macaulay himself. He could not do more than its introduction, of which he only sketched a plan. When he left India, it was undertaken by Sir Edward Ryan, who succeeded Macaulay as President of Public Instruction.

scattered among some twenty volumes of the record of the General Committee. Four of these volumes are now lost. Some of the books were circulated among fourteen or fifteen members of the Committee, others were sent only to Sub-Committees. Of the books which went round of the whole Committee, two were reserved for particular subjects, one marked G was for the selection and printing of books and another marked I for Medical College questions. The other books were kept in constant circulation, and as they came back to the Secretary, were started afresh with *précis* of new topics for discussion. The same matter is consequently discussed at its different stages in different books. Several of the Members urged their opinions with greater warmth and earnestness* than is customary in official correspondence. The following extracts from Macaulay's unpublished minutes† on some fundamental educational questions will be read with interest :—

A limit of age in English schools inexpedient.—I do not clearly see the reason for establishing a limit as to age. The

* Lord Auckland, in his elaborate educational minute of the 24th November, 1839, remarks thus concerning these discussions : “ Unhappily I have found violent differences existing upon the subject of education, and it was for a time (now I trust past or fast passing away,) a watchword for violent dissension and in some measure, of personal feelings. I judged it best, under these circumstances, to abstain from what might have led me into unprofitable controversy, and to allow time and experience to act with their usual healing and enlightening influence upon general opinion.”

† Neither in the collected writings of Macaulay nor in his biography by Sir George Otto Trevelyan there are to be found these stray minutes of Lord Macaulay as President of the General Committee of Public Instruction. Mr. Henry Woodrow thus remarks on Macaulay's Minutes : “ It is often said that if a person cannot write five lines of English without blots and corrections, he must be a very poor scholar indeed. Now, there is no doubt, that neatness and accuracy are highly desirable, and that the clear and beautiful writing and the finished style of Lord Dalhousie and of Lord Canning indicate a wonderful power in the use of language. Yet it is a great mistake to imagine that the absence of a habit of writing without corrections is a sure mark of inferiority. Scarcely five consecutive lines in any of Macaulay's minutes will be found unmarked by blots or corrections. He himself in a minute, dated 3rd November 1835, says : “ After blotting a good deal of paper I can recommend nothing but a reference to the Governor-General in Council.” No member of the Committee of Public Instruction in 1835, wrote so large and uneven a hand as he and my copyist was always able instantly to single out his writing by the multiplicity of corrections, and blots which mark the page. The

phenomena are exactly the same which have always been found to exist when a new mode of education has been rising into fashion. No man of fifty now learns Greek with boys. But in the sixteenth century it was not at all unusual to see old Doctors of Divinity attending lectures side by side with young students. I should be sorry to deny to any native of any age the facilities which our schools might afford to him for studying the English language.

Separation of Hindus and Mahomedans.—I do not at all like the plan of separating the Hindus from the Mahomedans. But I think it a less evil than the complete exclusion of the Hindus of Moorshidabad from the advantages of a liberal education. I would attempt to educate the two races together. If that attempt fails, I would educate them separately. But I certainly would not suffer either class to monopolise the benefits of public instruction.

The system of mutual instruction.—The system of mutual instruction is not, I conceive, by any means fitted for teaching the sciences. But whatever is mere matter of memory and does not require the exercise of the reasoning powers, such as the vocabulary of a language, may be taught by that system. I admit that you cannot with advantage teach the higher mathematics in that way. But the English language can be taught and taught very well and effectually in that way. The English language, I conceive, is the great avenue by which the people of this country must arrive at all valuable knowledge. A nation without that language can never have more than a smattering

corrections are now exceedingly valuable, more valuable than the minutes to which they belong. They are themselves a study and well deserve a diligent examination. When the first master of the English language corrects his own composition, which appeared faultless before, the correction must be based on the highest rules of criticism. The great minute of the 2nd February, combines in a small compass, the opinions which are expressed in nearly the same words through a score or two of detached remarks in the records. This minute was published in England in 1838, but is difficult to obtain in India. I could not find it in any one of the four great Libraries of Calcutta, in the Public Library (now Imperial Library) nor in the Libraries of St. Paul's Cathedral, of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and of the Presidency College. Mr. Arbuthnot (afterwards knighted) then Director of Public Instruction, Madras, has conferred an obligation on all interested in the preservation of valuable papers by including it in one of his Reports. To rescue it from the oblivion into which it has fallen in Bengal, I add it to these unpublished minutes." Since then the minute has been printed in Trevelyan's *Competitionwallah*. Mr. A. G. Arbuthnot was the first Director of Public Instruction, Madras, and became afterwards a member of the Viceroy's Council and acting Governor of Madras.

of science : and it is well if even that smattering be free from error. A native, with that language, has ready access to full and accurate information on every subject, and will be able, if his natural talents are great, to make considerable advances in knowledge, even without the aid of a teacher. By the system of mutual instruction, we shall be able to impart a knowledge of that language to a much greater number of pupils than by any other arrangement. I earnestly hope that the Committee will try the experiment. Without some such arrangement, our means will not enable us to educate one-tenth of those who will apply to us for instruction.

Stipends to the Sanskrit College of Calcutta.—I am against the promotion. I think it contrary to the letter and to the spirit of the Government Orders and also to sound reason. We are now proceeding on the principle that stipends are bad things which have been abolished as such, and that those who are spared for the present have been spared only from a regard for vested interest. The question whether the stipends be or be not bad things is no part of the question now before us. Those who differ from me on that subject can at any time, raise the question and call on the Government to reconsider its decision. At present I take it for granted that we are only considering what justice to the existing holders requires. Now I never heard that when an abuse was to be abolished, any person who had no vested interest in that abuse was held to have a claim to any compensation. An interest not in possession may be an interest for which compensation ought to be given. But then it must be a vested interest. A contingent interest not in possession is quite a different thing. In 1833 Parliament abolished prospectively half a dozen Irish bishoprics, the rights of the existing incumbents were respected ; but, as the sees fell in, the revenues were devoted to other purposes. What would have been said if clergymen who did not hold the bishoprics had demanded compensation for the chance of being bishops which they had thus lost ? In 1817 Parliament abolished the lucrative places of Teller of the Exchequer, Auditor of the Exchequer, Chief Justice in Eyre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and many other similar sinecures. The rights

of the existing holders were strictly respected ; and if any of those places had been granted in reversion, which, I believe, was not the case, the rights of the persons in whom the reversion had vested, would doubtless have been recognised too. But there, of course, Parliament stopped. Nobody ventured to say : " I am a public man, I stood very fair for a Tellership of the Exchequer. I had as good a chance as anybody of having it when it fell in. Therefore I have an interest in the continuance of these places, and I am injured if that interest be not protected." The interest of the holders of stipends in the stipends which they hold is a vested interest ; and I would protect it. Their interest in any stipend beyond what they hold is not a vested interest, and I would pay no regard to it. I never can admit that their hopes are to be the criterion. Many an Irish curate might have hoped four years ago to be the bishop of some see which is now abolished. But that was no reason for keeping such a see when it was thought desirable to get rid of it. A young politician twenty years ago might have hoped to be Chief Justice in Eyre, South of Trent. But that was no reason for keeping up such a situation when it was found to be useless. Nay this argument proves too much. For if the pupils who had small stipends hoped for larger stipends, so did the pupils who had no stipends hope for stipends ; so did boys who were not yet pupils hope to be stipendiary pupils. Where is the distinction ? " Let those who have anything keep it," is a plain rule. I know who they are : I can estimate the whole effect of such a principle. But " Let those who hope for anything get it," is quite a different rule. No reason can possibly be assigned for giving ten rupees now to a boy who had five rupees in 1833 which is not exactly as good a reason for giving five rupees now to a boy who had nothing in 1833. I say, therefore, stick to the plain principle, Protect vested interests, and as to the rest consider yourselves as perfectly free.

Prizes given for subjects.—What is meant by a subject ? Some distinct rule ought to be laid down on that point. But I am quite certain that the number of prizes given at the last distribution was five or six times as great as it would have

been if our rule, construed in any manner, had been observed. If I had been consulted I would have given an exceedingly handsome and valuable prize to the first student of the first class. I would have given, for example, a well-bound copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. To the second I would have given some other valuable work, and I would have given no other prizes. I am satisfied that this course would excite great emulation. As the thing was managed eight or ten students were brought up together and received each a book without distinction. And this is called encouraging them to exertion : as if the sure way to discourage exertion were not to treat eminent merit and mediocrity alike. I propose that no prizes shall henceforth be given at the Hindu College without the previous sanction of the Committee. It is idle to pass resolutions if they are to be broken in this way. The next subject to which I wish to call the attention of the Committee is the exhibition which follows the distribution of prizes. I, like Mr. Sutherland, have no partiality for such ceremonies. I think it a very questionable thing whether, even at home public spouting and acting ought to form part of the system of a place of education. What can the acting of boys be ? At the very best, it can only deserve indulgence. And of what use is that sort of talent to them, even if they should acquire a considerable degree of it ? But I think that in this country, such exhibitions are peculiarly out of place. I can conceive nothing more grotesque than the scene from the "Merchant of Venice" * with Portia represented by a little black boy. Then, too, I think that the subjects of recitations were ill-chosen and offensive to good taste. We are attempting to introduce a great nation to a knowledge of the richest and noblest literature in the world. The society of Calcutta assemble to see what progress we are making, and we produce as a sample a boy who repeats some blackguard doggerel

* This minute was written on the 10th May 1837. In March previous Macaulay witnessed at the Government House of Calcutta a dramatic performance played by the students of the Hindu College on the occasion of the annual prize distribution. Lord Auckland, the Lord Bishop, the Hon'ble Miss Frances Eden and several others were present on the occasion. The programme included recitations from "the King and the Miller," "Merchant of Venice," Act IV, Scene I and "The Dramatic Aspirant." One Abhoy Charan Bose played the part of Portia.

of George Coleman's about a fat gentleman who was put to bed over an oven, and about a man-midwife who was called out of his bed by a drunken man at night. Our disciple tries to hiccup, and tumbles, and staggers about in imitation of the tipsy English sailors whom he has seen at the punch houses. Really if we can find nothing better worth reciting than this trash, we had better give up English instruction altogether. This is strongly my opinion, and not mine only. The Governor-General, the Bishop, and other persons whose favourable opinion is of the greatest importance to the success of all schemes of native education, have expressed similar feelings. I would have an entire reform. I propose that in future, instead of these recitations, the author of the best essay shall read that essay aloud after the prizes have been distributed. If this be thought too great a change, I at least hope that the recitations will be of a different kind from what they have hitherto been, that nothing but what is really excellent and valuable as composition will be rehearsed, that vulgar oaths and buffoonery will be carefully excluded, and that the whole exhibition will be less theatrical.

Infant schools.—I do not think that it would be expedient for us to employ any of our funds in the manner proposed. As to employing the agency of the Infant School Society the fact that the Society gives religious instruction is alone sufficient to render such a course objectionable. In England no person of the higher or middle classes, no person who is in a situation to give his children a liberal education, ever, to the best of my belief sends a child to the Infant School. The use of such institutions is to provide a place where the children of the poor may be safe, cheerful, and harmlessly, if not profitably, employed while their parents are at work. What they learn, I imagine, is not much. But instead of being locked up in close rooms or abandoned to the society of all the idle boys in the street, they play, and pick up a little smattering of knowledge, under a very gentle discipline which is yet sufficient to keep them out of harm's way. This is, I believe, a correct account of the Infant Schools of England. We do not at present aim at giving education directly to the lower classes of the people of this

country. We have not funds for such an undertaking. We aim at raising up an educated class who will hereafter, as we hope, be the means of diffusing among their countrymen some portion of the knowledge which we have imparted to them. I should consider it, therefore, as quite inconsistent with our whole plan to set up an Infant School resembling those of England, an Infant School for the children of coolies and tailors. And before I listen to any proposal for establishing an Infant School of a higher kind, I should be glad to know whether respectable Hindu and Mahomedan parents would be inclined to send their young children just beginning to walk and talk from under their own roof. I am most friendly to Infant Schools in cases in which the mother is unable to look after her children. It is infinitely better that the little things should be romping innocently or learning A B C under the eye of a respectable, good humoured master or mistress, than they should be shut up all day alone in miserable garrets or be allowed to wander about the streets. But I cannot bring myself to think that where it is in the mother's power to devote herself to the care of her family, very young children cannot be placed anywhere so fitly as under their mother's care. The relation of parent and child is the foundation of all society. It is fit that where the parent is unable fully to perform the parental duties, the charity of individuals, and perhaps in some circumstances, the wisdom of the Government should supply what is wanting. But to break without necessity the closest of all ties, to substitute the schoolmaster for the mother as the guardian of an infant hardly able to lisp, and that, too, when the mother has the leisure and the means to perform what all over the world is considered as her sacred and peculiar duty, is not in my opinion a wise course. I should be glad to know whether our native friends are of opinion that such an institution as that which is recommended would be favourably regarded by the most respectable of their countrymen. As to the corrupting influence of the zenana, of which Mr. Trevelyan speaks, I may regret it. But I own that I cannot help thinking that the dissolution of the tie between parent and child is as great a moral evil as can be found in any zenana. In whatever degree these infant schools relax that tie, they do mischief. In whatever degree they

leave the child to the care of its family, the corrupting influence of the zenana continues. There is a great deal of moral corruption which we pass by as quite harmless, because it does not shock our sense of decorum. For my own part I would rather hear a boy of three years old lisp all the bad words in the language than that he should have no feelings of family affection—that his character should be that which must be expected in one who has had the misfortune of having a school-master in the place of a mother.

The employment of educated natives.—I should, I own, greatly dislike any plan which gave to our pupils a monopoly of public employments, or which tended to separate them from the body of their countrymen. The education which they receive necessarily has, to a considerable degree, this latter tendency; and this is a set off against the advantages of that education. We mean these youths to be conductors of knowledge to the people, and it is of no use to fill the conductors with knowledge at one end, if you separate them from the people at the other. It is absolutely necessary that these young men should, to a certain degree, be estranged from their countrymen by the mode in which they are brought up. It is impossible, but that this estrangement should produce the effects which Mr. Shakespeare points out, and which we all admit. We should, I fear, increase the evil if on emerging from their schools they are regularly admitted into situations carefully reserved for them alone, into situations for which none of their countrymen are suffered even to be candidates. As to jobbing and favouritism I defy any human being to show any manner in which this system can possibly tend to increase jobbing and favouritism. The objections to it are of quite a different kind. It has no tendency whatever to enable men in power to promote unfit candidates for office. The danger is that it may prevent men in power from promoting people whom they knew to be deserving, but who have not the prescribed diploma. It is a check on the freedom of the dispensers of patronage, and like all such checks, tends to make favouritism more difficult. It is in this respect analogous to the rules which limit the amount of salary to

be drawn by the young Civil Servants, and the number of officers who may be taken from duty with a regiment, for staff employment. These rules may be good or bad, but everybody knows that they render it much more difficult than it would otherwise be for a Governor to gratify his favourites. It is true that under the proposed system, favouritism and jobbing may still be practised—if there should be collusion between the dispensers of patronage and the examiners. But in the first place it is in the highest degree improbable that there will be such collusion. In the next place, if there should be such collusion in every case, we still shall be only where we now are. The worst that can happen will be that unfit men will be appointed after a pretended examination. Under the present system they may be appointed without any examination at all.

Proposal to establish ten pupil teacherships.—I am against what is proposed. The effect of adopting the proposition would be either to stop the progress of the best students or to provide the lower classes with bad masters. If any but the very best are selected to teach, the business of teaching will be ill-performed. If the best are selected, their education is at an end. Just imagine what would be the effect in England of selecting all the best scholars of a public school, and at the time when they would be leaving school for the university, making them ushers, and condemning them to pass their time in teaching “musa,” “musæ,” and “amo, amas, amat” to the boys of the lowest form. No system could be devised more certain to stunt the minds of boys at the very time of life at which their minds might be expected to develop themselves most rapidly. If we were absolutely in want of funds, there might be some excuse for such a measure. But there will not be the smallest difficulty in providing additional teachers, if additional teachers are wanted. And surely it is much better to appoint such teachers than to divert the attention of the most intelligent young men in the college from their own studies, and to employ them in the uninteresting drudgery of teaching the first elements to children.

These are some of Macaulay's opinions on the

educational problems of the time, when he was the President of the General Committee of Public Instruction. The boldness and freedom with which he expressed his views were their chief value. He worked for educating the natives of India with great energy and assiduity. This arduous task was purely a labour of love to him. In the affairs of the Hindu College, he took a great interest. In 1835 the principalship of the College fell vacant by the resignation of Dr. Tytler, and Macaulay took in Captain D. L. Richardson as principal to give his subject of advocacy a fair trial. When Richardson applied for the post, Macaulay thus wrote to him :—

CHOWRINGHEE, *the 7th February 1835.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I find that we have not the nominations of the masters of the Hindu College.

The Committee of the College—a body almost entirely composed of natives—chooses : we have only a veto. I feel that we have no chance of obtaining the services of any person whose services would be equally valuable as yours ; and shall assuredly give you all the support in my power.

Believe me ever,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

The Native Committee of the Hindu College appointed Richardson in the vacant place according to Macaulay's suggestion, and thereby secured his service as an Examiner of English. In December 1836 Macaulay examined the boys of the first class of the Hindu College in English literature and composition and reported thus :—

I have to report to the Committee that I examined the first class of the students of the Hindu College, and that I was, on

the whole, exceedingly gratified by the manner in which they acquitted themselves.

I tried them in a very simple passage of Swift and in another, much more complicated and artificial, from Cowley's Dialogue on Oliver Cromwell ; I gave them also a passage which none of them had ever read, from Shakespear's King John.

After they had been examined, I again called up two or three of the most advanced, and gave them passages of considerable difficulty from Lord Bacon's Essays. They all read with ease, and most of them with great intelligence. I asked them numerous questions about the writers in whose works I examined them, and about the subjects which these writers had treated. If I found them well informed, I prosecuted the examination further and attempted to get to the bottom of what they knew of Western literature and history.

The young lad, Rajnarain Dutt, * appeared to be well read in English poetry and answered questions about Shakespeare and Pope better than any of the others, but seemed to have paid little attention to other subjects.

Indeed I should be inclined to say that a disproportionate degree of attention has been bestowed on this branch of study, by almost all the students. They all had by heart the names of all the dramatists of the time of Elizabeth and James the First, dramatists of whose works they in all probability will never see a copy : Marlow, Ford, Massinger, Decker, and so on. But few of them knew that James the Second was deposed. I have no doubt that Captain Richardson, who seems most zealous and assiduous in the discharge of his duty, will direct their attention hereafter to the graver † as well as the lighter parts of English literature.

It should be noted here that Macaulay examined the boys orally, as written system of examination had not been introduced then into the Hindu College. One

* Of the Colutollah Dutt Family of Calcutta.

† This hint had the desired effect. In 1838 after examining the students of the Hindu College in History, Charles Hay Cameron, of the Indian Law Commission, thus reported : "The answers exhibit a degree of historical knowledge which is probably not inferior to that of any equal number of the same age in any English seminary."

of his examinees* thus wrote: "Sixty years have rolled over the day, but how long does the mental retina retain its impressions. Macaulay's form and features have not yet worn away from my memory. I was standing near the door to the staircase when he slowly approached along the western corridor of the Sanskrit College with a few books in his hand. I moved aside from instinct as he passed by me to the upstairs rooms. Forgetting the libeller in the benefactor, I now regard my having had a sight of him as an epoch in my life.' In December 1837 he thus writes about the Hindu College examination under date the 5th: "I will examine. But I fear that I shall not be here long enough to see the essays which will be sent in some time later. I should be glad to be spared till after Christmas day, as I am much employed in the mornings at present."

Macaulay left Calcutta early in January 1838 and was succeeded by Sir Edward Ryan, then Chief Justice of the Calcutta Supreme Court as President of the General Committee of Public Instruction. The noble work which he begun did not suffer in the least under his successor. It will be engraved on the hearts of the people of India, and whenever and wherever the tale of this great and beneficent work is told, the name of Macaulay will claim a place at the beginning of the noble narrative and be recalled with honour on its pages.

S. C. SANIAL.

(To be continued.)

* The accomplished and brilliant author of the *Travels of a Hindu*. He is still alive. Babu Bholanath Chander is his name.

Art. VI.—SOME LITTLE-KNOWN VISITORS TO CALCUTTA IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

THE many writers on the topography of Calcutta and its neighbourhood have not completely gleaned the field of their research. There are travellers, specially from the continent of Europe, to whose works they never allude. It would no doubt be possible, by searching printed and manuscript sources in European libraries, to compile a considerable *corpus* of these neglected critics, for critics they mostly were, but even in Calcutta a few specimens are available.

The earliest is one, David Tappen,* who came to Bengal in 1675. He visited *Pandell*, which is almost certainly Bandel, though travellers of the preceding century gave that name to Chittagong also. His account of that place is, however, somewhat too "roguish," as Pepys would say, for the pages of this staid *Review*.

The first of our visitors who notices Calcutta is the Sieur Luillier, who came up the Hooghly in 1706, and published his *Voyage aux Grandes Indes* in 1706 at the Hague. He did but honour the city with a passing glance :—

"Next day we passed by the factory of the English of the old Company : this is called *Golgothe*, and is very fine. Some very fine shops were being built there. The factory lies on the bank of the Ganges, and is eight leagues from ours (*i. e.*, from Chandernagore).

* Fünfzehnen Jährige curiöse und denckwürdige auch sehr gefährliche Ost-Indiansche Reise Beschreibung, etc. *Hannover*, 1704—40.

As a number of private persons have built houses adjoining it, you would take it in the distance for a town (p. 44).

A glimpse of Calcutta in its early days may also be had from a letter of the Jesuit, C. A. Barbier,* dated Pinnepondi, 15th January, 1723, in which he describes his travels with his Bishop, Francisco Laynes, † in 1712.

The first twenty (leagues) of our journey lay through immense forests, but after that a fairly populous country appeared. After this we left our vessel and got into a *bazeras* (a country boat taking from 6 to 40 rowers, according to size, and having one or two rooms on the stern). . . . The *bazeras* was sent by M. Rouxel, ‡ a relation of the Admiral of that name, and Governor of *Collicuta*, which is one of the most celebrated settlements that the English Company has in the Indies. There is there a church for Catholics, built before the English gave this spot the appearance of a town. It is served by a reverend Augustine, father, like all those in Bengal, the King of Portugal having put all the Christian communities under the care of those Fathers. . . . We set foot on shore, and M. Rouxel, though a Protestant, showed by a salvo of artillery and other marks of honour, the esteem and respect that he felt for the Bishop." *

No writer on Calcutta appears to have been acquainted with a remarkable book, the *Voyage au Bengale* of Citizen Charpentier de Cossigny, published in the year 8, the eighth, that is, in the Republican era that dates from soon after the execution of Louis XVI. The book

* Born 1677, became Superior of the Carnatic Missions, and died at Pondichery, 1723. [See Sommervogel's edition of Backer's "Bibliothèque de la Compagnie de Jésus."] This letter has already been published by me in the *National Magazine* for October 1904. The original may be found in Vol. XXIII of the 1810 edition of the *Lettres édifiantes*.

† Francisco Laynez, a Portuguese, born in 1656, went in 1681 to Malabar, where he is said to have baptised 13,600 persons, and afterwards became Bishop of Meliapur. (Hoefier, *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*.)

‡ i.e., Russell.

contains two accounts of Bengal, one drawn up by the Citizen aforesaid in 1766-67, when despatched officially to spy out the land, the other in 1789 by a friend of his, whose name he does not reveal. The Citizen also adds a series of critical notes on the account of Bengal given by the well-known Dutch traveller Stavorinus, an account of Japan, taken at second hand from a Dutch Governor of Chinsura, and a curious treatise on the various methods of growing rice in use throughout Asia. The Citizen's own account has all the dulness of a blue-book. From his criticisms of Stavorinus we glean, however, that inoculation against smallpox was then practised in Bengal, by inserting the virus in an incision on the left wrist, and that all the practitioners of this particular art lived at Bandel.

The anonymous friend of the Citizen, whom for brevity we will call citizen X, spent three months in Bengal, and his accounts of certain places in his time are among the best in existence.

He landed at Kagery (Kedgerie) which consisted of nothing more than a score of straw huts with bamboo palisadings, like all native houses in Bengal. He refused to credit the common theory that this simplicity in architecture had for its object to conceal wealth from rapacious rulers, whether European or Asiatic. "In a climate invariably mild, like that of Bengal, among a feeble people which lives on little and holds the religious conviction that this life is merely a passage from one state to another, and so takes little thought for it, and which last and most important, is superstitiously attached to its ancient customs, it is not astonishing to find this extremely ancient mode of building still in use." He mentions, however, having seen brick houses belonging to Bengalis in the European settlements, as well as

considerable ruins of brick structures, for instance the Castle of Bairany near Chandernagore, said to have been the palace of one of the ancient kings.

Having paid a call on the Rajah of Houlougaret (Ulubéria), citizen X proceeded to Calcutta, and we will give an abbreviated translation of his account.

"You land at Calcutta on numerous stairways or slopes paved with brick, which reach from the ground level to low water mark.

Everywhere you meet the Custom House peons who carry off for examination the goods that are landed, in view of the duties that have to be paid, and it is the easiest thing in the world, as one can see, to avoid payment of these latter by a small bribe to these hirelings. Import and export duties used to be considerable, but the latter have just been entirely done away with and the former considerably reduced. I will take this opportunity of mentioning that as soon as a vessel of any kind reaches Calcutta, whether it means to stay there or simply to pass by, the English Government sends on board two soldiers, or, sometimes, more. They particularly insist, in the case of a homeward bound ship, on knowing the nature of the goods exported, and I have heard it stated as a fact that they often inflict disagreeable visits on foreign vessels. It is, however, admitted that they behave more circumspectly to us French than to any other nation and are content in our case with a verbal statement.

The Old Town, which lies north of the new one, is very ugly and very dirty. The streets are everywhere blocked up by the bad arrangement of the houses, and most are narrow, tortuous, and dark—mere dens of cut-throats. The lower stories of the houses are altogether unfit to live in, and cannot even be used for any other purpose on account of the destructive damp-

that pervades them. In certain quarters there the first floors are entirely taken up with rows of little shops, very narrow and very dark, all alike and touching one another, only one or two feet above the level of the ground. These quarters are called bazars. In front of every house are a dirty stall and a noisome muddy ditch, so that Calcutta, especially in this portion of it, is one of the most unhealthy spots in the world, chiefly in the bad season, the hot weather, which lasts for seven or eight months of the year. However, the new town, situated to the south of the old and adjoining it, is extremely beautiful. It is composed of only two or three streets, but these afford illimitable vistas, are very wide, and adorned almost all along by magnificent houses, which, however, are unequal in appearance, and placed without regard to arrangement. The English say this is done to get the breeze, but the effect is unpleasing, and Calcutta looks as if it had been built by a race of egotists, each one ignoring his neighbour's existence.

The ground floors are no more habitable in the new town than the old, for the foundation soil here, as elsewhere in the neighbourhood, is swampy. Neither is there in Calcutta any public building worthy of notice—the most striking edifice is a new house of enormous length (perhaps 400 yards) and 80 yards broad at most. It has one upper storey, and above that a terrace after the Italian fashion. This is the abode of all the employés of the East India Company. The settlers in Calcutta boasted to me of their new church, which was finished while I was staying there, and I went to see it. It struck me as mediocre in design and defective in proportion, and altogether inferior to our modest church at Port Louis in the Isle of France, and not much larger.

People spoke of the Orphans' Home opposite Calcutta on the other side of the river as a remarkable institution. I only examined it from a distance, but the buildings are of considerable size and seemed not without dignity.

Round about Calcutta, at a distance of two or three leagues in every direction, are very fine country houses, whither the English who own them repair every evening, to breathe a fresher and more healthy air and to devote themselves with the more facility to the tavern life which people of that nation love. They return to town in the morning, and attend to their business there all day, and if sometimes they stay in town for the evening they take with them to promenade and theatre, and even to ball and concert, the stiffness and stolidity which characterise them.

At first sight there is nothing so original, but afterwards nothing so tiresome and melancholy to a Frenchman as these entertainments, where stiffness and frigid etiquette prevail, instead of the lightheartedness which we introduce into such scenes. The presence of a great number of pretty women superbly dressed, but spoiled by their pale complexions, does but increase our boredom and aversion, for on these fair faces instead of smiles and gracious mien, nothing but disdain, I had almost said insolence, is visible.

Besides the country houses I have just mentioned, many of the Calcutta English have others at a greater distance, in which they pass the unhealthiest seasons of the year. Most of these have attached to them vast estates, either granted or let to them by the Company, which the owners or tenants cultivate by the aid of native labour. Most of them at the present time are devoted to indigo.

The total population of Calcutta is reckoned at one million souls. This I take to be an exaggerated

estimate, but still the real total is considerable. The Europeans, even including the troops and the population of the ships, form the smallest division, as will readily be supposed. Another, exceeding this by one-quarter perhaps, is comprised of Americans, half-castes, topazes and other people of the kind, calling themselves Portuguese. A third division, more numerous, it seemed to me, than the other two put together, consists of the Brahmins, traders, and banyans or persons belonging to other castes, called *sirkars*, all sly inveterate rascals. The residue is made up of the mass of Bengalis, shopkeepers, workmen, servants, servants' servants, lastly the native population, and especially the bearers, or men who carry chairs and palanquins, for there is not a negro in the town, even an African, who, if he has a few rupees, does not keep a carriage and chairmen, and there is such a quantity of them that I have sometimes seen the widest streets blocked with them at several points.

The English inhabitants of Calcutta are far from being the worthiest specimens of their nation—most of them are parvenus. They mostly display the roughness, and the stupid stiffness and insolence that mark this class of people in all nations, accentuated by the national character, which, as is well known, is not the most gracious and affable, and still less the most modest we are acquainted with. Every Englishman of the class alluded to thinks the Company to be lord of all the earth, and thinks himself to be the Company. They all markedly hate the French, and would let them know, it on all occasions if they dared. For the other European nations within reach they affect profound contempt, and, truth to say, these nations, both in their corporate capacity and as individuals, lend colour to this feeling by putting up with it too patiently

on all occasions, public and private. It is only fair to add that the better sort of people, whom we call *gens comme il faut* are the same at Calcutta as we know them to be everywhere else, and their company is a consolation to the philosopher for the annoyances of intercourse with the people above described. Unfortunately there are very few of them, and it will be easily believed that they are not the easiest of access. Calcutta has lost much of its wealth since the severe and rigorous justice of Lord Cornwallis' administration so largely reduced the expenses of the Company, and brought down those of private persons, by putting a stop to depredation and extortion, and especially since he allowed the laws in favour of the natives to have full play.

Citizen X was evidently a great admirer of this Governor-General, whom he persists in calling Lord Eart Cornwallis, 'defends him against the charge of having ruined Calcutta by the severity of his rule, and represents him as a recluse from society, knowing no other diversion than that of watching sepoy's at drill at Balampore, the new camp formed under his direction. Citizen X had opportunities offered him of seeing over Fort William, but neglected them as his Government had already managed to secure good plans of the place.

Our traveller furnishes some useful notes on other towns on the Hooghly. Serampore he notices chiefly as a resort for absconding bankrupts from Calcutta. Of Gority (Ghireti) the French Governor's pleasure house near Chandernagore, he gives a detailed account.

Chandernagore itself, then as now, was not calculated to gratify a patriotic Frenchman. Citizen X sat there on the ruins of the little fort, and thought of the celebrated and "barbarous Clive," and congratulated himself that France had not inherited the gains of the rapacious English.

He was disgusted to find, however, that his countrymen had the inhumanity to buy Bengali slaves in time of famine and export them to the Isle of France and that the English Government had intervened to stop this trade. Passing to Chinsura, he notes the decay of the place, and registers the opinion that "no nation under the sun can possibly have been brought lower than the Dutch in Bengal are by the English," and describes the "Batavian stolidity" with which they endure the outrages of that nation.

Citizen X paid a visit to Bandel, where it must be supposed some personal indignity was offered him, judging from his unmeasured scorn. He speaks of the church as a huge barn, and the inhabitants as having nothing but their grand Portuguese names to recommend them, and passing their noble lives in begging, thieving, and saying paternosters. "The Governor-General of the town," he says, "is a Franciscan friar who spends his days and nights in fighting and drinking, along with the monkish officials his subordinates." There is only one day in the year when honest people are to be found in Bandel, and that is on the occasion of the *neuwaine* of Our Lady of Bandel, but the attendant rioting and debauchery are ill calculated to edify such hardened heretics as the English.

Citizen X finishes his remarks by saying that he had intended to dilate further on Indian antiquities, but that he refrained after the publication of the first volume of the Asiatic Researches, published by the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, a body "composed of worthy *savants*, who have no other occupation than study" [*sic* !] and are "equally exempt from prejudice and excess of zeal."

JOHN MACFARLANE.

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS.

GENERAL REPORT ON PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN BENGAL for 1904-05. Calcutta.

THIS report is a sad record of the inefficiency of education in the Province. To quote from the Introductory Summary "One fact which has become increasingly evident during the past few years in the administration of the Education Department in Bengal is that the controlling staff is in many respects too small to enable the work which has been undertaken to be properly and effectively carried through." This is a statement which is not only true, but actually understates the deficiency of the Department.

When we come to Mr. Hornell's remarks on European education in Bengal we find him stating "This brings me to what I consider a very serious defect in the system under which we have tried to develop schools. The work of the schools has been entirely dominated, up to the present, by the code examinations. These examinations prescribe English and Arithmetic as compulsory subjects, and leave to the discretion of the school the choice of a certain number out of a long list of optional subjects. No attempt has even been made to advise schools as to the curricula suitable to their varying needs, and as the examinations have been all-in-all, the optional subjects, which find their way into the school curriculum, are often not the most suitable, even their adopters admit that, but the subjects, which score most in the examinations." He states that in some secondary schools history is not taught at all, and geography is relegated to the lower classes, that the place of these subjects is taken by physics, physiology, political economy, and in a few cases elementary logic, and, that these subjects are, as taught, purely cram subjects, intellectually worthless. Now whose is the fault of all this? There are two distinct branches of the Education Department, executive and administrative, and it has always been the custom to transfer men from one to

the other with perfect impartiality. Can we wonder then at the results achieved? We want men in the administrative department who not only possess good degrees, but who are experienced in actual school work in up-to-date schools at home. This neglecting of essentials, this taking up of cram subjects would quickly disappear with such men to advise. We note with satisfaction that with the remodelling of the Form of the returns of the expenditure on European education a much closer approximation to the true state of affairs has been attained. Perhaps a careful scrutiny of these Forms would show that they are not quite scientifically accurate, from a finance point of view. We note that what improvement has taken place in this matter is credited to Mr. Jackson.

TRIENNIAL REPORT ON THE LUNATIC ASYLUMS IN THE UNITED PROVINCES OF AGRA AND OUDH for the years 1903, 1904 and 1905. Allahabad.

THERE is nothing to show that the increase of lunacy in India is in any way comparable to that at home, still the greatest precautions should be taken before any so-called "recovered" case is allowed to go at large. Colonel Murray is then very right when he considers it very doubtful whether "recovered" lunatics should be allowed to visit bazars during their probationary period, not only from the surmise that they might not return to the barracks, but from others which are too obvious to mention.

The building of a Central Lunatic Asylum at such a place as Ranchi is very pressing and should occupy the attention of the Government at the very earliest opportunity, such temporary expedients as the removing European lunatics to Lucknow are worth very little if we may judge by the mortality returns. The increase in the deaths, which seems mainly due to phthisis, calls for immediate attention. From the tables we are not able to tell whether this disease originated in the Asylum or whether the patients were suffering from it when admitted, but whatever were the causes it is essentially a disease in which segregation should be immediately adopted.

The ill nourished nervous system of lunatics renders them peculiarly liable to all contagious diseases, and though it is impossible to reduce the death-rate to that of the normal population of any district, yet such precautions should be taken as to render chance of contagion the smallest possible.

REPORT ON PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN THE PUNJAB AND ITS DEPENDENCIES for 1904-1905. Lahore.

WE may congratulate the Director of Public Instruction on a fairly progressive year. When, however, we turn to European education we find the same complaint that is to be found in every Province of India, namely, the difficulty of obtaining competent Assistant Masters. The mistake that has been made at home is still being made out in India and there seems at present no chance of its being rectified. We should imagine that it was fairly obvious to even the most uninitiated of minds that it is far better to have competent teachers and inferior buildings than incompetent teachers and superior buildings. In all education the first consideration is the teacher and we shall never get good men to act as such till we open a career for them. It is foolish to expect to obtain competent men in India to act as Assistant Masters for we have no place whence to obtain them. Until European education is put on a sound basis it is also foolish to expect men to come out to India, when there is no chance of promotion. Of course the want of funds stands at the root of all these evils, but if we are going to spend the money when it is granted on buildings and equipment only we shall be as far as ever from success. Make it worth the while for a few good men to come to India, and it will not require so very much to do so, and the product turned out of our schools will well be worth the expense. All the talk in the world and all the resolutions of Committees are of no avail. Buildings, equipment and sites are without worth till we place there the all-important competent teacher.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SOME DOGMAS OF RELIGION. By John McT. E. McTaggart. (Mr. Edward Arnold.)

THIS book is a series of essays on theological dogmas treated from the philosophical standpoint. Mr. McTaggart has the gifts of penetrative insight and of literary lucidity. The main results of his inquiries are, as is to be expected, negative, and he contemplates with equanimity the loss of much that is at present held to be of the essence of religious belief. The comparative tragedy of any such result of enquiry cannot be considered to invalidate the truth of the reasoning which has led up to it. The book will not, we conceive, be popular with those whose beliefs are chiefly a matter of heredity or environment, but it will be none the less useful to those who appreciate, however dimly, the everlasting distinction between the letter and the spirit in religion.

HINDU MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES. By the Abbe J. A. Dubois. Translated by Henry K. Beauchamp, C.I.E. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford.)

WE welcome this third reprint of Mr. Beauchamp's excellent edition of this standard work. The interest of the subject is still vivid, few authors having enjoyed the Abbe's opportunities of acquiring such varied and first-hand information on the customs of the Deccan at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The proverbial conservatism of India ensures the perennial accuracy of this presentment of the main factors in Hindu life.

LORD CURZON IN INDIA. A SELECTION FROM HIS SPEECHES, WITH AN INTRODUCTION. By Sir Thomas Raleigh. (Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

IT is a wise old saying that it is not necessary to defend a lion, when all you have to do is to open the cage and let the lion

defend himself. This is practically what has been done with regard to Lord Curzon's much criticised administration by the publication of these two volumes. They leave a strong impression of the brilliancy and versatility of the great ruler who has just left us, which may safely be trusted to answer the various murmurs which have not yet subsided as to whether the *fortiter in re* might not have been more frequently accompanied by the *suaviter in modo*. The note of high seriousness and personal detachment that is so constantly sounded in the ex-Viceroy's speeches may now be heard with the greater attention, after the turmoil of the controversies which called forth his utterances has died away. We confidently predict that the great administrator's influence will continue to affect, if only insensibly, the policy of his successors and their outlook upon India and her problems for many years to come.

LADY BALTIMORE. By Owen Wister. (Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

A VERY clever and charming story, written with all the distinction of the author's well-known style. The contrast between the bustling North and the aristocratic South will appeal to all who know and love the latter. The character study is keen and intricate, and the plot unwinds itself with the inevitable smoothness of reality. The dialogue reminds one of Mr. Anthony Hope at his best, and no higher word of praise can be spoken.

MAHE DE LA BOURDONNAIS AND LA COMPAGNIE DES INDES.
Par E. Harpin. Paris, 1905.

THIS is an attempt, carried out in great detail, to clear La Bourdonnais from the charge of bribery and corruption in connection with the capture of Madras. The documents in the *Law* collection in the India House, on which Malletson relied, and which have generally been admitted as conclusive by subsequent historians, were copied at the expense of the town of St. Malo, the birthplace of the great commander, and the present work subjects them to a searching analysis.

DR. C. VALENTINO. *Notes Sur l' Inde. Serpents-hygiene-medecine. Aperçus économiques sur l'Inde Française.* Paris, 1906.

THESE Notes are the result of something more than a globe-trotter's sojourn in India, being based on eighteen months work as an army doctor in the French possessions in India. Dr. Valentino describes how by gratuitous exercise of his art he won the confidence of the natives and was initiated into their traditional lore, especially in medicine. His Notes are extremely curious, sometimes rather too much so for the fastidious lay mind, though those on snakes and snake-bite are subject to no such reproach. He treats tenderly the so-called absurdities of Hindu traditional medicine, and is always ready to find for them a solid scientific basis.

THE LETTERS OF WARREN HASTINGS TO HIS WIFE.—Transcribed in full from the original in the British Museum, introduced and annotated by Sydney C. Grier, author of "The Great Proconsul," "In Furthest Ind," etc., etc. William Blackwood and Sons. 1905.

SYDNEY C. GRIER, the male pseudonym, hides the female identity of Miss Hilda Gregg, a lady of great talent who has already made her mark as a writer of great force by becoming the authoress of several delightful romances. It has become a fashion now-a-days with English authoresses to appear in the guises of pseudonyms whenever they publish their own works. This is most probably due to a delicateness of their feminine nature which always hates any bold appearance before the public. Hence they always prefer a pseudonymic shade to conceal their personality from the public gaze as well as from the critic's onslaught.

Our authoress shows considerable interest in the life and work of Warren Hastings as Governor-General of India and as a British citizen after his retirement from active life. She has carefully read all the letters and papers of the Great Proconsul, both private and public, as a diligent student, and has come to the conclusion that Macaulay is chiefly responsible for the withdrawal of the esteem with which the memory of Warren Hastings was cherished by the British people after the failure of his impeachment. As the result of Macaulay's

impassioned sentences against Warren Hastings, every school boy and girl of England now regard him as one who "treated the natives very cruelly, and was impeached." The authoress says in the general introduction, that "this sentence with slight variations in phraseology and spelling, confronted the present writer (the authoress of course) conspicuously a year or two ago, on the first sheet of every set of answers to a certain examination paper. The victims had been invited, with the large and airy generosity of examination papers intended for the very young, to say what they knew about Warren Hastings and with rash confidence they had assumed that here at any rate was a question they could answer. 'Diluted Macaulay, filtered through the minds of governesses into those of girls,' was the verdict of the moment, but upon reflection a curious fact leaped into prominence. Not one of the youthful historians knew—or appeared to know—that Hastings was triumphantly acquitted on every charge brought against him. Even Macaulay does not attempt to deny the fact, though he does his best to minimise its significance, so that it can hardly have been omitted from their teaching. How is it that it had so completely escaped their memories?"

"Further experience," our authoress goes on remarking, "has induced the conclusion that the same limitation of knowledge exists widely in a more surprising quarter. 'We know the verdict,' writes with unconscious mendacity, a reviewer in a great daily, the name of which it were charity to withhold, 'and in the main nothing yet adduced has ever availed to shake the opinion of the majority in its justice. Certainly not,' the book under review, the whole aim of which was to justify the verdict! It is clearly true of parliaments as well as of men, that the evil which they do lives after them, while the good is interred with their bones."

It is true that Warren Hastings was triumphantly acquitted on every charge brought against him by Burke and his followers, but the British public never acquiesced in the innocence of Hastings as a result of his acquittal. They felt, as we believe they are still feeling, as it were instinctively, that Warren

Hastings was more or less guilty of the charges brought against him. When Macaulay wrote, he simply echoed the public sentiment as he found it both in India and England. As a reviewer, he was justified in doing so, without consulting other original sources of information about the character of Warren Hastings as Governor-General of India. That the British public was dissatisfied with the verdict on Warren Hastings' trial had been abundantly proved by their ready approval of the great essayist's judgment on the question, and the enormous success which the essay gained for the writer. Macaulay scrupulously followed the voice of the British people, and, as such, gained immense popularity.

In India nobody ever believed that Warren Hastings was innocent of the charges for which he was impeached. That empire-building cannot be an innocent affair and honest undertaking goes without saying. If that is true, why should anybody try to exonerate Warren Hastings from some culpable acts which he found it essentially necessary to commit on building the British Empire in the East? According to all ethical teachers, all empire-builders are the greatest offenders. Judged as such, Warren Hastings must be declared as one of them. As such Macaulay described Hastings as a man of blood and iron, marching through rapine to the establishment of an empire. This description exactly coincided with the popular view and received ready welcome from the public. It struck the public mind with immense force and is hence still vibrating through the popular opinion with undiminished strength.

Against this popular view and Macaulay's impassioned essay, our authoress has tried her best to indite a philippic with the special knowledge of Warren Hastings' character derived from a thorough and careful reading of his unpublished papers. That Macaulay was not uniformly accurate in all his statements and that some of his accusations against Warren Hastings are utterly baseless goes without saying. The merit of Macaulay's essays lies not in the accuracy of his description but in its brilliant narrative character. Sometimes infatuated with his own rhetoric he drew a picture of a thing that was utterly

dissimilar to the original. Such lapses are common in great rhetoricians, and Macaulay is guilty of many of them. But his essay on Warren Hastings is not wholly an overdrawn picture, and though here and there may be found inaccurate statements, as a whole, the essay does sufficient justice to Warren Hastings' character as Governor-General of India.

We have failed to find out the justification of the following lines against Macaulay as written by our authoress :—" It is one of the ironies of history that this national esteem (for Warren Hastings), so tardily accorded, should have been withdrawn, less than a quarter of a century after the death of its object, in deference to the impassioned periods of a popular journalist in a hurry. The magic of Macaulay's style has rescued from oblivion, and preserved for use as a school-book a piece of book-making as flagrant, if not as tedious, as the biography he professed to review. Had he dreamt of the longevity his 'Edinburgh' article was destined to achieve, he would, no doubt, as in the case of his 'History,' have made some effort to consult original authorities, some attempt to ascertain the actual character of the men of whom he wrote. There were many still alive who had known Hastings well, many more whose family traditions kept his memory green. The records of the trial were accessible to the world, and an enormous accumulation of private and official papers had been only very partially utilised by Mr. Gleig. But why spend more time than need be on a magazine article? Here was a book from the pen of a Tory journalist—a light of the rival magazine—what more natural or more agreeable than to pulverise it? Let it be conceded at once that Gleig's biography deserved the worst that could be said of its workmanship. Its lack of system, with the complementary defect, absence of an index, its perpetual anticipations and harkings-back, its absolute solidity, make it an extraordinary difficult book to read, while the writer displays frequently a singular ineptness in entering into the mind of his subject, even when all the evidence is clear before him. But it does provide facts, though they may be difficult to disinter, and the reviewer

turned his back deliberately on these, and elected to take his stand upon fiction."

Being an apologist of Warren Hastings it is but natural for our authoress to feel indignant at the accusations levelled against him by Macaulay, and the reader who wishes to condemn the essayist as a systematic blunderer will find ample materials in the book under review. The whole of the general introduction is an attack on Macaulay for his having cast aspersions on one whom our authoress has found out to be "the tenderest of friends and most delicate of benefactors" and for whom the natives of India sent address after address to protest their affection for, and confidence in, him. The real object of the book is to clear the character of Warren Hastings from the Essayist's calumnies, though the ostensible one is to publish his letters to his wife in full from the originals as preserved in the British Museum. These letters form the *raison d'être* of the book under review. In the British Museum they are bound together in a thin quarto volume divided into three series, dated, respectively, 1780, 1781 and 1784-5. These three series have been treated separately in the book under review.

These letters, together with the immense mass of other papers in the collection, were purchased by the British Museum in 1872 from the representatives of the late Rev. Thomas Winter, Rector of Daylesford, who had married a niece of Mrs. Hastings and to whom they were bequeathed by Sir Charles Imhoff on his death in 1853. Attention was first called to them by Mr. Beveridge in this REVIEW in 1877, and Dr. Busteed has printed portions of them having reference to interesting facts of Warren Hastings' life in India in the third edition of his *Echoes from Old Calcutta*. They are now published *in extenso*.

The letters are only thirty-two in number and are divided into three series, each of which has been introduced and annotated profusely, showing considerable research and historical knowledge of the authoress. The biographical notices appended to each letter are admirably informing and leave nothing to be desired by the reader. They have explained

many doubtful points of Warren Hastings' career in India and have thrown considerable light on the several political campaigns undertaken by the Governor-General to expand the East India Company's territorial possessions in North, Western and Central India. The first series of letters (ten only) embraces the stirring events of the year 1780 when the First Mahratta War* was progressing in the Bombay Presidency, and Colonel Goddard was marching with the Bengal contingent from Calpee to Bombay to support Raghu Nath Rao. This series is endorsed in Mrs. Hastings' writing, "Letters from my excellent husband when I was at Hughli and Chinsurah." Only a few of them are definitely dated, but our authoress has suggested dates which have been enclosed in brackets.

In the fifth letter of the first series Warren Hastings discloses to his wife his meeting with Sir Phillip Francis on the Belvedere ground to fight a duel with him. The apparently unconcerned manner in which he communicates the news of Francis's wound to his wife speaks highly of Hastings' composure of mind and bears out eloquently his unusual mental hardihood which enabled him afterwards to face unflinchingly the fiercest onslaughts of the greatest orators of the day. Chapter one concludes with the tenth letter, and the second opens with an introductory dissertation on the Carnatic Disaster embracing a period from September to December 1780. Here we again find Warren Hastings equal to the great emergency which suddenly demanded an abandonment of his most cherished plans and a rearrangement of the whole political scheme. Refusing to hold a meeting of the Council under the immediate influence of the panic of the moment created by Baillie's disaster and Munro's cowardice, he secured two precious days in which to mature his plans. Two preliminary steps he took at once, laying an embargo on all the shipping in the river, with directions to be ready to proceed to Madras in five days, and ordering fifteen lakhs of the treasure stored in Fort William in case of emergency to be packed for transport.

* Erroneously written by our authoress as the Second Maharatta War, which broke out in Lord Wellesley's time (1802-1804.)

Then he met the Council with definite proposals already formulated. Hostilities with the Mahrattas were to cease and an alliance to be entered into with them against Haider Ali, the fifteen lakhs were to be sent forthwith to Madras, together with a large detachment of European infantry and artillery, and the conduct of the operations in the Carnatic was to be entrusted to Sir Eyre Coote. To all these proposals Francis doggedly objected in vain. But the readymade proposals submitted to the Council by Hastings show clearly his infinite resourcefulness in danger and difficulty.

The second series opens with a long introduction on the affairs of Benares which eventually led to Chait Singh's deposition. Here again we find our authoress, as an apologist of Warren Hastings. She remarks thus:—"It is important to notice the relative weight, in Hastings' mind, of the three reasons he gives for his visit to the Upper Provinces. Macaulay has woven about this journey an astonishing web of sophistry and falsehood, there is no other word, for the reader who knows the facts is inclined to rub his eyes and ask whether he sees exactly, when he arrives at this portion of the famous essay. According to Macaulay, Hastings was in dire need of money for the expenses of the Carnatic War, and looking about for some means of obtaining it, hit upon the plan of extorting it, without real or imagined justification, from the ruler of Benares and, failing him, from Oudh. That the money in the latter case was a debt due to the Company is a detail. It has been shown that the visit to Benares was a mere side-issue in the original scheme of the journey, determined by the fact that Benares offered a suitable spot in which to invite the Berar Diwan to an interview, and that Hastings' main object was to ameliorate the condition of Oudh, and place its finances on a proper footing. One of the richest countries of India, it could not even pay the expenses of its government, far less those of the defence of its frontiers. That the Bengal Government was in dire need of money is quite true and will be brought out more fully in the following pages, but it is not usually expected that a creditor's own financial distresses should lead him to forego the collection of his debts." According to her own light, the

authoress has tried her best to justify Warren Hastings' dealings with the Chief of Benares. But her arguments are not quite convincing. Macaulay was not the only person who charged the great Proconsul with extortion and tyranny, but there are several others who have found him guilty of the same charges. Hence to answer Macaulay is not to reply to all. Those who wrote after Macaulay are not as reckless as the great rhetorician, and in order to make her justification complete, our authoress should answer them as well.

In this series, alone of the three, none of the letters in the British Museum MSS. are originals, on the wrapper the following words appear in very faint pencil, in a lady's writing (not that of Mrs. Hastings):—"This paper contains a faithful copy of the letters conveyed in quills to Mrs. Hastings while Mr. H. was at Chunar. The originals are in Mrs. Hastings' possession together with the quills in which they are enveloped." The signature is illegible, but may be "C. Blair." According to Mr. W. H. Hutton, the original letters and the quills are still in possession of Miss Wintex. The letters of this series are necessarily very short for the reason that the originals are written very minutely upon slips of the thinnest paper so as to be easily rolled up and pushed inside a quill which was carried in the ear of the messenger and escaped discovery from the fact that it seemed to court rather than to avoid notice. The same expedient was resorted to by the defenders of Lucknow in 1857 with the additional precaution, necessitated by the more general knowledge of English among the Indians, of writing the messages in Greek characters. This series is very interesting as it throws considerable light on the insurrection in Benares which a few years afterwards became one of the charges of impeachment against Hastings. Our authoress' notes are very full and always to the point.

The third and last series bring the reader back to India in 1784 in the beginning of which Mrs. Hastings departed for England. Our authoress says:—"The gossips of Calcutta, even in Macaulay's day, still remembered the devotion of the long departed Governor-General to his wife, for the

reference in the Essay to the 'luxurious manner in which he fitted up the round house of an Indiaman for her accommodation (and) the profusion of sandalwood and carved ivory which adorned her cabin,' so far as the present writer has discovered, from any book or newspaper of the time, though 'the thousands of rupees which had been expended in order to procure for her the society of an agreeable female companion during the voyage' may be due to the novel quoted above." Such attacks on Macaulay are plentiful in the book, and for this reason might serve as an excellent manual to those who wish to pulverise the essay in the future. More than half the book is occupied by this series in which the authoress has furnished the reader with historical information of great value. Her diligence to this work has rescued from oblivion many curious facts about old Calcutta which but for her would have remained pigeon holed in the British Museum. The following notes on Belvedere, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, supplement its history as written partially by Mr. C. E. Buckland, C.I.E., in his "Bengal under the Lieutenant-Governors." "After Hastings had sailed, Mr. William Jackson the lawyer bought the old house for 27,500 sicca rupees. Thompson and Turner combined to buy the New House for 27,000 and Mr. Honycombe, an attorney, bought the paddock for 7,500 leaving 'near 70 biggahs of land between the paddock and Belvedere.' The seventy biggahs of land not included in the sale remained in Hastings' possession and were given by him to his stepson Julius Imhoff when the latter settled in India. Julius built a house there apparently as a speculation for the use of the Court of Appeal, but it was let or sold by his executors in 1803 to Charles D'oyly."

Within the short space available for our purpose, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea to the reader of our authoress's wonderful historical research and the diligence with which she has attended to the minutest details given in the letters. To appreciate the work thoroughly the reader must go through its entertaining pages which would materially increase his existing stock of knowledge on that part

of Indian history which witnessed Warren Hastings' career in India. Incidentally many more things have been touched upon, for instance, we have been able to learn through the authoress' minute examination of the miscellaneous correspondence of the great Proconsul that James Augustus Hicky, the father of the first Indian Newspaper called *Bengal Gazette*, was still at Calcutta in 1800, his family still too young to work and with no prospect but that of begging their bread in the streets. In 1800 Hicky invited Hastings to do something for him and his family, preferably by getting him the post of deputy to the Clerk of the Calcutta market. Even the indefatigable Dr. Busteed could not trace the history of J. A. Hicky after 1792, when we find him confined in jail for his failure to pay his creditors.

The concluding chapter brings us to the close of the book. In it we see the departure of Warren Hastings from India and his retired life at Daylesford with some account of his relatives and friends who clung to him even to the last moment of his life as well of his enemies who tried their best to reconcile themselves with the persecuted man after the collapse of the impeachment. It is worthy of note that the arch-fiend of the Governor-General, Sir Phillip Francis, tried to effect the *amende honorable* with his great enemy when both of them were outside practical politics. Hastings rejected with scorn Francis' overtures for peace and friendship. Of the series of Governors-General who succeeded Hastings during his lifetime, Lord Wellesley was spoken of thus :—"Lord Wellésley has constructed a political system of vast strength and extent and capable of improvement, but of a weight which will require that it should be continually upheld by an arm as strong as his, but if they nominate a successor to him, of abilities much inferior to his, and of an activity of mind not equal to his, the whole structure will fall to pieces and all that we formerly possessed be lost in the same ruin." About Lord (Gilbert Elliot) Minto, Hastings only displayed measureless contempt as he thought him more unfit than Francis or Lauderdale. But the appointment of Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, gave the old recluse of Daylesford sincere pleasure. "I

promise you," says Hastings to a friend, "a good and popular chief in the Earl of Moira. He possesses, none of the faults attached to a good character. His predominant quality is a high sense of honour." In the appendix are given an account of Warren Hastings' relatives, of the relatives on his mother's side of his relatives, by marriage, of his first essay in matrimony with Mrs. Buchanan, of Mrs. Hastings (Marian) and her German relatives, of the charges at his trial. The Index appended to the end is as complete as possible.

Returning now to the matter of the book, we find our authoress' information about the English history and its character marvellously accurate. Not so, however, her knowledge of Indian men and things. Throughout the book she has misspelt Chunar as Chanar, Bundelkhand as Bandelkhand, Kasijora as Kasijara, Peshwa as Paishwa, Madhaji as Mudaji and so on. Indian names always present great difficulties to the European writers for spelling, but as the above names are more or less historical, their spelling should conform to the prevailing method of transliteration. Kanta Babu or Babu Kristo Kanta Nandi of Kasimbazar is spelt as "Contoo Bauboo" by the writer which reminds us of the queer form of spelling adopted by some Anglo-Indian writers about Serajadowlah, that is, Sir Roger Dowlah. Similarly Kasinath Babu has been spelt as "Cossinaut Bobboo," which is simply ridiculous. In this way all the native names have been misspelt. We suggest that in the second edition of the book, the authoress should see that all these names are transliterated according to the Hunterian system as adopted by all oriental scholars. In the note on Munni Begum (p. 228) there is a little inaccuracy. The two Nawabs, Najmuddowla and Syefuddowla who succeeded Mir Jafar (not Jafr as put in) were the sons of Munni Begum while Mobarak-u-Dowla who succeeded Syefuddowla was the latter's half-brother, being the only son of Babboo Begum (not Babu Begum as erroneously called) by Mir Jafar.

Sir William Jones came out to Calcutta as a puisne judge of the Supreme Court and not as Chief Justice as stated in p. 249. However, such lapses are not many in the book. In the account of Imhoff (Appendix p. 451) it is not stated when

John Imhoff, youngest son of Julius Imhoff, was murdered in his father's house at Alipur. Though we are told that he lived for many years after 1824 or 1824, the year in which by Royal Letters he and his brother William Fitz-Julius were legitimatised to succeed to the property of their father. In the *Friend of India* (1854 vol.) we read the following in p. 531:—

“Warren Hastings is now a historical character, yet there is a lady alive who saw him after his duel with Francis, and the grandson of his second wife (Marian) has just died at Kurrachee. The *Sind Kossid*, who announces the occurrence, adds some facts elucidatory of the history of this family. They appear to correct Mr. Gleig and to confirm an apparently rash assertion in Macaulay's Essay. The Baroness Imhoff, who subsequently became Mrs. Hastings, had two children by her first husband, one of these was Sir Charles Imhoff, the other says Mr. Gleig ‘was unfortunate and died early.’ This is a mistake. He settled at Midnapore, where he died in 1799, thirty years after Hastings' voyage from England, on which he met the Franconian Baron and his wife. He appears to have been possessed of considerable property, which he left to his natural children, with a contingent reversion to his mother. One of these children, a hopeless vagabond, wandered over the North-West, and at last died at Kurrachee, where his father's will, from which these facts are extracted, came into the possession of Captain Ashburner.”

From the above it is very clear that the hopeless vagabond was no other person than John Imhoff. Hence our authoress' assertion that he was murdered at Alipur is incorrect. In page 421 our authoress fails to account for the manner in which Devis' famous painting of Hastings found its entrance into the National Portrait Gallery in London. It is well known that for many years the picture could be seen in the Council Chamber of the Calcutta Government House, but when it was sent home to be renovated a few years ago, the Secretary of State ordered it to be preserved in the National Gallery and sent a copy of it to Calcutta. The original has now been recovered from the Home authorities for the Victoria Memorial Hall and can be seen in the Indian Museum, where it has been placed among the Memorial Hall Exhibits.

Notwithstanding all these minor slips, the book is delightful reading and throws considerable light on the character of Warren Hastings. It rectifies many current untruths, supplements many half-known truths, and adds many new truths regarding Hastings' monumental career in India. The authoress is to be sincerely congratulated on the completeness of her work, as she has produced an admirable work of immense historial value.

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF ANANDA RANGA PILLAI.

TRANSLATED from the Tamil by order of the Government of Madras and edited by Sir J. Frederick Price, K.C.S.I., assisted by K. Rangachari. Vol. I. (Government Press, Madras.)

This is a most remarkable book, and one of absorbing interest. The diary of the dubash to Dupleix cannot but prove interesting to all readers of Indian history. This is not the place to discuss in detail how the experiences gained by the French in India were taken advantage of by the English, how the administrative methods of Dupleix and other French Governors have been the precursors of the methods with which we are familiar to-day. To give one instance, the scheme of a European dominion in the East, built on native alliances and upheld by drilled native soldiers though it developed—to quote Hunter,—“with a slow continuous growth from the first Portuguese garrison in Malabar; through the Dutch system of subjugation by treaty,” was placed on a solid foundation by Dupleix and improved upon by Clive.

What induced Ranga Pillai to keep a diary there is nothing to show. “It is very clear”—remarks the editor—“it was never written with the slightest view to publication, or for perusal by others than, perhaps, the immediate members of his own family. It stands unique as a record of the inmost thoughts and reflections of an extremely able, level-headed Oriental, and of his criticisms—which at times are of the freest character—of his fellows and masters. It is a strange mixture of things trivial and important; of family matters and affairs of state; of business transactions and social life of the day;

interspread with scraps of gossip, all evidently recorded as they came to the mind of the diarist ; who might well be dubbed the 'Indian Pepys.' Homely as is its diction, there are in it descriptions of men and things which are vividly life-like and passages which are startling ; some in their pathos, and others in their shrewdness. That, for some reason or other, he attached much importance to the keeping of a diary is shown by an entry in his journal in which he records having sent to his younger brother, on the occasion of his first mission on behalf of the Government, to Madras, the materials for opening one, with strict injunctions to keep it regularly, and to note in it carefully everything that occurred. As a record, the diary, though perhaps in parts dull reading, is on the whole a deeply interesting and probably valuable account of things historical, political and social appertaining to the period embracing the rise, the zenith, and the beginning of the decline of the French power in India."

The manuscripts of the diary must be admitted to have a history of their own. And it is a matter of congratulation that the diary has now been published in this form.

The portrait of Pillai which is reproduced was evidently done by an European artist, for the manner of painting is not Indian. This portrait too has a very interesting history of its own :—

"There was, in the days of prosperity of Ranga Pillai a time of scarcity in Pondichery, and a French merchant, whose name, or supposed name, is not ascertainable, had imported a shipload of rice, from which he hoped to make a large profit. But before it came to hand a very marked fall took place in the price of this commodity, and the unlucky trader found himself face to face with the certainty of a very heavy loss. On placing his circumstances before Ranga Pillai, who seems to have been a friend of his, he, without more ado, purchased the whole cargo for himself, at a price which gave the owner a fair profit. The grateful merchant cast about for some way of making a lasting acknowledgment of the kindness done to him, and happening to be an artist of some capacity, decided to paint a portrait of his friend, and

give him a surprise with regard to it. This he did by removing, with the connivance of the servants and during the absence of their master, a mirror in the sleeping chamber, and substituting for it the picture. When Ranga Pillai returned home—so the tale goes—he partially undressed before retiring for the night, and happening to glance at what he believed to be the mirror was startled to find himself faithfully represented therein, so far as regards face and form was concerned, but in a dress totally different from that which he was wearing. A closer examination revealed the kindly trick that had been played upon him, and his delight is said to have been so great that he straightway loaded the author of it with costly gifts.”

We congratulate the Government and the editor on the publication of this book and eagerly await the publication of the second volume.

DICTIONARY OF INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CALCUTTA REVIEW."

SIR,—I would like to point out a few inaccuracies that have crept in in your review of Mr. Buckland's "Dictionary of Indian Biography" published in the April number of the *Review*. Rām Mohan Roy's children,—we are told,—“were never outcasted for his visit to England, but continued to enjoy their unique social position in Bengal Kayastha society, of which they were the most respected and honoured.” Rām Mohan was a Brāhmin, and his children, especially Rāmā Prāsād, were ornaments of native society. But they were never the leaders of Kayastha society, not being Kayasthas themselves.

“The only two Bengali translations of the great Indian epic (*The Mahābhārata*) now extant,” you say, “were done under the auspices of the Mahārājāh Pratāp Chand of Burdwan, and Baboo Kali Prosunno Singh of Jorasanko in Calcutta.” There was no such person as Mahārājāh Pratāp Chand of Burdwan. Mahārājāh Kumār Pratāp Chand left Burdwan (or, according to another version, departed life) during the lifetime of his father, and is now remembered as the hero of the case of the *soi-disant* Rājāh of Burdwan.

“The actual work of the translation (of Pratāp Chand Rai's *Mahābhārata*),” we are told, “has been done by Pandit Kisan Mohan Ganguli, B.L., who has been granted a pension of Rs. 50 a month by the Government of India for his laborious and valued work.” Baboo Kisorī Mohan Ganguli and not Pandit Kisan Mohan Ganguli did the work, and it is to him that the Government has granted a literary pension of Rs. 50 a month.

Yours, etc.,

HEMENDRA PRASAD GHOSE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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- Report on the Operations of the Department of Land Records and Agriculture, Punjab, from the year ending 30th September 1905.* Lahore.
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- Archæological Survey of Western India. Ahmedabad Architecture. Vol. III.*

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(Signed) (Mrs.) H. MILLER.

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Art. I.—GENERAL AVITABILE.*

FEW places even in the South of Italy are so romantically situated as Agerola. It lies in an upland valley,* half overlooking the famous city of Amalfi, while behind it tower the range of hills of which Monte Sant'Angelo is king. The morning sun comes to it from the gulf of Salerno, across one of the most beautiful coast-lines in the world. The mists of evening rise over the shoulders of the hills on to an emerald expanse of plateau. Encircled above and below by mountains and divided into two by a deep gorge, Agerola has all the appearance of a little Switzerland by the sea. There is the true Alpine air about its white cottages, with their high sloping roofs bound and barred by chestnut logs to keep off the winter snows : and *châlet* and *côteau* and cliff need only the accompaniment of a glacier to claim kindred with some commune in the Oberland. On this tableland,* 4,000 feet above the sea, lie scattered the five hamlets which constitute the township of Agerola ; each with its own parish church and each with the name it has borne for centuries—Bomerano, Pianillo, Acampora, San Lazzaro, and towards the ravine the lately added and straggling *frazione* of Ponte. Agerola, or Airola,

* The author has much pleasure in recording his obligations to M. Edouard Jammy, Consul de France at Castellamare-di-Stabia, to whom he owes his introduction to MM. Onofrio and Paolo Avitabile, the nephews* of the General, and who has kindly transcribed for him with his own hand a considerable number of the General's letters and papers.

means airiness, and the place does not belie its name. In June it breathes so cool an atmosphere that many a Neapolitan family make a summer playground of this happy valley. You feel sure that it must have a history ; every Italian village has that. But the fame of the countryside is not what it was. In the middle ages, this mountain region was peopled with outlaws bandits, and rovers of all kinds. Boccaccio has celebrated one of these personages in his tale of Ruggiero di Jeroli, who figures in sober history as Roger Mele of Agerola. Centuries later Salvator Rosa dwelt among these fastnesses and made famous the robber bands who gave him hospitality. Blackmailing in fact was so much in fashion with the gentlemen of Agerola that the burghers of Amalfi more than once petitioned their Doge to extirpate the nest of vipers. But the descendants of Boccaccio's robber chieftain were not so easily ousted ; and a generation or two ago, before this mountain world was connected with the plains by a series of roads instead of goat-paths, the brigands of Agerola fully maintained the reputation for lawlessness they had inherited from their medieval forbears.

To-day the traveller as he drives up from Castellamare and Gragnano in a rickety *carrozzella* perceives at first little more perhaps than that the road is winding and hilly, and that the tunnel through which it emerges is admirably engineered of its kind and as indifferently lighted. But let him do this country the justice of staying in it a few days and he will soon have other thoughts of it. The sojourner for a couple of hours is too miserly of his time to be able to appreciate the true charm of Agerola. Here at last is the mountain village, the very model one would think of the pasteboard Bethlehem or *presepe* which finds a place at Christmastide in every Italian

church; the cottages straggling up and down hill, the breadths of vineland and pasture, the green and gliding streams, the walls of cliff with their breakneck passages, the troops of sunburnt woodcutters, the wayside chapel, where on the eve of the Nativity the shepherds pipe their note of glee. If you stray to the outskirts of San Lazzaro on the seaward side of the cliff you will come upon a little piazza and a church with a tower, whose green and yellow tiles glitter strangely in the sun. Next the church, but set back from it, is a heavy iron gateway, with an upper storey of dwelling rooms. On the keystone is the five-pointed star of the Orient, over the arch the inscription "o beata solitudo, o sola beatitudo," fit motto for the retreat of some philosopher, walling himself off from the world of men and things to brood over nature and her inscrutability. You enter and find yourself in a grassgrown highway, broad enough once for the passage of an army, now sadly encroached upon by strips of garden and patches of cultivation. The grounds are immense, sloping up to a stone-buttressed and level expanse on the edge of the cliff, where rises a four-storeyed, four-square castle, which looks as if it had been gutted by fire overnight. The position chosen is a magnificent one. It commands a panorama over land and sea to all points of the compass. Below you spreads out the gulf of Salerno, and to the south the thin line of the Lucanian coast loses itself in the distance. On a clear day and with a field glass you can make out the temples of Paestum. To the west the eye reaches to the rocks of the Sirens and the Faraglioni of Capri. Every ledge of the mainland is covered with houses and vineyards; every broader crag with a town, every cave and beach of shingle strewn with the boats and nets of

fishermen, every promontory crowned with the ruins of a martello tower. But where is the lord of the manor to drink in the view from his palace towering on the precipice?

The house has been uninhabited for half a century; the littered staircase no longer echoes to the tread of human feet; and a deathly chill and mouldy silence hang about the deserted chambers. The day of its glory is long past, if indeed any glory ever came to a mansion that the builders never finished. Even the story of this splendid ruin is half forgotten. Some of it may be extracted from the needy caretaker at the lodge. He will tell you that its owner was a renegade sergeant in the Bourbon army, who deserted to seek his fortune in the East, where he prevailed exceedingly and rose to be lord over legions and viceroy over provinces, but betrayed his master and returned to Agerola, with a mountain of ducats; that he reared this edifice with the proceeds of infamy and set up in it the state and the seraglio of a sultan—until (in a whisper) “at half past eleven on Holy Thursday his wife brought him poison in a dish of roast kid and by two o’clock the General was dead.” Your curiosity is whetted to ask for his name. “Avitabile, Eccellenz’, Avitabile. This is the Castello Avitabile.”

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine,
Or a seaside house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicalas die of drouth,
And one sharp tree—’tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe-fruit, o’ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water’s edge. For, what expands

Before the house, but the great opaque
 Blue breadth of sea without a break ?
 While, in the house, for ever crumbles
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls
 From blisters, where a scorpion sprawls.

Avitabile! Runjeet Singh's great General, the iron-handed governor of Peshawar, the discipliner of those Sikh gunners who all but broke the British lines at Chillianwallah; Avitabile, who befriended our "aven-
 ging army" on their passage to Afghanistan, who succoured our sick in the hour of their distress, who was wont to entertain daily a hundred of our officers, who at his retirement from the Punjab had an almost triumphal march through our territories to Calcutta, and in London was specially received by the unapproachable Iron Duke himself—here is matter enough for a score of romances. To recall the days of his boundless magnificence, one must go back to the far away forties, when "John Company" did not own more than half India, when Runjeet Singh was still master of the Kohinoor and Lord of the Five Rivers, and looked his enemies in the face with his famous *Française Compo*, his Imperial Guard of all arms—Allard's cuirassiers, Avitabile's gunners, Court's and Mouton's battalions—trained and commanded by white officers, who had learnt the art of war under the immediate eye of Napoleon's marshals.

Up to the present the story of Avitabile's life has been a sealed book. The little recorded in the few works that mention him is vague, meagre, and unsatisfying. There is a secret attaching to his birth and a mystery surrounding his death: and this seems to constitute the sum total of what is ascertainable. The truth is that to understand Avitabile aright, the Englishman

must transform himself into a veritable *inglese italianizzato*. He must toil to the highland home where the General was born ; he must patiently collect dates from the priest, papers from the syndic, anecdotes from the oldest inhabitant, without shrinking from the dialect in which they are presented ; most important of all, he must so ingratiate himself with the members of the family as to induce them to entrust to the stranger within their gates the scrappy diary and red leather letterbook of their strangely fortuneed ancestor. Not that it is easy to get either facts or informants at Agerola. Some who could speak are too interested to break their silence, and the reticence of others can only be overcome by the intervention of a third party, who has the necessary power and influence to induce them to reveal their knowledge.

Paolo Crescenzo Martino Avitabile was born on the 25th of October 1791, in the house adjoining the Church of San Martino at Acampora. His parents, Bartolomeo and Angela, were members of a well-to-do stock of peasant proprietors ; and the grandfather, Pietro, who held the infant at the font, had been in his time something of a local magnate and administrator of the Church funds, as is testified by an inscription dated 1777 on the ceiling under the organ. Paolo was the fifth child in a family of five sons and three daughters. Every kind of legend has hitherto been current about his origin, the most fantastic being that he was the illegitimate child of a *contadina* and destined from birth to the military profession, like all such male additions to the population. But a glance at the entry of his baptism in the parish register will serve to dispel this ill-natured story. Avitables abound in Agerola, and the General's family are said to have been formerly noble and once princes in the

island of Corfu. A fifteenth century owner of the name is called d'Abitabile on a tombstone in San Lazzaro Church. Another Nardus de Avitabulo sleeps since 1545 *donec tuba canet* in the nave of S. Maria della Manna. At the other end of the village on the presbytery wall of San Matteo in Bomerano is the effigy of Father Franciscus Avitabile, *indignus presbyter*, who glorified God and erected the church on this site *anno Indictionis* 1577.

As a boy, the future General was as much of a pickle as was ever Master Robert Clive, and the old people of the street still remember the nickname "Scapigliato," by which he went. This word literally signifies a hatless fellow with his hair flying loose about his ears, but is also used of a regular scapegrace; and we can well believe that little "Paoluccio" loved to play truant and have his fun of the village schoolmaster. Fate ordained that his boyhood should be cast in stirring times. Before he was out of his teens the thunders of the Parthenopean Republic echoed even to remote and benighted Agerola and many a local patriot sported the Phrygian cap of liberty, and called to mind the vanished glories of the old time commonwealth of Amalfi. Then came the days of avenging Nelson, so popular with the Neapolitan ladies that they wore his image on their favours; of Miladi Hamilton, posturing before audiences of *virtuosi* in her hall of mirrors at the Palazzo Sessa; of Admiral Caracciolo, hanged at the yardarm of his own flagship and flung into the sea like carrion till the apparition of his body rising to the surface in the wake of the royal yacht frightened the superstitious King "Nasone" into giving it burial within the church of Santa Lucia. Another five years and Napoleon's legions swept Southern Italy before them.

Ferdinand of Bourbon fled once more to his parks and pleasaunces at Palermo, and Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed by Masséna reigned at Naples in his stead.

It was in 1807 that Avitabile became a soldier, being "drawn" for service in the newly organised provincial militia of his native state. Little is known about his first years as a conscript, but he can hardly have missed the visit of King Joseph to the coasts of Amalfi in June 1807, when hillsmen and daleśmen flocked from far and near to look on the brother of the great Napoleon, born, as he himself said, with one foot in Italy and the other in France. The new recruit must have heard much too of *messieurs les anglois*, if indeed he did not actually smell their powder. At Maida in 1806 British red-coats won the only battle they ever fought on Italian soil. Calabria was long in open revolt under that strangest and most ignoble of England's allies, Fra Diavolo, the brigand. Capri, "the little Gibraltar" flew the Union Jack for months and was not recaptured till late in 1808, when Hudson Lowe surrendered the island to Lamarque, a surrender which is commemorated by two immense canvasses each running the entire length of a wall in the museum of San Martino. But ere this, King Joseph had been called to the throne of Spain, and Murat promoted to that of Naples with the title of Gioacchino Napoleone. Under his regime the provincial legion was merged into the army proper. From a militia-man Avitabile became a regular, and on the 29th of April 1810 passed into the royal corps of artillery, where he rapidly rose through the various ranks from simple gunner to *aiutante*, the highest grade of non-commissioned officer, and won a medal of merit.

On the Ides of March in the fateful year of 1815, after the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba, King Joachim threw down the glove to Austria. The morrow was a proud day for Avitabile, for on it he obtained his commission of lieutenant in the 15th Company of Artillery. Eager to pose as another Bernadotte, Murat marched boldly northwards. Bologna and Ancona soon fell before him: but the successes of the first few weeks were quickly swallowed up by the disasters of Tolentino. His Neapolitan soldiery deserted to their homes in hundreds. Appeals to a faithful army to rally round their king, "when all would be forgiven," fell as flat as manifestos in the name of an independent Italy and promises of a free constitution. On the 18th of May Murat left his army at Capua and rode into Naples at the head of half a troop of Lancers, as theatrically as if he was returning from a triumph. The next evening he quitted Naples for ever, and his wife, who followed a few days later, crossed by the irony of fate the very vessel that was restoring Ferdinand to the bosom of his people. The change of masters from the *re di scena* to the *re contadino*, as the lazzaroni called them, had been effected without anarchy and without a revolution. Ferdinand always spoke of his decennium of exile as "the military occupation," and would not allow the name of the usurper to be mentioned. It is even said that in official documents the name of Murat's Queen appeared as "la signora occupazione militare."

During the fighting at the front Avitabile's company of gunners (the battery Bivano) had been kept at Procida; after the *débâcle* it returned to Naples and its young lieutenant, yielding like everyone else to the current, swore allegiance to the Bourbon standards, retaining his rank and command in the reorganised

army. The artillery was formed into two battalions, the Queen's and the King's Own, in the latter of which he was enrolled. At first he was not left idle, being detached for special duty at the siege of Gaeta. The events which led up to this siege form a paragraph of history which for the sake of Avitabile deserves to be rescued from oblivion. On the day that Murat abandoned his army at Capua, his generals made terms with the Austrians under Neipperg, a personage so notorious later in connection with Marie Louise. The upshot was the convention of Casa Lanza, so called from the place where it was concluded, the country house of a Signor Lanza, three miles from Capua. Murat's representative was General Colletta, afterwards the famous historian, who had instructions to make any sacrifice. The treaty restored the entire Kingdom of Naples to the Bourbons, excepting the three fortresses of Gaeta, Pescara and Ancona, whose commanders held their orders from Murat direct. Two of them gave little trouble. Pescara under Napoletani, an ex-priest, opened its gates on the 28th of May, and Ancona under Marshal Montemayor followed suit the next day. But Gaeta would not hear of surrender; and a mixed army under the Austrian Baron Lauer was sent against it, supported by a British flotilla. Avitabile left for the front, as his company's pay rolls tells us, on the 25th of June. Inside Gaeta General Begani made a memorable defence. On the 5th of July came the news of Waterloo; but it could not break the spirit of the little garrison, who were able to boast for more than a month later that the only spot which still flew the tricolour of the exiled Napoleon was Gaeta's historic landmark, the Torre d'Orlando. Day by day the lines grew tighter and the investment closer. On the 17th of the month

no less than two hundred cannon opened on the city, raking the piazza from end to end and even setting fire to the classic Tower. Avitabile distinguished himself in the trenches, and though wounded in the head, would not relinquish command of his battery. After another three weeks, Begani consented to negotiate and on the 9th of August capitulated. Among the officers who ratified his capitulation were several Englishmen from Lord Exmouth's fleet, notably a "colonel commanding the flotilla" with the mysterious name of Cocubired, under which outlandish garb one may perhaps recognise the Scotch Kirkcudbright.

Avitabile's bravery had been duly noticed by his chief, Baron Lauer, whose letter is still extant recommending him for the first vacancy of captain and for a decoration. But the powers-that-be would not hear of showing favour to a former officer of Murat, and on his return to headquarters, he found himself transferred to the depôt of the line, with orders to join a half-pay battalion, the Marsian Light Infantry. For more than a year he waited for the preferment that did not come and finally threw up his commission in disgust in January 1817. His career as a lieutenant had been short, but his seven years of probation in the ranks had given him that thorough mastery of the drill instructor's methods which proved of such excellent use to him in later life.

Beginning the world with the equipment of a knapsack and a sufficient understanding, he had won a commission by pure merit, and had been singled out for special, albeit withheld, promotion. Henceforth he resolved to seek a more hopeful sphere of action abroad, and exchange the sabretache of the subaltern for the free lance of a knight errant. On the 30th of April

1817 we find him embarked on a Spanish merchantman, "The Christ Our Salvation," for a cruise in the Mediterranean. The vessel put in for several weeks at Algiers and at the Balearic islands to take in cargo, and bore him to Tunis, where the ruins of Carthage recalled to him the lines of Tasso. At Algiers he tried his hand at commercial speculation, and also found time to enter in his diary a minute account of the manners and customs of the Dey's motley subjects. But schemes of pleasure and profit alike were frustrated by an outbreak of plague, followed by a political revolution. After a chapter of incidents ranging from the assassination of a Dey to bombardments from "the magistrates of health" at every port at which he attempted a landing, Avitabile's voyage terminated abruptly in shipwreck off the mouths of the Rhone, and he and his fellow passengers were summarily marched overland to the Lazzaretto at Marseilles. After the necessary period of quarantine was over, he regained his freedom to find himself among old comrades in arms, refugee officers like himself from the Napoleonic armies. One in particular, Beraud, an ex-captain in the Imperial Guard, had just returned from Persia and his dazzling descriptions so worked on the mind of the young adventurer that he determined to go eastwards rather than westwards in search of a career and a fortune.

In April 1818 he took his passage in a Greek brigantine for Turkey, and after threading the mazes of the Archipelago and landing to inspect the "plains of windy Troy," arrived at Constantinople on the 12th of May. A striking passage in his diary records his impressions on entering the Dardanelles at daybreak: "hundreds of vessels under weigh, each trying to get past the other, with their white sails bellying in the

breeze." Alas! that such a spectacle should be no longer possible. All is smoke and steamboat nowadays.

Avitabile's first act on landing was to pay his devoirs to the Persian envoy. His credentials verified, he left Trebizond by caravan to seek service with Fath Ali Shah, whose country had recently become a congenial hunting ground for gentlemen of his kidney. Gardanne, Napoleon's late ambassador at Teheran, had been specially commissioned to introduce French and Italian officers into the Persian army; and though the dream of empire in India was rudely shattered by Waterloo, the current of military immigration once begun never ceased to flow eastwards. After the Second Restoration, an increasing number of military waifs from war-exhausted Europe found their way to Asia, some like Clot-Bey, Jommières and Sèyes *alias* Suleiman Paçha enlisting with Mehemet Ali under the shadow of the Pyramids; others like Avitabile, Court, Devaux and Ventura laying their swords at the feet of the King of Kings. At the Persian Court two opposing influences were at work. The East India Company was powerful enough to insist that the Shah should maintain in his service a body of English officers, but there was always room for the ubiquitous foreigner in the armies of the rival heirs apparent. This struggle for supremacy between the young princes is symbolized by the Persian order of two lions fighting for a crown, which has its origin in a dramatic episode well worth recalling.

Age and increasing corpulence had rendered Fath Ali Shah incapable of active government, and in conformity with the ancient custom of the Medes and Persians he assembled his sons round him for the purpose of nominating a successor to the throne. The

choice fell on Abbas Mirza. All present bent low in obedience to the royal decree, except Muhammad Ali Mirza, Prince Governor of Kermāndshah, who alone stood erect, unawed by the presence of his father and sovereign. His resistance to the all powerful mandate was delivered in uncompromising language. "May God preserve the King of Kings! But if my brother and I should have the misfortune to survive your Majesty" (and he half unsheathed his sword as he finished the sentence) *this* shall decide which of us is the fittest to wear your mantle on his shoulders." The two warlike brothers nodded mutual defiance and parted open enemies. Muhammad Ali withdrew to his government of Kurdistan and with the aid of Devaux, Court, Avitabile and Ventura, put his army in a state of preparation against the hour of need. Abbas Mirza was as busily occupied at Tabreez : where his forces were drilled for him by Anglo-Indian *quihyes* from John Company's regiments, men such as Christie, Hart, and Monteith and Sir Henry Lindsay. Bethune, a very Rustum in stature, whose aide-de-camp, the well-known D'Arcy Todd, found a soldier's grave on the fatal field of Ferozeshah. Muhammad Ali then made a bid for glory with the invasion of Bagdad ; but was ignominiously routed in a night attack by Sofuk, chief of the Shamaar tribe of Bedouins, and died shortly afterwards. The novel ceremony of his obsequies two years after his decease was witnessed by the seventh Earl of Albemarle, who was then exploring the Valley of the Euphrates and who has left a vivid account of his reception by the French and Italian officers at Kermāndshah.

Of these Avitabile in particular had won his way into prominence. He was at first appointed to the task of training the Kurdish troops in the methods of

European warfare ; and it was not long before the flag of his prosperity was unfurled in the sunshine of His Excellency's favour. So well did he succeed that with a comparative handful of men he was able to reduce to order the rebellious tribes on the frontier, who had long set the Shah's authority at defiance. For these and other services he was rewarded with the title of Khan, the grade of Colonel and the decorations of the Two Lions and Crown and of the Lion and Sun. In the diplomas which accompanied these orders, Avitabile is spoken of as "the flower of Italian nobility, full of valour, honour, and magnanimity," and, with an effusiveness which must have rather astonished him; as the "Elect of Christendom."

For six years Avitabile "Khan" remained in Persia, until in 1824 a series of local successes so turned the heads of the war party that nothing would satisfy them short of war with Russia. The farseeing Neapolitan foretold the coming catastrophe, and after vainly endeavouring to force his views upon his misguided master threw up his commission and returned to Europe. His fame had preceded him. He was received with special honours by Francis I., King of Naples, and his Spanish Queen Isabella, whose heart he completely won by the gift of a small gold box containing a Persian shawl of the finest texture and the most fabulous length. But the peace and quiet of home did not long agree with the constitution of so confirmed a rover. From his friend Ventura, who had recently attached himself to the Court of Runjeet Singh, he heard reports of favourable employment across the Indus under the ruler of a new and vigorous race whose service seemed to open up vistas of almost limitless ambition. With his comrade in arms COURT (a native of Grasse and *ci devant*

lieutenant in Napoleon's army) Avitabile set out anew for the East and made his way at considerable hazard across Persia and Afghanistan to Lahore. There is still preserved at Agerola a fragmentary diary of this voyage which records little more than the stages of the journey and the expenses by the way, written in the quaintest mixture of Italian and Romanized Persian. The too curious reader may perhaps derive some amusement by the tale of obscene pictures, musical clocks, repeaters, and snuff-boxes, vended, we may imagine, not a little to the profit of the pedlar-adventurer.

Not so diverting, but more exciting had been the passage of his predecessors in fortune, Allard and Ventura, along the same route. These two pioneers underwent hairbreadth escapes and untold distresses; and were even reduced to officiating as callers to prayers in the mosques of Peshawur and Lahore. Nor did their arrival at Lahore end their troubles. Runjeet Singh took an unconscionable time to assure himself that the vagabond Franks were what they declared themselves to be and not secret emissaries of the British Government. Eventually his fears were allayed and the great Maharajah, who cared less for caste and country than for good heads and shoulders, was only too glad to enlist the two adventurers in his service and convert his feudal levies into a modern army. The success of Allard and Ventura made things all the easier for a man of the military energy of Avitabile, who had graduated already in the school of oriental experience.

The winter of 1826 is given as the date of his arrival in Cabul. There he stayed for several months, and 1827 was well begun ere he and Court made their obeisance at the Durbar of the Lion of Lahore, then at the zenith of his fame. Avitabile was made

commandant of artillery with the supervision of the arsenals and foundries. But before many months were out, Runjeet Singh discovered where the real genius of the Italian lay and sent him out as military governor of the province of Wazirabad. This office Avitabile filled with remarkable skill, ruling his subjects, Sikhs and Mahomedans alike, with an impartial severity.

Those whose good fortune it is to have read that truly delectable book "The Life and Adventures of Dr. Wolff" will remember the naïve sketch which the heroic missionary gives of his meeting with Avitabile at Wazirabad in 1832. "The famous general spoke Italian, French, Persian, and Hindustani with equal facility. He had improved the town to a remarkable extent. He kept the streets of the city clean, and had a fine palace and a beautiful carriage for himself. He was a clever, cheerful man, and full of fun. He told Wolff at once that he would show him his *angeli custodi*, and then took him to his bedroom, the walls of which were covered with pictures of *kunchnee* or dancing girls. He and Wolff rode out together one day on elephants and he said to him, 'Now I will show you the marks of the civilisation I have introduced into this country.' They rode outside the town and there Wolff saw before him six gibbets upon which a great number of malefactors were hanging." Though the man was full of fun, yet whenever the conversation was directed to important subjects he became most serious. Though he had amassed in India a fortune of £50,000, he was always panting after a return to his native country, Naples; and he said to Wolff, '*Per amore di Dio fatemi partire da questo paese.*' 'For the love of God, help me to get away from this country.'

Among those who visited him at Wazirabad besides Wolff was the well-known Alexander Gardner, who was, like Avitabile, a white officer in the service of the King of all the Sikhs. "Gordana Sahib" to give him his oriental name, had had a career even more erratic and eventful than that of Avitabile. Born in 1785 on the shores of Lake Superior in the Far West, he drifted early in life to Central Asia, then the very home of battle, murder and sudden death. There his wandering feet found rest for a time among the wild tribes of Afghanistan, with whom he lived as a fighting chief, joining in border forays and winning a captured princess to wife after the approved manner of the rude people of his adoption. Returning one day from a filibustering expedition, he found his wife and infant son with their throats cut from ear to ear and his fortress a smoking ruin. Heartbroken, he fled across the border and after many hardships took refuge with Runjeet Singh, the hereditary foe of the treacherous race he was abandoning. Here he rose to be commandant of the Akalees, or Immortals, a privileged sect of fighting fanatics whose headlong valour had often turned the fortunes of a doubtful battle. The memoirs of this remarkable character are extant, dictated by him at the age of ninety in his retirement as a British pensioner in Cashmere. The reader may think it strange that these mention Avitabile but seldom. The fact however ceases to be surprising when we consider that while the one had succeeded in sinking the European in the Asiatic, the other never forgot for a moment that he was by birth and breeding a Neapolitan of the Neapolitans. Between the European savage and the savage European there can have been but little communion of ideas and less companionship.

As to which was the greater of the two, there is no question, Gardner's tangled career is that of the adventurer pure and simple; Avitabile's that in addition of a ruler and administrator. This ability was first discerned by Runjeet Singh who with his one eye saw, as has been said, much further than most other men with two. By a happy coincidence there was a field ready for Avitabile's genius in the reduction to order of the frontier province of Peshawur. This border district, so long a bone of contention between Sikhs and Afghans, had been recently conquered by Runjeet Singh. But its rule proved too arduous a task for the various princes and Sirdars of the Khalsa who tried their hands at it. Those who were not murdered in their beds were driven to resign in abject terror. In Avitabile's own phrase "the sight of the Khyber gave the Sikhs the cholera."

His account of the first months of his Governorship as related after his retirement to old Vanacore, the builder of his Italian palaces, has never before found its way into print and was repeated to the present writer by one who had heard the tale from the lips of the old architect himself.

"When I first marched into Peshawur," said the General, "I sent on in advance a number of wooden posts, which my men put up round the walls of the city. The people scoffed aloud at this new madness of the Feringhee, and louder still, when my men came in again laying coils of rope at the feet of the posts. Guns and swords, it was whispered, are the arms to rule a city, not sticks and tackle. However, when my installation was complete, there were found one fine morning dangling from these crosstrees, fifty of the worst characters in Peshawur; and the exhibition was repeated on every

market day with new subjects, till I had made short work of brigands and murderers. Then I had to deal with the liars and talebearers. My method with them was to cut out their tongues. And then a surgeon appeared and professed to be able to restore them to speech. I sent for this surgeon and had his tongue cut out also. After this there was peace : and in six months *ecco !* crime became unknown in Peshawur."

The inflexible Italian was in fact the first man who ever held Peshawur in subjection ; and but for the fact that he ruled for another, this alien regime would remain a remarkable illustration of how a dependency can be governed on non-British methods. Backed by a powerful army Avitabile soon made himself master of the valley ; and to this day is spoken of by the Afghan tribesmen with all the admiration of a troop of jackals for a tiger. At Peshawur as at Wazirabad he Haussmanized his capital, knocked down crooked streets, created broad thoroughfares with squares shaded by trees and established a thoroughly continental system of police, which made human life safe after dark in a city which he so justly terms "un gouffre de brigands." In the province itself, though he never dared ride out in it without an escort of many hundred troopers, he developed cultivation and by dint of summary executions restrained a lawless people in their evil practices. Even Khyberees in the dens and caverns of their *Khels* trembled at the name of Abu Tabela.

Sir Henry Lawrence, who succeeded Avitabile as Warden of the Marches when they passed under British rule ten years later, has held up Avitabile's methods to horror in his letters among the old Punjab records. Writing to Lord Hardinge on 9th April 1846 he speaks of "the abhorrence of Englishmen generally of such

a system as had formerly prevailed at Peshawur, where though I had seen many men hanged, had never, with many opportunities, seen or heard of the examination of a prisoner. . . . Necessity and the character of the people they had to govern was the plea of both Avitabile and Gulab Singh." Other officers speak highly only of his revenue settlements and rates. Captain, afterwards Sir, Henry Havelock, in his history of the Afghan war has recorded a juster judgment. Havelock had marched to Cabul in 1839 with the army of the Indus in the capacity of aide-de-camp to Sir Willoughby Cotton, and in November of that year arrived at Peshawur on his return to India. He confirms all that is written by others concerning the lavish hospitality supplied to all comers by Avitabile: and as he passed a complete month as his guest, his account of the man is worth recalling. "The General, though in private life the mildest of men, rules the Peshawurees with a rod of iron, the only mode of governing a people so unprincipled as the Afghans. In the Serai mentioned by Elphinstone as one of the glories of Peshawur in 1809, the present governor of the city has established his military headquarters and his civil and fiscal tribunals. It is called the Ghorkhatra and is a vast quadrangle, the length of each side being two hundred and fifty yards. This has been rendered habitable, first by building a suite of apartments over the gateway nearest to the country, and next by erecting a very handsome dwelling in the Persian fashion, consisting of three storeys and a rez-de-chaussée, on the side nearer the city. The governor is a man of princely habits. His dress, chargers, and equipages all partake of the splendour well calculated to uphold his authority amongst a people like the Afghans. He particularly and very justly prides

himself on the excellence of his table, and keeps an establishment of not fewer than eight cooks, who are well versed in all the mysteries of Persian, English, and French gastronomy. He is moreover a frank, gay, and good-humoured person as well as an excellent ruler and skilful officer.*

The fame of the General's cooks was far from being confined to the pleasures of the table. The General, so runs the tale, had a daughter, the child of some favourite beauty in his zenana on whom he doted. He brought her up and watched over her with jealous care in a cloister-like building, which half a century ago was still to be seen in a corner of the General's compound. So carefully was all access guarded that even the little girl's meals were conveyed to her from without by means of a *tour* such as is used at convent gates. The very shadow of man had never crossed the threshold of her retreat. "And for what high destiny was the fair recluse reserved? Alas for romance! Avitabile married her to the chief of his kitchen, a young Mahomedan, to whom he also gave with her a large dowry of money, jewels, and precious stones."

In the contracts entered into between Runjeet Singh and his foreign generals we find it expressly stipulated that they should abstain from eating beef or "drinking" tobacco, should grow their beards and marry native wives. The last of these conditions was certainly not uncongenial to the hot-blooded temperament of Avitabile. He married with oriental profusion, and in a letter to Allard mentions with evident gusto the royal recognition bestowed on one of the many inmates of his harem. This favourite who went by the name of the Begum Peri was so emancipated that she used to follow the General everywhere on horseback,

and once attracted the notice of Runjeet Singh during a grand review. Immediately a state eunuch was despatched with a request, that if it could be contrived without offence to the proprieties, the great King would be gratified by a personal interview with the youthful amazon. Without demur, she obeyed the summons. Entering the presence at a gallop, she reined in her spirited Arab so that it sank on its haunches exactly before the royal litter. After a cross-examination of more than usual minuteness, she departed in the same fashion as she had come. An hour later the admiration of the Maharajah took a practical shape in the despatch of a trayful of coins, which by command of Runjeet Singh, Avitabile forthwith converted into golden ornaments.

When not occupied with the pleasures of the harem or the sterner cares of government, the "blackcoated" infidel found occasional relaxation in posing as a wonder-worker. As a judge of native character, his ready wit won him the reputation of a Solomon; and there is a famous *cause célèbre* which illustrates his aptitude in this respect. Two women appeared before his tribunal, each with a child in her arms of different sex. A dispute had arisen as to the ownership of the respective infants, the two mothers each loudly repudiating the girl and claiming the boy as her own. The General heard the parties out, and without calling for witnesses, ordered two she-goats to be brought, one with a male and another with a female kid. At the same time he sent for two cows and two ewes, the mothers similarly of male and female offspring. The milk of all was then drawn and tested and that belonging to the animals with female young found to be weaker than that of the others. "Now" said the General "let a little

milk be drawn from the two claimants." This was done, and the woman with the stronger milk adjudged the mother of the boy. By this argument from natural history, the adventurer on the judgment seat successfully solved a problem which might well have baffled the ingenuity of the most experienced of Kazis.

As an administrator, his motto was "for every crime, a head:" and this will account for his hanging by the score and impaling by the dozen. Nor was this severity confined to the legitimate punishment of convicted malefactors. Monsignor Jacobi, Roman Catholic Bishop of Lahore, with whom the General was on terms of great intimacy, tells a story how after a state visit from one of the Cabul princes, a member of the suite rode back in haste to recover some article which his master had left behind in the Governor's courtyard. Avitabile seeing a stranger upon the premises, promptly had him strung up to the nearest tree, and when the prince sent to enquire after his missing courtier, returned the body with a polite note apologising for the error.

Under his rule resort was had to every means which presented itself for the destruction of the hill tribes, who were looked upon under all circumstances as a race for extermination. One of the grants under which Karim-ud-deen, Khan of the Chamkannis, held his fief of villages contained a stipulation that he should produce annually fifty Afridi heads; and in after days the old man used to relate without a blush the treacherous methods he was sometimes compelled to adopt in order to fulfil the conditions of the tenure. But although able to take life with so little compunction, Avitabile was not averse to occasionally saving it in the case of a victim who was young and beautiful. More than one Hindu widow owed to him her deliverance

from Suttee. It was no uncommon thing for the General to execute a man before breakfast, and in the afternoon to receive a visit from a youthful Cashmiree, full of thanks for the intervention, which had rescued her from being immolated on the funeral pyre of her husband.

From Colin Mackenzie, who passed the winter of 1840-41 at Peshawur, as assistant to Major Mackeson, the British Agent, we have perhaps a more intimate picture of the General's doings than from any other source. According to this witness, intercourse with Englishmen had rendered him sensitive to the effects of their opinion and tended latterly to soften his iron rule. "Breakfasting with him one morning, I observed that a large box, secured by a padlock was let down by an iron chain outside the window in a much frequented thoroughfare. This is to receive all petitions, none of which can be intercepted *en route*, as the General keeps the key He hangs a dozen unhappy culprits, looks to the payment of his troops, inspects his domestic concerns (especially his poultry yard in which he takes much pride), sets agoing a number of musical snuff-boxes, etc., all by way of recreation before dinner." He formed a great affection for Mackenzie, and told him a good deal of his life. He said that of all the troops he had commanded, he preferred the Sikhs, *perchè sono troppo semplici* "because they are so simple-minded" and have no religious prejudices against Europeans as the Persians and Afghans have. One day he asked Mackenzie what he usually did with himself of a morning, and on receiving the answer that he generally read, laid his arm impressively on his shoulder and exclaimed "Ah! ne lisez pas mon ami! Cela est très mauvais pour vous. Vous avez tort de lire." On another occasion, writes Mackenzie, "the tender hearted creature confessed to me that

suspecting a small chief of playing tricks, he seized him and condemned him to a heavy fine, and to enforce payment had him stripped and cold water poured over him night after night. *Figurez vous*, he added, *ce brigand est mort sans me rien donner.*"

Other stories are more gruesome still. One is of some Afghans whom he bricked up till they paid their tribute, raising a course of bricks daily. They held out on their ration of bread and water, till the last course was wanting, although one of their number died and they had his body with them for days in the hot weather. The poor wretches had stopped up their nostrils with linen rags to keep out the stench. When they were brought out, Avitabile had them washed and set them in a bed of stocks in his garden "pour se raffraichir" as he put it. The best known story of all is that of the prisoner who was sentenced by the judges to be thrown from a minaret. "Avitabile who *never* pardons, confirmed the sentence. The man was thrown down, but lighted on a projection not very far from the top. In vain they called to him to throw himself down, neither did anyone dare to go out at a little door opposite the projection on which he lay to push him off, as being a very athletic man he would certainly have dragged his assailant with him. They therefore represented the case to Avitabile, thinking he would pardon the culprit; but not a bit of it. When they had finished, he waved his hand and said: 'I have not heard a word that you have been saying. I gave you orders; they must be executed.' Upon this, they drew up a Persian paper, put Avitabile's seal to it, and showed it to the culprit, telling him it was a pardon. He came in at the little door, they seized him, and flung him over the battlements effectually."

It is difficult to reconcile these accounts with the contradictory opinion of Baron Erich von Schomberg, a German traveller who met Avitabile at Lahore in 1843, and actually discussed his methods with him. "I visited him frequently, he often spoke of these things; I am sure that his heart is good and that he cannot have been guilty of cruelty. In the exercise of his duty and in his anxiety to enforce order and promote discipline he might have sanctioned acts which, though unstained by blood, would, by the lips of an enemy, be pronounced cruel. I repeat that he is a great man." The Baron seems to have been at some pains to gather the opinions of the natives about "Avitabelli" as he spells the name of his host. "He is strict even to severity but the natives unanimously praise his uprightness. Many stories are told of him, all of which redound to his honour. I may call him the darling of the people as far as an European could be. The entertainment at his house seemed a picture of Nero's feast, only that burning slaves did not serve as flambeaus, and this was not an imitation, it was a characteristic trait of the man." After congratulating himself that he had had the good fortune to meet such a friend, the Baron takes leave of him with these remarkable words, "I never knew anyone who took more pleasure in doing good than General Avitabelli."*

Between these superlatives of praise and blame, a just mean is struck by a Bombay chaplain, the Rev. I. N. Allen, who accompanied Sir William Nott's field force in its march through Scinde and Afghanistan. At the outset of the campaign he fell in with General Ventura who was proceeding home for his health together with his daughter and her governess. On the last page of his diary he records his impressions of Avitabile at Peshawur. Naturally the General did not receive the

chaplain as he had received Schomberg, "surrounded with dancing girls who were dismissed on my arrival." Open house was being kept for the British officers and every day large parties of them were breakfasting, lunching, dining, and supping in his princely mansion "where every luxury of the table was spread in profusion." The chaplain breakfasted with forty others in a noble dining room, 120 feet long, adorned with columns and handsomely decorated in native style. The party adjourned afterwards to the drawing room, where the worthy padre was surprised to find among the pictures a very good print of Lord Eldon. The guests were then shown round the town under an escort. "The environs of the town," remarks the chaplain, "were rendered disgusting by the numbers of gibbeted criminals who met the eye in every direction." These with the manner and tone adopted by the guards led him at first sight to suppose that the governor's rule was one of unmitigated severity: "but," concludes the reverend gentleman, "he has the character of a just ruler and I can conceive what he himself states that without severe examples he could not maintain his position." What the nature of these examples was may be judged from the fact that his victims were sometimes hanged by the heels one above another in double and treble rows.

However much Europeans may have differed as to his methods, there were never two opinions as to his unflinching firmness. Believed to fear neither man nor devil, he was capable of acts of daring which made his name a byeword. When his own guards threatened to rise against him, he threw open the prisons, and arming the most sturdy of the criminals, with their aid took the rebels by surprise. He boasted without disguise that he had no religion. In later years one of the leading

Sirdars of the Punjab was full of recollections of the jests with which "Avitabile Sahib" in open durbar was wont to mock at the existence of a God. As an administrator he had no scruples. The sketch of his intertribal policy which he gave to Marion Durand was thoroughly original. The troops were never used, but when a couple of villages quarrelled, the General offered to provide them with ball and let them fight it out. This he found they were never willing to do, however much they might threaten and bluster.

His stern and haughty countenance bespoke one who under no circumstances was to be trifled with. Certain Mahomedans, who presumed that under a Christian governor they could eat beef with impunity, discovered their error too late when dangling from the gallows. So arbitrary a measure earned a reprimand from Runjeet Singh and the characteristic response: "The dead are in Paradise; were it possible to bring them back again, I would not recall them, and you *could not*."

But even though Runjeet Singh's power did not extend beyond the natural, there was one of his subjects who might possibly have set at defiance even the supernatural. This was the famous "Burying Fakeer" Haridas, who was held in extraordinary repute by the Sikhs for his alleged capacity to bury himself alive in a sitting posture for any length of time. Moved by innate curiosity, Avitabile consented to preside at one of these interments. The Fakeer, stopping with wax his ears, nose and every natural orifice except his mouth, was stripped and sewn up in a linen bag, and having turned back his tongue, thus completely closing the gullet, died off in a sort of lethargy. The bag was stamped in several places with Avitabile's own seal, and

deposited in a large wooden box equally well sealed and fastened. The case was removed to a vault, where it was suspended in mid air to prevent its being attacked by insects ; a crop of barley was sown over the spot and an entire company of soldiers placed in charge of it, four sentries mounting guard during the day and eight in the night. Avitabile nevertheless continued sceptical, and twice in the course of the forty days, during which the Fakeer remained underground, sent trusted servants to dig him up, when the box was found to be precisely in the same position as before and the seals untampered with. At the end of the period of penance, the seals were broken by Avitabile in person, and the box and its occupant brought out into the open. On feeling his wrist and heart, not the slightest pulsation was perceptible. Pouring a quantity of water over the head and forcibly pulling back the tongue constituted the only means for his restoration and in a few hours' time, despite a not unnatural emaciation, he was as well as ever. As to the question whether imposture had been practised, the General always maintained a judicious silence.

But Avitabile need not have gone further afield than the mess table of his own associates to find men, who if adventure counts for anything, could have afforded to pass by fakeer and yogi alike. The band of adventurers that gathered round the court and camp of Runjeet Singh was as curious a mixture as ever met in any monarch's presence. True cosmopolitans, they belonged to every country except their own. Not many years ago there was to be seen at Peshawur a painting by a native artist of the Durbar of Lahore in the palmy days of its great Maharajah. In the place of honour, seated cross-legged in what looks like a

golden hipbath is the Padishah, his blind side deftly concealed from the spectator, his silvery beard depending to his girdle, his features redeemed from sheer ugliness by the spell of his one bright compelling eye and majestic demeanour. His costume is plain almost to simplicity, relieved only by a single string of enormous pearls round the waist and a bracelet about the arm, in the centre of which gleams the world-famous diamond, so justly named the Koh-i-noor or Mountain of Light. Behind him and in such a position as to show prominently the two thumbs on his right hand is visible the short sturdy form of Rajah Dhyan Singh, Prime Minister and Adviser General, whose effeminate and youthful son, Hira Singh, the imperial minion, lolls in a careless attitude beside his master. The others without exception stand, a heterogeneous crew of whiskered turbaned figures, their jewelled raiment and manly vigour in startling contrast to the half paralysed but still indomitable arbiter of their destinies. Conspicuous in the foreground is Allard, in the silver cuirass of a Napoleonic General, his head incongruously covered with a Persian cap, yet still looking every inch the European, despite his snowy whiskers and jet black beard *à la* Sikh and the oriental air of mingled luxury and lassitude. Next to Allard is Ventura, whose Jewish features clearly recall the nationality of his father Rabbi Ben-Toora of Modena. The *sabreur* of Wagram has donned the attire of a fighting Afghan chieftain and appears to be casting a look of scorn on the handsome and dissolute young favourite. In even stronger contrast is Court, the Gascon, Master of the Sikh ordnance, with the appearance of a rough and ready sailor, but resplendent in a heavily trimmed and gold laced jacket and a pair of

scarlet trousers of the easiest dimensions. Nearer the State hipbath in close proximity to Sher Singh, even then an aspirant to the imperial mantle, which was one day to fall upon his shoulders, is Avitabile. Jew, Gascon, Provençal, Neapolitan—of these the most uncompromising in aspect is undoubtedly our hero. Six feet and more in stature; stern, and yet sensual features; grizzled unkempt beard; lips red and heavy; nose crooked and immoderate; stout, burly and tawny of complexion, he it is who is singled out by Runjēt Singh with a wave of the hand which is that monarch's nearest approach to condescension. His dress shows off magnificently even in this assembly of gay and gallant paladins all gleaming with gold and clothed in every imaginable variety of colour—a long green coat, fashioned like a Mussulman's *chupkan* and ornamented with a profusion of lace and three rows of massy gold buttons, trousers of scarlet, with a broad gold stripe, and on his head the familiar green velvet cap with a tassel, which he habitually wore whether indoors or out according to the native custom of never remaining with the head uncovered. His hand rests lightly on a scimitar, which once belonged to Akbar, the hilt and scabbard inlaid with inestimable jewels and the blade forged of priceless steel.

To complete the picture, gazing enviously at Avitabile from the background, is "General" Josiah Harlan, son of a Pennsylvania Quaker, some time Prince of Ghôr in Afghanistan, whose boast it was that he had carried the star-spangled banner over the heights of the Hindoo Koosh and implanted it in the regions of eternal snow. Poet and alchemist in his leisure moments, snuffing in speech, not overburdened with shekels or scruples, more buccaneer than hero, his

acquired cunning had made him more than a match for the ever-ready tulwars of the Afghans. Such were the principal European agents of the Asiatic Napoleon, literally held by him in the hollow of his hand. Dare-devils one and all, motley in costume as in character, yet bound to their master by the strongest of all ties, the tie of money, these were the men among whom the farmer's son of Agerola spent sixteen years of his life and returned to his native country the richest of them all.

The manner in which he accumulated and consolidated his fortune is thoroughly typical of the self-reliant Neapolitan. As a provincial governor, he had, while keeping the Sikh Court in good humour by regular remittances of revenue, steadily amassed wealth for himself; and his profits became greater than ever after Runjeet Singh's death in 1839 and the repeated revolutions which followed. It was the advent of the Company's armies into Afghanistan that gave him a unique opportunity for sending his money out of the country. Upon the British officers passing through Peshawur he lavished hospitality till the whole army rang with his praises. Convoys, transport, commissariat—nothing came amiss to him, despite the attitude of his Sikh soldiery, who were at times so insubordinate that our officers required an armed escort between their camp and Peshawur. To our Field Treasury he was always ready to lend money in exchange for bills on Fort William, and before the close of the campaign no less than ten lacs of rupees had changed hands in this convenient manner.

His government of Peshawur came to an end in the troubled year of 1843, when he gave up his command to Sirdar Tej Singh, the greatest poltroon, according to Gardner, in the Sikh army. For a long time past he

had been petitioning to revisit his native land and to leave a country, where, as the saying went, it was difficult to get an appointment, but when obtained still more difficult to quit it.

Nine years before, he assures Allard, then on the point of embarking from Calcutta, that he will follow him as soon as ever he can without offending "le brave" Runjeet Singh. "My viceroyalty," he protests, "has not made me lose hope of seeing once more *la bella Europa* and the mountains of Agerola. Not even were His Majesty to nominate me his successor would my ideas change a single hair. I long for the happy day which will set me free like yourself, *Alla kerimast*." He even fixes December 1836 as the date he will sail with Captain Guezenec in the good ship *La Ville de Lahor*, then a-building in Kidderpore dockyard. But the gallant Breton skipper found an alien grave in Tiretta's burial ground at Calcutta and Avitabile, true to his salt, remained toiling on in the frontier province which only he could manage. Runjeet Singh's death made no difference in his loyalty, though it rendered his position so critical that at one time he talked of leaving Peshawur and taking refuge in Jellalabad. When at last he finds himself within measurable distance of liberty, he bursts out characteristically in a letter to Captain Johnston from Lahore: "*J'espère que le God qui m'a deraciné de Pichavor me permette bientôt de franchir le Setledge*." All along he had kept in touch with the old folks at Agerola, and jots down bitterly how he had to scold his four brothers for not giving him enough news. Nor does he fail in the Nabob's duty of generosity to his poor relations.

The moral that we learn from his letter book is that his heart beat over little else except home and money.

In loosely spelt but most expressive French we see revealed, page by page, the considered purpose from which he never departed of investing his earnings in trustworthy securities with a view to following them one day to Europe. With Captain (afterwards Sir) Claude Martine Wade, the Company's Political Agent at Loodiana, he maintained the most practical of correspondence. This officer, universally known by the appropriate title of the "Bukshee" or Paymaster, was the intermediary through whom Avitabile regularly remitted his *anakhai* rupees to be secured in the British treasury and forwarded as occasion offered to the great banking house of John Palmer in Calcutta. After Palmer's death he bought nothing but Company's paper; and finding Lord Ellenborough in a favourable mood at the close of the Afghan campaign, did not scruple to ask him for permission to transfer his savings direct to London without the intervention of brokers. A copy of his account current with Leadenhall Street leaves no doubt that the Directors actually granted his request.

With British functionaries, civil as well as military, he was always on the most affable of terms, ever ready to oblige as well as to be obliged. "Sikander" Burnes drove from Peshawur to Jamrood in his carriage and replenished the funds of the mission when they fell low by advances from the General's capacious coffers. More than one letter passed between the two, Avitabile rallying the new envoy "on being appointed to eat the good fruit of Cabul," whose well-stocked bazaars he had known only too well when struggling to reach Lahore with his companion in fortune Court. Towards Macnaghten his letters breathe even greater friendliness and he takes it positively amiss that Lady Macnaghten had not applied to him for some little things of which

he had heard she felt the need. These sentiments were not altogether reciprocated by our plenipotentiary, who strongly disapproved of Avitabile's policy of black-mailing the hill tribes, and in his confidential despatches to Government speaks of him as "the old Volpe." But this antipathy may be set down as a solitary instance. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Harry Fane, writes to him quite affectionately about an aide-de-camp nephew and his voyage of discovery down the Indus; and the young man himself devotes several pages of his journal in the Punjab to a favourable notice of his good-natured host. Messages of more than ordinary cordiality passed between Avitabile and Generals Willoughby Cotton and Keane, whose home addresses are still to be found recorded on the margin of his letter book. The officers of the army subscribed to present him with a piece of plate, and the universal feeling was voiced by Brigadier Wild when he wrote "the name of Avitabile has become a synonym for munificent hospitality throughout the British provinces in Hindustan." For his special friends, Mackeson, Wade and George Russell Clerk, he was always ready to exert himself to the utmost; and these "politicals" plied him unceasingly with requests and visits during the many months that the British camps were fixed near the capital of his Government at Peshawur.

Perhaps the most thoroughgoing testimonial as to the quality of the General's hospitality is the amusing, if somewhat ill-natured, story retailed by Colonel Seaton in his memoirs. Pollock's enforced delay in marching to the relief of Sale at Jellalabad was so keenly felt by all hands in the Garrison that the men of the 13th Foot composed and circulated a bogus general order to the following effect:—"The Governor-General has the

greatest satisfaction in tendering to General Pollock his warmest thanks for his gallantry and good conduct in so firmly maintaining his post in General Avitabile's comfortable house in Peshawur in spite of the urgent necessity for leaving it to advance to the rescue of the British Army beleaguered at Jellalabad."

Colin Mackenzie gives a most extraordinary account of the behaviour of Avitabile's troops at Peshawur and of the wonderful way in which he suppressed their attempts at mutiny. "With the exception of three regiments and some artillery, all the General's troops have, like their brethren, long disdained all submission to authority, as a weakness unworthy of disciples of the Guru. The Maharajah Sher Singh dares not let Avitabile march against the recalcitrants for fear of irritating them, and desires him to do the best he can for himself, as he can neither give him help nor countenance." On the 10th April 1841 he notes in his diary: "Things have come to such a pass that Avitabile has arranged a plan with Mackeson and myself for his escape should the worst come to the worst." The climax was reached in June of that year and Mackenzie's narrative of the events must be given in his own vivid words: "About five days ago the mutinous Kashmir regiment, the Colonel of which, Steinbach, has gone off to Lahore, was summoned to Avitabile's residence to be paid their arrears. Avitabile was taking his morning ride when his treasurer sent him a note saying that the battalion had mutinied for further gratuities and entreating the General not to return. 'I, on the contrary,' said Avitabile, 'thought I ought to return; I dug the spurs into my horse and galloped to my house. The guard turned out at the gateway, and as soon as the troops heard the roll of the drums they knew it was the General and fell into their

ranks. I galloped past the line ; went into my house ; summoned their chiefs and asked what all this commotion was about. They looked at each other, but nobody would answer. I then summoned the paymaster and made him relate what had occurred. I then said : " What is the amount, the troops demand ? " He said " Altogether ten thousand rupees." I said " Very well, make out an order for it." I signed it and he began paying them. Their demands grew more and more exorbitant. They treated him and the King's letter with contempt and ended by wearing out the Italian's patience. He ordered them out of his presence. Then they threatened him with the fate of the Kashmiri Governor. Fortunately some still faithful Najibs (irregular troops) were at hand. By their help the rioters were expelled the town, some, however, remaining. Of these Avitabile seized about a score, whose muskets were loaded. He also confined some officers of artillery and privates who had adventured to carry off the guns to the enemy. In the evening, Mackeson and I went to visit him, having been surprised at his sending us two companies of Najibs as an additional guard, whom we admitted into the garden with great reluctance, having no faith in them. He then disclosed his plans. He had secretly summoned several Afghan and Pathan chiefs and induced them, in the hope of plunder and reward, to assemble between three and four thousand fighting men outside the city. These were in the middle of the night to surround and attack the mutineers, giving them no quarter. ' After this work is done,' quoth Avitabile, rubbing his hands and chuckling in anticipated triumph, ' I shall blow all my prisoners from guns.' Away we went, and sent to the mouth of the pass for a hundred of old Skinner's men and fifty of the garrison of Ali Masjid to strengthen ourselves.

The tempestuous weather during the night, which was such that 'a child might understand', the 'deil had business on his han', prevented the tribes from assembling at the appointed hour, and the attack did not take place until daybreak. We could see the fight dimly from the tops of our houses, and our horses were saddled in case it should be necessary to betake ourselves to the mountains. The Sikhs retired from their tents to a small gharri and formed in and round it. Their discipline and the better quality of their arms and ammunition put them almost on a level with their numerous assailants who true to their nature (the idiots!), stopped after the first rush to plunder the tents, where also they found and cut to pieces some unfortunate Sikh women. Both sides suffered severely, for the troops fought with desperation. The mutineers lost three hundred and thirty and the Afghans even more. The ammunition of the latter being expended, they at length retired, forming however a sort of cordon round the enemy. Before sunset the affair was over, and they were carrying away the dead. " 'The Afghans,' said Avitabile, 'killed them with pleasure, for every man had a hundred rupees in his girdle, so the Afghans gladly cut off his head and took the rupees. If I had not done this, the whole garrison, who were waiting to see what would happen, would have mutinied in the night, and plundered and burned everything.' "

The sequel to this scene of retaliation is more terrific still: "30th June. To our astonishment at Peshawur the news of Avitabile's having let loose the hill tribes on the Sikh troops was approved of by the Maharajah Sher Singh. He was enabled to do this openly, owing to the absence of the bulk of his mutinous troops, whom he had bribed to take leave and visit their homes. He went so far as to exhort the Chevalier to go on with

his good work and disarm the discomfited troops, who, wholly panic-stricken, had already restored the money extorted from him previous to the attack, accepted their proper pay and agreed to go into the Eusufzai territory. At first they refused to give up their arms, and again all was in suspense; but Avitabile said to them, 'Submit entirely, give up everything which belongs to the King, or by sunset I will chop you into small pieces', and he imitated the action of chopping them up. The sun was nearly down, and perceiving that a second engagement with overpowering numbers must ensue in case of nonconfirmity, they were afraid, gave up their arms, sabres, tents,—everything. They were marched out and disbanded, and then actually begged for a guard to escort them to the river!"

It is from the General's private papers that we learn the true manner of his exit from the Punjab. His exertions and dangers during the last few years had gradually told on his strength. In vain did the successors of Runjeet Singh load him with favours and cover him with more laurels than a boar's head. In later life he could afford to complacently look back and recount his titles—"Aminulla Dowlah, Dilawar Jung Bahadur, Amanat Pena, Kerka Ba Sefa"—for the benefit of his biographer. But in 1843 he felt that his life was not worth a day's purchase unless he could get out of the country. In April he obtained his recall from Peshawur to Lahore, where he remained till the end of August and then took a month's leave to visit Sir George Clerk at Simla. The last letter in his letter book is one written from Ferozepore to Mackeson, asking him to bespeak a bungalow at Simla. A fortnight afterwards he received from his colleague Mouton at Lahore an account of the horrors of the 15th of September which literally turned the Sikhs

into a nation "sans foi, sans loi et sans roi." Maharajah Sher Singh, his son, and his minister Dhyan Singh were all foully slain and within twenty-four hours the fortress had been stormed and the murderers cut to pieces by the infuriated soldiery. Gardner, then at the height of his mad career as an Akali, records that with his own hands he laid the heads of Dhyan Singh's murderers at the feet of the frenzied widow. Mouton's letter concludes pathetically enough: "I congratulate you always in spite of the sorrow which it gives me, at your fortunate escape from this cursed place although I am well assured that nothing would have happened to you had you been here. You have always known how to win the friendship and good will of all parties in this country, and that in my eyes is the wisest policy one can adopt. I am convinced that those who are at the head of affairs regret you genuinely. Adieu, my dear General, do not forget us poor exiles, or more truly still, us poor prisoners."

Schomberg, who revisited Lahore just after the "troubles," gives a curious glimpse of the situation. "Nobody here," he writes, "ventures to discuss General Avitabile's conduct. His name is always pronounced in an undertone. The awe that he inspired when Governor of Peshawur has not yet subsided. It was at that time feared that he would seize upon the province. When he returned to Lahore and built the little fort in which he lives fresh alarm was excited. It was then feared that he would invite over the English and from the ramparts of his fort fire down on the natives. These reports, which were only whispered about, shew what an impression he had made on the minds of the people."

Meanwhile the hero of all these rumours had lost no time in placing his resignation in the hands of the Khalsa, and though at first (according to the English

newspapers) there was some talk of detaining Ventura as his hostage at Lahore for the twenty-seven lacs he was reported to be taking out of the country, both Generals were eventually allowed to retire from the Sikh service without difficulty.

Avitabile did not tarry on the hill tops for long. Calcutta claimed him for his last few weeks in the East and the grandees of Chowringhee vied with one another in civilities to the time-expired veteran at Spence's Hotel. Among the papers at Agerola is still preserved the invitation from Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, wife of Macaulay's collaborator in the Penal Code and well known later as an amateur photographer and the hostess in her Freshwater home of Tennyson, Garibaldi and Sir Henry Taylor. Mr. R. N. Cust, still living, who met Avitabile across the dinner table, describes him as a tall dignified old man, worn out and grizzled, quiet in speech and courtly in demeanour. The passport given him by the Italian Consul-General at Alexandria supplements these details with more exactness. "Height 1 metre 80; hair, beard, greyish; eyes, brown; face, oval."

On the 15th of December he left Calcutta for Suez in the P. and O. *Bentinck* and on the 18th of February 1844 he landed at Naples, with his fellow passengers, Prince Alexander Lieven, Sir Jasper Nicolls, lately Commander-in-Chief in India, and Monsignor Borghi, Bishop of Agra. At home honours and rewards awaited him. He was confirmed in the grade of General and made a Knight of San Ferdinando e del Merito, an order which half a century earlier had been worn by our own Nelson. King "Bomba" showed his royal appreciation by the gift of a gold snuff-box set with his cipher in diamonds. Avitabile responded by presenting Kashmir shawls, Persian carpets, Arab horses and—what sounds

curiously in these days—two Mahomedan boys, whom the King sent to be baptised and educated at the College of the Chinese Missionaries at Capodimonte, the same institution which in 1792 had supplied interpreters to Lord Macartney's Embassy to China.

After a brief visit to Agerola, Avitabile set out for France. We can imagine him greeting Court at Marseilles and congratulating the latter on his domestic felicity, which reached its climax on June 30th of this year, when the second Madame Court, *née* "Princess Fezili Azimdeen," was formally christened and remarried to him by Archbishop Mazenod.

From Marseilles Avitabile proceeded to Paris, where his reception was gratifying in the extreme. Some years back he had, together with Allard, Court, and Ventura, been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; and Louis Philippe, united as he was by marriage to the house of Naples, was most ready to favour so distinguished a compatriot of his consort's. He invited him to Neuilly and bestowed on him a pair of magnificent Sevre vases inscribed "Louis Philippe King of the French, to General Avitabile." Nor was his popularity in France confined to Court circles only, Although not on the same pinnacle of fame as Allard, whose biography had been hawked about the streets for a penny, the newspapers teemed with notices of his achievements and two years later a sketch of his career occupied the place of honour in the "Livre des Célébrités Contemporaines." Facts and dates were provided by the General himself, but so many errors crept into the text that there is a whole bundle of letters at Agerola dealing with corrections for a second edition. A hundred copies of the book were paid for and undoubtedly supplied; but not one is now to be found,

and so rare has the publication become that neither at Naples nor at Paris is its existence traceable.

But it was in London, naturally enough, that he excited the greatest interest. The British public recognised him as the person who had, as it were, macadamized the road for our armies to enter and leave Afghanistan, and those who made themselves the medium of the nation's gratitude did the honours nobly. Lord Auckland introduced him to Palmerston and to the leading statesmen of the day; and he was specially invited to Apsley House by the Duke of Wellington. What passed on the 20th of June between the Neapolitan magnifico and the greatest Duke in Christendom is not recorded; but the visit was certainly not one of ceremony only. Perhaps the most flattering mark of satisfaction he received was the resolution of the East India Directors "that his eminent services whilst Governor of Peshawur in co-operation with the British troops during the Afghanistan campaign fully entitled him to some enduring testimonial of the Court's grateful sense of his conduct." He was subsequently presented with a sword of honour worth 300 guineas. This costly weapon has long since gone the way of the General's other trophies, with the scimitar of Akbar and the two-handled sword of Greek construction, dug up from a tank near Wazirabad; but its empty scabbard was long exhibited with pride by his surviving relatives.

In August 1844 Avitabile returned to Naples. There are persons yet living who remember the suite of rooms he occupied in the Palazzo Calabritto, an immense and still a fashionable residence, in one of whose numerous apartments the British Consulate was housed in the last half century of the Bourbon regime. Here in this sunniest of cities, with its laughing lazzaroni and

pestering ciceroni, its pulcinello, its sbirri, its delightful bay, its fiery mountain, he passed a few short weeks ; but always long enough for his equipage to become a well-known figure in the Toledo, then the finest and liveliest street in Europe ; of which the Neapolitans have made a proverb that "Whenever God Almighty feels dull, he hires a window in Toledo." What a contrast to the dreary promenades round the bastions of Wazirabad with his free and easy comrade Court or the drives at Peshawur in the mule carriage of the last century, which seemed to tired Lieutenant Fane a vehicle of surpassing comfort !

Naples, however, had but a passing attraction for him. "Paolo Avitabile d'Agerola, Generale," as he now invariably styled himself, was as devoted to his native mountains as Warren Hastings to the Daylesford of his fathers. With his riches he might be king of the country around, having the whole valley in his hands to do it good or ill. He had hated idleness all his life long, and a new ambition now settled on him, that of castle-building. Levelling, altering, upheaving, he was happy again, subduing the earth to his will. Many stories are told of his indefatigable ardour. He first built himself a pleasure house at Portici. His energies then took root at Castellamare, where he was evidently influenced by the example of a Dugald Dalgetty, who like himself had drifted early to the East and returned home, so the saying went, laden with riches and infamy. This was Catello Filosa or Filose, who began life as a runaway sailor and ended it as general "dans le Mogol" and a millionaire. The details of his strange career are little known and he himself always made a mystery of them. Dying in 1820 at the age of 75, he left his memorial behind him in the two turrets known as the Towers of

the Great Mogul which overhang the town and may still be seen rather the worse for time on the hill above the admiralty dockyard. Below on the beach is the little square named California, where one bright summer day a parcel of urchins playing among the rubbish of some dismantled houses brought to light a shower of golden pieces. Tradition has it that the story of this Eldorado first filled Catello's boyish mind with wild fancies of making a fortune *colûte qui colûte* and settling down in his old age as the uncrowned king of his native city by the sea.

The house-hunting Avitabile did not have to cast about long for an eligible situation. At the rise of the road out of Castellamare to Gragnano are two little hills known as Salaro and Varano. For years their slopes had been thick with vines and orchards. On the crest of Salaro a ruined convent dating from the Angevin kings struggled bravely to show its head through the surrounding plantations. Here was a position any connoisseur might envy. Behind you the mountain; below the refulgent sea, and at your feet a city full of life and prosperity. Without delay the purchase deeds were made out in the name of Avitabile. Salaro was transformed into pleasure grounds; the Angevin ruin into a stately house, replete with every comfort on the true oriental plan. The metalled road still runs between the two opposing hills. Visitors may still admire the trim alleys, the terrace with its alluring prospect, the palatial stables reduced alas! to cowsheds, the painted halls, the garden seats, the statues. A southern room is always pointed out as the General's favourite apartment. It leads out into a long avenue between trellised vines, down which the lord of the mansion is said to have sallied forth each day on horseback. Within, on the drawing-room floor, a coloured mosaic represented

him in full uniform mounted on a snow-white Arab. The ignorant peasantry had many tales to tell of the horse and its master. It was whispered by gaping yokels that Avitabile when in India had sold his king for a fabulous sum to the English and fled for his life across the border on this mysterious steed, in whose ear he had only to whisper to make it run like the wind. The tessellated pavement has long since disappeared and the name of the Belvedere Avitabile with it. But the ghost of the General and his phantom charger still haunt the house on the Castellamare hill, now turned into a caravanserai for tourists.

But stories blacker than those of the magic horse came to be circulated about the satrap in his retirement. They are such indeed as it is painful to mention. There is no printed proof, no written evidence; but who is the resident in the neighbourhood that has not heard them? It was suddenly rumoured that in the palace he had reared, the semi-eastern Signor concealed a harem and had emissaries in the villages round to keep it supplied with inmates. The General's ways were certainly more than men could account for, and this report, whether exaggerated or not, produced the worst of impressions. It had been easy enough for a despot, like Ferdinand I. to set morality at defiance; and Dumas in his *Corricolo* (the raciest book ever written about Naples and the Neapolitans) did no more than echo the popular feeling when he passed off the royal indecencies with a sneer as part of the royal prerogative. But there was all the difference in the world between the peccadillos of a king and the vices of a subject. The Bishop of the diocese exerted his influence and Avitabile, if local information goes for anything, was asked to transfer himself and his failings elsewhere.

It may be that this scandalous story is but an invention, and that the neighbours of the General in his old age did too much "envy and malice" him. At any rate, and whatever the reason, he seems to have tired of the habitation at Castellamare and to have set his heart on constructing another, greater and grander, at Agerola. The country was again ransacked for workmen. Their sphere of operations was a vast site with a magnificent outlook at the extremity or punta of San Lazzaro. To this spot, well named Bel Sito, Avitabile repaired day after day from the paternal house at Acampora, eager to direct, suggest, superintend. So great was the military spirit in him, that he mustered his working folk like a little army, telling them off by companies with the regularity of a machine. Severe was the task which their commander had set them. Not only did the ground need levelling, but the whole side of the cliff had to be shored up and buttressed before even the foundations could be laid for the great king's palace.

To English eyes the building has something of the air of a fortress. Its hallmark is solidarity,—solidarity enough to stand a siege or resist a tempest. The porter's lodge with its greeting of "*beata solitudo*" bespeaks some home of ancient peace. But the bare bleak house is very different from its motto. You have half a mile of slope to climb, up a winding ramp, past tiers of ragged kitchen gardens. Every bend of the road seems haunted by battalions of spectres, by the tramp of that phantom brick-bearing army still working like fiends under a demon taskmaster in outlandish clothes and still more outlandish head-dress. Two sentry boxes to this day guard the threshold of the mansion. The doorway is barricaded by a back broken iron grille that grates rustily on its hinges. At each corner of the

parade-ground stand the stone kennels for giant watchdogs, who in their intervals off duty drew Avitabile the Magnificent round these ramparts in a little chariot.

And now let us mount to the topmost storey, up the stairs half blocked with rubbish, but underneath it all so firm and stable. The stucco, stained and peeled, has everywhere crumbled; but the walls, if battered, are tough and well nigh bomb-proof. You pass flight after flight of cracked floors and gaping ceilings to find yourself at last on a *loggia* or open terrace. Half the pavement has fallen in and you pick your way across an avalanche of debris. The railing round has been so often struck by lightning that the bars are all torn and twisted. At one end a disconsolate tower raises its head out of the ruin. Swallows and bats haunt this upper world of desolation and bird-nesting boys are the only human beings besides ourselves that have ever pried into its recesses.

Persevere to the summit and the prospect will more than reward you. The sky is the sky of Italy; but the horizon is the horizon of Switzerland. There are the caves and rocks and romantic solitudes which inspired so many of Salvator's landscapes! There is the cluster of villages in the lap of the mountain, which was more to Avitabile than all the kingdoms of the orient! And when arrived here at last pray what was the end of his homesick dreamings? Descend the stair and look once again into the first floor chamber. In one part of the wall you can just distinguish the paint of a fresco. Arms, guns, trophies, a flag, the laurelled fasces and the imperial eagle. The inscription above has gone. Was it the same, we wonder, as that which adorned his palace at Lahore? "La Mort ne surprend point le sage, Il est toujours prêt à partir." Did he remember it on that Holy

Thursday when he lay down to rest in his Italian castle and was taken out before nightfall, black, dead, stinking and intestate?

The last chapter of Avitabile's life is a strange mystery, more like the finale of an overwrought melodrama than a passage from real life. Now that the villains in the piece have passed away, the tale may be told without fear or prejudice. As heard by the enquiring Englishman, this is the manner of it.

General Avitabile determined, they say, to marry, either of his own accord or at the instigation of his relatives, who wished by a *mariage de convenance* to keep his money in the family. The lady proposed was his young niece Michela, daughter of his eldest brother Giuseppe, and no beauty, as her portraits testify. For such a union a papal dispensation was in the first place necessary. Meanwhile the girl was sent for a year to complete her education in the convent of San Marcellino at Naples; and at the end of the time, the dispensation having arrived, she was duly married to her wealthy uncle. From the first Michela did not take kindly to her new condition. She had given her heart elsewhere—to the village notary Luigi Acampora, a typical *bel uomo* of the South, with dark handsome clear-cut features. The friendship between the two went on even after the ill-assorted marriage. Vague suspicions reached the ears of Avitabile, who was heard to mutter that if he caught them at their tricks he would shoot them like a pair of pigeons.

For the present, however, he could think of nothing but his passion for building. Morning after morning at daybreak his tall figure was to be seen on the white horse riding to his beloved castle. By nature taciturn, he now hardly spoke to anyone save contractors and

workpeople. Sometimes he would leave Agerola for days together with a single attendant and return as suddenly. The peasants delighted in spreading tales of mystery about him. The castle was a veritable Hall of Eblis. There was a room in it heaped with money of different countries, which he would ladle out by the spoonful into the lap of any complaisant village girl who took his fancy. The vaults were filled, according to some, with treasure; according to others, with women. The one servant he kept had had his tongue slit in two to prevent him from informing against his master. Half ogre and half Don Juan, there was nothing that was not believed about the General. In secret his relations never ceased to pray for his early death, each one expecting at least a million out of his splendid income. He, meanwhile, as silent as the Sphinx and as busy as a slave-driver, was up early and late seeing to everything with his own eyes, descending upon the work-gangs at the most unexpected of moments.

Then on a sudden he took it into his head to move into the castle, in order, as he said, to be nearer his hobby. Only two storeys were fit for occupation at such short notice, and the elaborate system of hot water pipes, still discernible under the main staircase, was not even in working order. Such rooms as were habitable had to be temporarily warmed by pans of red-hot charcoal, which had previously burnt out their fumes in the open. The General with one man-of-all-work, a native of Pizzo, who had been bred a tailor took up his quarters in a spacious apartment on the first floor or *primo piano nobile*. From one window he could see the whole bay of Naples, from another the Gulf of Salerno. Little did he imagine how soon he would look on them for the last time.

On the evening preceding his death he had partaken, according to the usual custom, in Holy Week, of a dinner, in which the Paschal Lamb was the principal dish. Next morning he had engaged himself to start at five for Naples with the local apothecary Gennaro Lauretano, whose signature he wished to attest before his bankers, in order that he might send him down to draw his moneys and sign his receipts whenever occasion demanded. Five o'clock chimed and six o'clock; but still the General tarried. Gennaro grew more and more anxious. At seven o'clock he ran to the Castello to see what was the matter. The doors were shut and no one stirring. He burst into the General's room. In a corner stood a still smoking brazier, filled overnight, not with live coals, but fresh black pestiferous charcoal. Fumes filled the whole apartment. Avitabile was in bed. "Gennaro," he gasped, "they have poisoned me. *Salvami e vedrai chi è il Generale Avitabile*. Save me and you will see what the General Avitabile can do for you." Away flew the poor man home as fast as his legs would carry him and returned with every emetic and antidote that his little shelves could boast of. But it was too late. Nothing remained but to summon the Agerola priest, who arrived in time to administer to the dying man the last sacraments of the Church which he had so long neglected. Avitabile could still speak. He again feebly repeated that he had been poisoned. At two o'clock he expired in great agony. The confusion round his death-bed can be imagined. His wife was at Castellamare; the workpeople at their homes for Holy Week. Those that came to the house were told that the General was dying and ran away. The servant had disappeared, no one knew where.

The stories told about this man, whose name is well known and who died only a few years ago in the neighbourhood, form a fitting pendant to the ghastly scene in the death chamber. After cooking and serving his master's dinner, he laid hands on every valuable he could find and packed them up into convenient bundles. With three of the largest of these he crept out of the gateway. Where better can he deposit them till he returns than at the foot of the medieval stone Christ which still looks wistfully out of the wall opposite the church of San Lazzaro? He glances furtively around him. Yes, there is no fear. All is still in the starlit piazza. Only one hurried journey more and he will come back again through the wicket gate with the rest of the glorious plunder. But mark! a face at the window down the road is stealthily watching him. Sharp-eyed Salvatore feels sure that Domenico has not left the General alone at dead of night for nothing. He marks his every movement. No sooner is his back turned than he runs to the statue, removes the bundles and disappears with them down the mountain to Amalfi. In less than the time he had allowed himself, Domenico is back panting with another sackful. Maledictions on the eavesdropper who has forestalled him! This is indeed the judgment of God for those who dare to desecrate his holy image. He crosses himself in shivering fear and vanishes like a ghost into the darkness.

As might be expected, every effort was made at Agerola to hush up the truth about the General's dying moments. Both the local doctors, certified the death to be due to natural causes and effectually prevented any search for poison in the body by injecting it, according to the method of the times, with arsenic. The

magistrate of the place took no steps to hold an enquiry and was subsequently dismissed for negligence.

But the rumours of foul play were too strong to be stifled. Anonymous letters found their way to Naples and a special officer was sent down to investigate. Alas for justice under the Bourbons! The vast result of his exertions was the arrest and imprisonment of two persons on a charge of theft. They had been headmen of the workgangs and it was proved against them that they had despoiled the house of certain articles a few days before the final catastrophe. Not for long did they languish in confinement. One was released on the ground that his prison-labour had been of service in repairing the King's villa at Ischia; the other benefited by a pardon on the royal birthday. It was even whispered that King Ferdinand had not been altogether averse to the removal from his path of such a local terror as Avitabile, whose fabulous feats of drilling his hewers of wood and drawers of water had been reported at Court in a greatly exaggerated manner.

That the General was a person who bulked largely in the public eye is shown by the references to his death in contemporary newspapers. The *Journal of the Two Sicilies* for 31st March printed at the head of its very first column the news of his fatal seizure from "apoplexy" and promised a biography, which it never published. A fortnight later, the *Times* correspondent, writing from Caserta, the seat of the royal palace near Naples, reproduced the news with additions in a corner of his budget of information: "General Avitabile, so well known as the Governor of Peshawur and for his great wealth and building mania at Castel Mare, died a few days since of apoplexy in the splendid mansion which he had just completed. When pressed by a friend lately

to make a will, he said he would do so, as he felt he had but ten years more to live. On the tenth day from that he was dead intestate ; and his relatives, with whom he was not over-friendly, came into a large and almost unexpected division of spoil."

Like many another of a journalist's prophecies, this parting shot about the family windfall was anything but a true one. The tragedy of the death was soon forgotten in the comedy of the inheritance. So many *soi disant* cousins asserted their claims to the dead man's goods that "Avitabile's cousins" came to be the laughing-stock of the province. Suits after suits were launched in the courts and dragged on for years. The bulk of the fortune found its way into the pockets of the lawyers and very little into those of the innumerable claimants. He who endeavours to trace out the final adjudication of the case from the state archives at Naples will find himself completely baffled. References and cross-references, all ending in the one word "adjournment," lead him on from one cumbrous volume to another till the infuriated attendants refuse to help him further and he retires from the task in despair. The nephews at Agerola labour under an extraordinary delusion that vast sums are still lying unclaimed in England and Peshawur. If questioned for long about their ancestor, they believe that *il signor inglese* must be on the track of the millions himself.

The fate of the Castle is told in a few words. It was never inhabited again and never finished. During the year of disorder, 1860, it was occupied by brigands and sacked in the name of law and order by the *Guardia Mobile*. But nothing short of dynamite or an earthquake can ever demolish it. There it stands visible for miles around, gaunt and erect, a sort of ghoulish link

between the quick and the dead. Many a hotel speculator has hankered after it. Once a Berlin syndicate went so far as to pay the stipulated purchase money of sixty thousand francs into Meuricoffre's bank at Naples. But the sixteen heirs could never come to an agreement. It would seem as if the building were haunted and bewitched by the dying breath of its owner, the curse of the fatal *eredità Avitabile*.

Yet if he had only wished, Avitabile might have left a better souvenir to posterity than a broken-down castle in an out-of-the-way Italian village. It has been often said that every man can write *one* book—the story of his own life. Had Avitabile chosen to ply the pen in his retirement, we might have had a volume of reminiscences which would have bracketed him with Major Gahagan for romance and Barry Lyndon for adventure. By a singular fatality none of the white men who ate for so long the alien salt of the Sikh Maharajahs, took their courage in their hands to write for the public, excepting the Irish American Harlan; and his effort at fame was a bombastic narrative, soon forgotten. The Gardner memoirs consist of notes, conversations and anecdotes pieced together and published long after the lifetime of the narrator. Wildly exciting as they are, they record nothing of the *vie intime* of the other Europeans in Runjeet Singh's service, more especially of the Frenchmen and Italians, who always held aloof from their English and American brethren. What we have never had and what no one but an old Punjabi could now tell us, is the inner history of this cosmopolitan family, how its various members fared and felt and fought with one another, what the Generals thought of their captains, what all thought of their short, ugly, one-eyed, inscrutable Maharajah. Let us

suppose that Avitabile had given us a chapter of his life on the frontier, of the unwritten annals of Fort Peshawur, where morning, noon and night there was always something doing, from a durbar to a riot, from the unkennelling of a dead-alive fakir to the impaling of an infidel beefeater, from the purchase of a new slave to the visit of a strange sahib. With what gusto would he not have described his reception of Dr. Henderson, surely one of the most extraordinary products of the Company's service, a genius wandering mad, who turned up one day in his camp more skeleton than man, and after being treated like a brother was sent on his way again clothed most ill-fittingly in a new suit of the General's—only to die later on of cholera at Loodiana while under arrest at the hands of his own Government. That Avitabile's heart genuinely warmed towards this eccentric wayfarer is shown by the magnificent donation he sent for the erection of a tombstone. And what of the guests, more distinguished still, who knocked at the doors of Avitabile House on their way through the postern-gate of India—Yussuff Wolff and Sikander Burnes and Macnaghten, the great Elchee? It was at a grand entertainment Avitabile gave in honour of Macnaghten's arrival that a private letter from Burnes conveyed to the assembled Englishmen the first intelligence of the gallant capture of Khelat by their Bombay comrades and of the fall of their old enemy Mihrab Khan, sword in hand, within the walls of his own fortress. The old "Volpe" rose to the occasion and, bidding the gentlemen charge their glasses, drank to the victors, a toast received, as may well be imagined, with a British three times three. The walls of the "Ghorkhatra" never echoed to so loud a shout before or after. Those were the days of feasts and fireworks and nautches, civilities

in which the pleasure-loving General excelled. "His nautch girls," says a British officer who evidently appreciated them, "are a very good corps and strongly recommended by him in every way."

And now the revels are over and we pass with Avitabile into his own little sanctum, most curious, most comfortable, decorated from floor to ceiling with the loves of Hindoo deities. There in the corner stands the writing desk which has followed him everywhere in camp and where he has penned the many letters which now come to life again in the pages of his faded letter book. As the volume lies open before us, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. Fifty thousand rupees are ready to go to-morrow to the *bien heureuse caisse* of Wade at Loodiana and the elephant to carry them must start betimes on its journey. Why is Moonshee Suleiman waiting so long to take his last instructions? Suddenly he enters and with him a dusty trooper from up the country. Ventura Sahib has sent him with a letter and his Excellency must please see to it at once, as the missive is more than urgent. Run, Peri, run for your master's new glasses. What is there in those few hasty lines that his colour should change so quickly? A laconic letter indeed, but full of meaning; for it announces the death of John Palmer at Calcutta. Holy San Gennaro! There will be little sleep for Avitabile to-night. If only he knew that his precious investments were safe! In future he will forswear baboo and banker and trust only to Company's paper, the small profits and quick returns with which the phlegmatic Englishman is so easily contented. Even should the dead man's mortgagees play him false there are innumerable means of replacing the lost money. The Koochee Kheil tribe in the Khyber has

been more than usually troublesome last winter and a heavy blackmail will soon bring them to reason. Woe betide the headmen who are slow of payment! Execution Bastion outside the Kohat gate of Peshawur city still keeps up its name to-day as the summary sepulchre of those who defied the omnipotent orders of the terrible Abu Tabela. But gone alas! is his historic house and all its glories! Gone is that wonder of Peshawur, half caravanserai, half fortress, with its courtyards choked with armed men, with its bluebeard towers that kept concealed the lights of the harem. How little do we know of its many secrets! In his last years of ease at Agerola, Avitabile had wild moods of talking, letting the corners of dark things peep out and then shutting them up again with a look behind him, as if his memories of Peshawur were both strange and fearful. Into the ears of old Vanacore, the architect, he used to pour mysterious confidences, how at first he never slept twice in the same room, but shifted his bed nightly and had a fleet horse waiting saddled at all hours under the private gate of his palace, ready to carry him away post-haste whenever the power of his name and the guns of his fortress should cease to terrorize the scowling fanatics that chafed and rioted in the bazaars below him.

But if we know little of the real Avitabile at Peshawur, we know even less of his life at Lahore. Sixty years of the Pax Britannica have long swept away the residences of the French generals from the capital of the Land of the Five Waters. They stood outside the imperial city in the ruins of old Lahore, conspicuous among that sea of broken walls, tumbling towers, rent domes, solitary arches. Each house bore over its gateway the name and titles of its owner, in French, Punjabi, and Persian. On the road to the

far-famed Shalimar Gardens was the palace of *Avitabile*, occupying a site known as *Budhu-ka-awa* or the brick-kiln of Budhu. Close by rose the mansion of Court, while far away to the left a vast domed tomb which the Emperor Jehangir had reared to Akbar's favourite wife, Anarkali, had been converted into a residence by Ventura and Allard. In the grounds of this mausoleum Ventura had built himself a superb habitation. On the walls of the entrance hall between a noble range of pillars was painted the reception of the two generals at the Court of Lahore, introducing more than a thousand figures. The room adjoining was lined from top to bottom with gilded mirrors, like the *Galerie des Glaces* at Versailles, producing when illuminated a most dazzling effect.

Anarkali's tomb was used after the British conquest as a church. To-day the squat outlines of the modern secretariat hide its stately proportions and it serves the purposes of a mere lumber room. Near it is the resting place of Allard's infant daughter, whose little domed monument adorns, and gives a name to, the "Kuri Bagh" or "Girl's Garden." Who that has seen her little grave can forget the charm of the simple French inscription? "Cigît Mlle. Marie Charlotte, née le 12 Novembre 1826, décédée le 5 Avril 1827, fille de Monsieur Allard de Saint Tropez, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, général de cavalerie. Lahor le 14 Juillet 1827." Marie Charlotte has at least her name in our memories: but where is the monument to her father, who died twelve years later at Peshawur and was buried here by his little one's side?

Every one who knew Allard in the flesh is agreed that he was the most amiable and attractive of all these soldiers of fortune. We forget the strut of the turkey-cock

and think only of the kind fatherly figure with the splendid beard which Miss Eden has hit off so amusingly. "Allard," she says, "wears an immensely long beard that he is always stroking and making much of; and I was dead absent all the time he was there because his wings are beautiful white hair and the middle of his beard quite black. He looks like a piebald horse." • In Avitabile's letters he is always "le cher Allard," "il caro amico." How often must the two have sat together over the latest European gazettes, sent on by the obliging Wade at Loodiana, big with news from the Paris boulevards. "If I had 150,000 men" writes Avitabile, "instead of 150,000 rupees I would soon give a lesson to the sapient ministers of Louis Philippe." Although Allard was nominated *chargé d'affaires* for the Bourbon King at the Sikh Court, he always, like a true soldier of Napoleon, remained faithful to the traditions of the Empire. It was impossible for him to forget the rallying cry of "vive l'Empereur," and the campaigns he had served with Marshal Brune, whose aide-de-camp he had been and at whose side he had stood after the fatal day of Waterloo when his unfortunate patron fell by the hand of an assassin at Avignon. The Indian cuirassiers, his special pride, were a turbaned edition of the steel-clad horsemen of the *Garde Impériale*. The Francese Compo marched to arms under the Gallic eagle and the tricolour, writ large with the name of Guru Govind Singh, the Sikh Judas Maccabæus, mighty in prayer as in battle. All the regular troops used the French words of command. Victor Jacquemont, the well-known naturalist, who was Allard's guest in the Punjab, was astonished to hear his guard-of-honour manœuvre to the well-known sounds of "Peloton, halte; front; à droite alignement; reposez vos armes; formez les-

faisceaux." The very ceiling of his bungalow was painted in native style with his old friends the eagle and the tricolour. Had he paid a visit to Avitabile he would have been struck by his gallery of many-coloured frescoes, in which the incidents of the East were combined with the souvenirs of the West. Here was Runjeet Singh in all his glory; there Napoleon, and a portrait of a nameless European lady, whose identity we would fain discover. Over the doorway two inelegant angels held scrolls in their hands with French and Latin inscriptions. One was La Fontaine's couplet of Death and the Sage; the other was an Ovidian distich which has great force in its application to the career of these free-lancers in a foreign land "Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos Tempora si fuerint nubila solus eris." In the gardens outside, a little summer-house known as Avaki Patu gave a magnificent view of the city and neighbourhood, right away to the minarets of Jehangir's tomb at Shahderah. Close to each General's house we see the cantonment of his brigade and the lines of gunsheds bristling with cannon. In the distance gleams the wide plain of Meean Meer, the review ground of the army proudly saluted by the Sikhs as the Khalsa. Here were held the Potsdam parades and the pageants rivalling the Field of Cloth of Gold with which the Lion of Lahore was wont to entertain his friend and ally the British Governor-General. The face of the country is still what it was, but where are the brave palaces of those who drilled into shape these fire-eating legions?

And if our memory of Runjeet Singh's generalissimos is short, what of the thirty lesser Feringhees who officered his regiments and to whom Allard and Avitabile were as Tritons among minnows? These minor commandants and adjutants were surely as strange a medley of men

as ever picked up the crumbs from a great king's table. There were hirelings from every nation of Europe; the Greek Hest, hacked to death in the streets of Lahore, and his countryman Hureleek; Vocheñ the Pole and Moevius the Russian; Spaniards like Hommus and Hurbon, whose genius engineered the earthworks at Sobraon and who is memorable as the only European officer to actually serve in arms with the Sikhs against the British. Prussia sent Dottenweiss and Henry Steinbach, author of an indifferent book on the Punjab, who, in spite of exchanging the service of Runjeet Singh's successors for that of Gulab Singh of Cashmere, was always at the end of his resources and never ceased to importune Avitabile for money to escape homewards. His note of hand for 2,000 francs is still waiting payment at Agerola, with these words inked across it—"saved by me Luigi Acañpora, notary," who not only inventoried the dead man's papers but married the dead man's widow. Avitabile himself did not lack compatriots in the Punjab; Alvarine, who lies buried at Lahore, and Bianchi, "Bartolomeo Bianchi, native of Domodossola in the province of Novara" as is inscribed on the first page of the General's note-book. From Vienna hailed Francis Canora, heir to a property in America, who served the Sikh guns for seventeen years and fell a victim to the treachery of his own men at Hazara. From France came a group of *militaires*, all men of strange adventure and none more so than Benoit Argoud, reddest of republicans, whose father had died fighting for the Emperor at Wagram. A first class soldier and the best drill master in the Punjab, his fiery temper and love for the bottle lost him every position he obtained. Crossing the Balkans as a Turkish spy, he served first Runjeet Singh and

then Dost Mahomed, quarrelled with both and joined a caravan of Afghan smugglers, from whom he learnt every secret route and bypath of the mysterious Khyber, Bolan and Black Mountain. Of a different stamp was Mouton, ex-captain of Spahis, who, after narrowly escaping summary execution with his wife during the mutinous times of Sher Singh, survived to fight side by side with Englishmen in the Crimea. Then there was Dubuignon, picked up by Ventura from the service of the Begum Sumroo and married by him to his own sister-in-law. After the downfall of the Sikhs, he put aside the sword for the *kalamdan* and sat down in peace as a merchant at Loodiana. There was Ventura's aide-de-camp Auguste Delafont, sent in the nick of time as staff officer to Wade, for whom he kept the peace between the Khalsa contingent at the front and Wade's own impatient sepoys. There was Monsieur Amise, known as Musa Farangi, of whom all that is remembered is that he dared to desecrate the tomb of Jehangir at Shahderah and was found next morning on the platform of the sarcophagus, huddled up face downwards and at the point of death. The others are but fleeting shadows; the Facieus, father and son; De l'Ust; Jervais; poor De la Roche, killed by a fall from his charger; and a singular character named Boeuf, long thought to be a mythical personage only introduced *pour rire* as an antithesis to Mouton. Last came a handful of English-speaking men of all conditions, blue blooded as well as mongrel. Some were of gentle birth like Van Cortlandt, and Foulkes, and Macpherson. One, the murdered Matthew Ford, had long held the King's commission and boasted relations at Simla of the high-sounding name of Ponsonby, for whom Avitabile long strove to recover the arrears

of the dead man's pay. There was Campbell, an old servant of the Company, who once raised Shuja-ul-Mulk a Hindustani Regiment and whose daughter still lives in far-off Cabul. There was Carron, a secret agent of the British ; and other adventurers, whose adventures no man has yet recorded—Fitzroy and Barlow and Martindale and Gordon. At the opposite end of the scale was the Eurasian Jacob Thomas, an unworthy son of George Thomas, "Jarge Behawder," the runaway Irishman who, had it not been for his devotion to the wineflask, might have become the Emperor of his own India. And what manner of man was the commandant whom Burnes found at the mouth of the Khyber ? Leslie *alias* Rattray, *alias* Fida Mahomed Khan, looking in his Afghan *deshabille* more like a dissipated dervish than a military man. This wastrel had an extraordinary history, which he wrote out and gave to Burnes, but which perished with the latter. What a curiosity, too, must have been Colonel John Holmes, at whose murder a long list of dependants put in claims for compensation, including no less than *two mothers* ?

Nor would the tale be complete without a mention of Martin Honigberger, a native of Transylvania, who spent five and thirty years in the East, fifteen of them as court physician at Lahore. Prince Soltykoff hits him off amusingly in one sentence : " Il y a figurez vous chez les sikhs un docteur portant une longue barbe et un uniforme en satin jaune brodé d'argent." Though a doctor and nothing but a doctor, he was compelled by the Maharajah to superintend a gunpowder and gunstock manufactory, and repeatedly pressed to accept the government of a province. By nature the most humane of men, he must have chafed exceedingly at having to concoct the intoxicating

cordial with which his imperious master gradually drank himself to death, a veritable liquid fire distilled from Cabul raisins and sugared with powdered pearls. To Avitabile Honigberger owed his introduction at court, and with Avitabile he lived for three years in his house, the Sammān Burj, at Wazirabad, curing him of a variety of ailments, from a sprained ankle, all but mortified by native treatment, to a contraction of the muscles of the face, which his long crooked nose rendered the more noticeable. This nervous disorder the good doctor ascribed to immoderate indulgence in champagne, which affected the brain; and when he heard of his host's subsequent death in the autumn of his life in Italy, he at once put it down to the same cause. "The pleasure which he took in seeing people hung up by the dozen" must be attributed, he says, to the same mental affection. Without impugning the good faith of the doctor, it is but justice to Avitabile to state that no one else accuses him of over-devotion to drink. At Agerola, where his failings were the talk of the neighbourhood, we hear nothing of the bounding of the champagne cork.

The real clue to Avitabile's insensibility to suffering as well as to his whole character must be sought in his rude bringing up and early environment. He was from first to last "un homme de montagne," rough, hard, brutal, obstinate, indefatigable. All the polish and manners he ever acquired were but skin-deep; the *infarinatura* as his countrymen would call it, the flour in which the meat is wrapped to make the pasty. When quite young, he was caught by the Napoleonic idea of "la gloire," a conception thoroughly in keeping with the Neapolitan love for effect, profusion and glitter. This explains the pomp and parade with which he

surrounded himself wherever he went ; the grand air of his Indian bungalows, rich with frescoes and spandrels ; the purple and fine linen ; the effeminate Afghan favourites lounging perpetually behind his chair ; the showy entertainments lavished upon his guests ; all so many appeals to fame, all so many bids for notoriety. His one ambition in his Italian retirement was to build palazzo after palazzo, each more imposing than the other, calculated solely to impress his neighbours and his generation. By such display and dazzle would his name live after him : they would be his commemorative sign-boards, his short-cuts to posterity. But side by side with this aggressive ostentation are found simple touching traits, the love of nature, the affection for home, which, however obscured at times, lie deep in the heart of every highlander. When at the summit of his power in India, he longs for a sight of the dear valley where the mountains look on Agerola and Agerola looks on the sea. Scattered in his diary are to be found stray comments on the beauties of nature jotted down with evident delight on his journey from Naples to Lahore. He limits himself to a line a day on a few small leaves of cartridge paper ; but this stolid jumble of dates and places occasionally surprises us with the most naïve of observations. Arriving at Peshawur on the last day of January 1827, he records the name of his host Pir Mahomed Khan (brother of the Afghan chief who then held the fortress) and then across the page breaks out into the only exclamation he allows himself on first entering India : “ *La primavera è cominciata, alberi son fioriti, tutte sorte di fiori.* ” “ Spring has come in ; trees all in blossom and every sort of flower.” The following week he visits the once splendid Wazir Bagh, the gardens of delight of the ambitious Wazir, Futteh Khan.

and expatiates in one line on the "delicious spot, the lovely view and lovely flowers." Nor were these the only occasions when his rough heart could relax its hardness. Sir Richard Burton, surely the most original Englishman of last century, whose star and glory are of another magnitude to Avitabile's, relates that when passing through Egypt on his celebrated pilgrimage to Mecca, he was in some way mistaken for the famous Governor of Peshawur; and that a party of Indian Mahomedans travelled a long way to see him, relying on the well-known liberality of Abu Tabela towards the poor and distressed.

Alla Kerimast! "God is beneficent," as Avitabile himself would have said, in that He has given the present writer an opportunity of conversing with one who has seen the General in the flesh. The veteran war correspondent, Sir William Howard Russell, the hero of nine campaigns and four score years and five, can distinctly remember seeing him in his retirement at Naples; and though from the belief that he spoke no other tongue but Italian, he did not venture to address him, he was still able after sixty years to vividly recall the man whose name was then in everyone's mouth, as he sat opposite him at a hotel table overlooking the Castello dell' Uovo. Neither handsome nor ugly, he was a man of striking appearance; tall, broad-shouldered, dark-complexioned, with grizzled moustache and drooping whiskers, strangely unkempt for one who had been a soldier, and eyes of extraordinary brilliancy. One eyelid drooped, doubtless from the effects of the disfigurement treated by Dr. Honigberger; the nose was large and Jewish; the face pitted with small-pox. Stout, but not bloated, he seemed overburdened with flesh as he walked leaning on a stick and the arm of a soldierly

attendant. His head he carried slightly bent forward, but there were no signs of ill-health about him. His voice as he raised it to call for the waiter could not fail to be remembered; resonant and rough, but in every way commanding.

This pen portrait may be compared with the painted likenesses that exist at Agerola. One is a small and indifferent picture, taken by an unknown artist, perhaps in Persia, in the days when Avitabile was colonel and khan in the Shah's service. It is now in the possession of Don Paolo Avitabile, namesake and nephew of the General, to whom he is supposed to bear a striking resemblance. On the back it bears the following note in the clearest of handwritings: "Dear brother, as soon as this picture is finished, you will have made for it a frame like that of the picture of the King of Persia, your affectionate brother 'Paolo Avitabile.'" It represents him at the age of about thirty, with a long clean-shaven rather melancholy face, bushy black hair, arching eyebrows and natty whiskers. He wears a French uniform with dark blue sleeves and a red plastron, gold lace epaulettes and two decorations, evidently Persian. The whole has a certain family likeness to the pictures one knows so well of the French republican Generals Kléber, Hoche and Desaix.

The other portrait is an enormous full length canvas, begun during his lifetime and finished after his death. Its painter was a certain De Folco of repute, who charged the heirs the exorbitant sum of 24,000 francs, as is testified by his receipt, still in existence. This picture is in wretched preservation and once fell with a crash from its frame, which has long since been discarded. The artist has represented his subject standing, with his horse held behind him by an Indian

attendant, while another turbaned figure waits at his side. Avitabile is in full uniform with a perfect constellation of orders. His face is stern and set, his moustache grizzled, his hair whitening.

In striking contrast to this state picture is the sketch of the "Chevalier General," dashed off by James Atkinson in 1841. He is taken seated, with a dancing girl in his lap and a table by his side, on which he rests his elbow to read a paper. Our hero is bearded like the pard. He wears his favourite tasselled cap, blue uniform coat and capacious trousers. This grotesque production, which has never been published, is to be found in Atkinson's original sketch-book where it is labelled "le Chevalier General Avitabile, Peshawur, reading dispatch from Lahore, regarding the Revolution, January 20th 1841."

Yet another likeness is to be seen in Colesworthy Grant's pen-and-ink cartoons of local celebrities, published at Calcutta in 1844. Avitabile is here made out as a portly personage with hooked nose and superabundant whisker. Gorgeous in a cocked hat and richly frogged tunic, he points with outstretched arm to a distant scene, covered with trains of artillery.

Peace be to his ashes! The visitor to Agerola who pauses before his last resting-place in the church of San Martino at Acampora can follow him, though he knows it not, from the cradle to the grave. For the wall of the church is one with the wall of the house adjoining, which is the ancestral home of all the Avitabiles. The room where the General was born is separated by but a few feet of masonry from the grave where he lies buried. A great marble slab marks the spot with a bust in basso-rilievo. The epitaph, in spite of some mortuary magniloquence, is not ill-chosen. After enumerating

his various orders, "of the Legion of Honour ; of San Ferdinando e del Merito ; of the Durani order (of Afghanistan) ; Grand Cordon of the Lion and Sun and of the Two Lions and Crown of Persia and of the Bright Star of the Punjab " it concludes : " To Lieutenant-General Paolo Avitabile, born the 25th of October 1791 at Agerola, where he died the 28th of March 1850. Naples, First Lieutenant ; Persia, Colonel ; Lahore, General ; Pisciavor, Governor. *Uomo di somma gloria e fortuna.*"

There is a story told of a strange lady who visited Agerola not long after the General's death and spent hours with a heavy heart before his monument. Can it have been the Begum Peri, flown hither from the East, or the nameless heroine of the Lahore portrait ? We too have lingered over long in the sacred precinct. The church is darkening as we leave it. A careless sexton has leant a dusty ladder against the tomb, quite obscuring the niche with its graven effigy. But the sunset pours a flood of light on the words above it. " A man of matchless glory and fortune." Whether famous or infamous, Avitabile lies in his long rest at last. Here after all his land faring and seafaring, his triumphs and his dangers, his loves and his hates, Scapigliato, the old Volpe, has come to his own again for ever.

JULIAN JAMES COTTON,
(*Madras Civil Service*).

Art. II.—LAYS OF ANCIENT GREECE.

I.—MARATHON.

All hail, divine Athena,
Child of a mighty sire,
Who wreckest ancient cities
To glut Thy heart's desire ;
The Virgin our Protectress,
Who warrest in the gate
With golden spear and aegis,
The Guardian of our state.
We bow before Thy portals,
We raise the song on high,
Bestride the prancing horses,
And drag the galley nigh :
O clear-eyed queen immortal
Who gazest evermore
Across the hills and valleys
Of Thine unconquered shore.
Thine was the art that moulded
That glorious ship of old
Which sailed through unknown waters
To win the Fleece of Gold :
Thine was the hand that guided
Its course amid the waves ;
Thy wisdom watched and warded,
As still to-day it saves.
Thou lovest war, great goddess,
To manifest Thy might ;

Against all lawless violence
Thou standest for the right :
Thou breathest steadfast courage,
As calm and deep and true,
As stern and still and godlike,
As Thy clear eyes of blue. .

The love of all Thy children
Enfolds Thee like a shield,
Who learn from Thee to suffer
All chance by flood and field ;
Relying on Thy succour
When mortal counsels fail
To strengthen the weak-hearted
To stand and to prevail.

As Thou didst spur to valour
Neath Ilion's windswept wall
The kings who called upon Thee
To work that city's fall,
What time the gods together
Came down to war with men ;
So in the hour of danger
We called on Thee again.

Once more, O Heavenly Wisdom,
The hearts of men were stirred,
And Victory flew hither
At Thy constraining word ;
Once more has Hellas trodden
In dust the pride and boast
Of Asia's gathered myriads,
For Thou wast with our host.

To Thee the smoking altars
Throw high their grateful flame,

Through all Thine ancient city
Rise anthems to thy name :
All hail, Eternal Pallas,
Behold us as we meet
Rejoicing in Thy mercy
To worship at Thy feet.

Hail too, Thou King of Terror,
God of the golden flute,
Lord of the spreading forest,
Too long have we been mute :
No altars have we builded
No hymns addressed to Thee,
Guardian of fair Arcadia,
Lover of fount and tree.
Yet Thou didst spring to aid us
In that mysterious hour,
And in our sorest need didst hear,
Filling our foemen's hearts with fear,
Shuddering dread to feel Thee near
In all Thy magic power.

Henceforward through all ages
Thou sharest in the feast
The draughts of wine and honey,
The flesh of fattened beast ;
The smoke wreaths curling upward
Above Athena's shrine
Clasp in the air the column fair
That rises now from Thine :
And on the floor of heaven
Her smile shall bid Thee know
How well Her sons remember
Thine aid against the foe.

Ten years have passed and faded
Since the Milesian spoke
Calling on the Twelve Cities
To spurn the tyrant's yoke ;
They rose in eager answer,
And loud across the sea
They cried upon all Hellas
To help them to be free.

A mournful silence brooded
Upon Eurotas' banks,
No heroes sprang to battle
From Sparta's iron ranks ;
Arcadia sent no succours,
Boeotia raised no hand,
From the Corinthian harbours
No ship put forth from land.

In Hera's far-famed stronghold
There were great thoughts of heart,
Two cities, and two only,
Chose then the nobler part :
From Athens and Eretria
Those stalwart rovers came
Who wrapped the towers of Sardis
In clouds of smoke and flame.

Fast sped the news to Susa,
By Fate's decree to bring
On all the coasts of Hellas
The wrath of the Great King.
He sat in all his glory,
Who reigned on earth alone,
Surrounded by his satraps,
High on his royal throne.

He smiled at those strange tidings

A smile of princely scorn,

Holding Ionia helpless

As is the babe newborn :

A few short moons, and swiftly

Would his avenging hand

Lay all her pride in ashes

And darken all her land.

But at the name of Athens

He deigned to ask aloud

If any there had knowledge,

Amid his princes proud,

Concerning this new people

Beyond the western waves ;

That he might send and make them

For evermore his slaves.

Then answered one, and told him

Of Hellas and her isles,

Of Phoebus with his arrows,

Of Hermes and his wiles :

Of every hallowed mountain,

Of every sacred spring,

Of all the bygone heroes,

And each long-buried king.

Up rose the king Darius,

Full stately and full slow,

Called for his golden quiver,

Called for his royal bow :

He shot a flying arrow

High in the silent air,

Then smote his hands together

And spake a solemn prayer.

“Thou King of earth and heaven,
Give ear and witness ; I,
Sole ruler of all Asia,
Whose words may never die,
Do vow to burn to ashes,
Upheld and helped by Thee,
The city of this people
That wrongs my realm and me.”

Then bade he one beside him
Three times in every day
To whisper him remember
The prayer that he did pray :
Thrice as he sat at table
To give the warning :—“ Sire,
Remember the Athenians :”
To keep awake his ire.

And so forlorn Ionia
Heard along all her coasts
The thunder of his captains,
The tramp of vengeful hosts :
The fierceness of his anger
Was mightily outpoured ;
Her maids were borne to bondage,
Her sons were slain with sword.

Shrill rose the wail of anguish
From many a captured isle ;
From Chios, Lesbos, Tenedos,
Laid barren mile by mile :
His galleys watched the coastline
And held each harbour mouth,
While hand in hand the spoilers
Swept down from north to south.

At length the daily warning
Breathed in the Great King's ear
A mighty army gathered,
To bring his vengeance near :
From all the six score provinces
That owned his sovereign sway
His legions drew together
On the appointed day.

For eighteen moons those squadrons
Came marching to the shore
Where the stream of the White Syrians
Flows past those ramparts hoar
Raised by the seer who vanquished
Mycenae's wisest son,
And slew him with fierce sorrow
Of old in Colophon.

The satrap Artaphernes
Led Western Asia's bands
From Tarsus in Cilicia
To Mallus' golden sands :
From Susa's royal ramparts
Datis the Median came,
Bringing the flower of Persia's power
From many a land of fame.

Six hundred galleys mustered
To bear that swarming host
Over the whispering ocean
To land on Athens' coast :
There were the keels of Hellas
From Lade's silent shores,
And, worked by swarthy mariners,
The Tyrian sails and oars.

From six and thirty nations
The best were gathered then,
The foot were five score thousands,
The horse were thousands ten :
Till at the word of Datis,
With shouts of warlike glee,
Mid strains of martial music,
The fleet put out to sea.

The sea nymphs gazed in wonder,
With faces pale and wan ;
Swift o'er the gleaming waters
The East wind bore them on :
King Zeus withheld His thunders,
Smiled bright the God of Day,
Poseidon grimly watching
In peace and quiet lay.

They skirted sea-girt Samos,
Where reigned the sumptuous king
Who sought in vain to purchase
Fate's favours with a ring :
And first on marble Dia
That great armada swept,
To harry all the headland
Where Minos' daughter wept.

Thence to the sacred island
Chained in the changing deep
With adamantine fetters
To shield fair Leto's sleep ;
Inviolable and holy,
The birthplace of the Twain,
Giver of light to mortals,
Bringer to birth through pain.

And even the barbarians
When those still peaks they saw
Shrank from all deeds of violence,
And worshipped in their awe :
Unsullied stood His temple,
Uninjured dwelt Her shrine,
While the invader's incense
Drifted across the brine.

Yet He, the son of Leto,
Gave forth a portent dread :
The solid earth was shaken,
He veiled His face o'erhead :
In gloom and murky darkness
His suppliants went their way,
Cleaving the lurid waters
That scarcely broke in spray.

Poseidon looked upon them
From steep Geraistus' height,
Nor raised as yet His trident
To overwhelm them in His might ;
But in Carystus' quarries
The toilers quaked to view
That line of gliding galleys
Stretching across the blue.

For six brave days Eretria
Held out against the foe,
Fighting for life and freedom,
Till traitors laid her low :
A curse upon the cravens
Who took the Median gold,
And swayed by filthy lucre
Their name and honour sold !

Home of the old Abantes,
What wailing filled thy shore
As onward to Aegilia
The Persian galleys bore
That dismal band of captives,
Linked each to each with chains,
To perish far from Hellas
On Asia's burning plains.

Thence over against Marathon
Their vessels they did bring,
Down the Euripus channel
Led by the ancient king :
Between the famous marshes,
Beside Charadra's flow,
They pitched their proud pavilions
And bade their trumpets blow.

Now in the Violet City
Was tremor and affright,
The gates by day were guarded,
The watch-fires flared at night :
From all the Attic borders
With faces white with fear
Lone shepherds left their flocks unfed,
Farmers forsook their fields and fled,
Sailors swarmed inland in their dread
To snatch at shield and spear.

Pheidippides the runner
To Sparta sped in haste ;
He ran by fount and forest
By mountain wold and waste :
His heart was sore and heavy,
But gallantly he ran ;

Until at length his flying feet
Echoed on high Parthenium's seat,
Where, in a haze of golden heat,
He met the great god Pan.

Pheidippides the runner
Stood still and shook with awe,
With fluttering vest and heaving breast,
Half doubting if he saw ;
But knowing well within him
If he had seen aright,
Come weal or woe to friend or foe,
His doom was endless night.

Clear spake the Lord of Terror
To whom the Arcadians pray :
" Bear thou my word to Athens
Upon thy homeward way ;
Bid them be strong, and fear not
To face the unequal fight ;
The gods who live for ever
Will battle for the right."

Then to the unfenced city
By proud Eurotas' stream
Pheidippides the runner.
Sped on as in a dream :
Upon his face the glamour
That evermore doth dwell
On them whose eyes are opened,
Whom the gods love too well.

He stood before the Ephors
And told his tale of fear,
The fulness of the peril,
How sore it was and near ;

They heard him, and they answered
In straight-flung words and few,
As is the wont of Spartans
In all things that they do.

“ Help will we send to Athens,
Two thousand Spartan swords,
With Allies and with Helots
To march behind their lords :
Yet move we not to battle,
How keen soe'er the cause,
Till the moon attain her fulness,
According to our laws.”

Back, on his latest journey,
Pheidippiðes went forth ;
With eyes alight and shining
He hastened to the north :
With sinews more than mortal,
Filled with the strength of Pan,
The well beloved of heaven,
Swift as a hart he ran.

Meanwhile the lords of Athens
Were locked in high debate,
Which were the truer wisdom,
Which were the will of Fate ;
To hold the ancient city
Upon its rocky height,
Or go forth valiantly, and meet
Their foes in open fight.

Then rose the son of Cimon,
Sprung from a noble race,
He who had ruled as tyrant
Beside the coast of Thrace ;

Who in his love for Hellas
Had cast away a crown,
And dwelt a simple citizen
In his dear native town.

He was the sternest foeman
The Great King ever knew,
His was the voice that prompted
To cleave the bridge in two,
Whereby the King Darius
With all his famished host
Might perish in the wilderness
Of Scythia's icy coast.

Now mid the doubting generals
He spoke with purpose high,
And bade the men of Athens
Go forth to do or die :
To save the virgin city,
High on her lofty rock,
And trust the fate of Hellas
To battle's iron shock.

He pointed to their temples,
Then out across the plain,
And called them forth in fury
To slay or to be slain ;
By all the gods in heaven,
By children, hearths and wives,
To make the mighty venture
At hazard of their lives.

He spoke with bitter mockery
Of Persia's hireling bands,
The sweepings of the nations,
Though countless as the sands :

Should Hellenes quake and shiver
Behind a wall of stone
In terror of mere numbers,
Afraid of those alone ?

Not so had fought their fathers,
Who, with a reckless joy,
Dared all the might of Asia
On the broad plain of Troy ;
They gave the foe the rampart
And camped upon the shore,
Binding their race for ever
To fight in open war.

Callimachus the Polemarch
He called upon by name
To save the Violet City
From slavery and shame ;
And silence every traitor
Who darkly schemed to bring
The sunny land of freedom
Under the ancient king.

" Behold," he cried, " Callimachus
If we go forth to fight
The gods who live for ever
May aid us of their might :
If here we bide in leaguer
Behind our scanty walls
We die of want and hunger,
Die, and the city falls.

But, if we win, our Athens
Holds the first place in Greece ;
Our shores are freed from rapine,
Our city dwells in peace ;

Our ships sail forth unhindered
Across the sapphire sea :
Our council is divided,
The answer lies with thee."

Then, having mused in silence
While one might count a score,
The Polemarch Callimachus
Gave forth his vote for war :
And all the nine Strategi
Each yielded up his sway,
Bidding the son of Cimon
Take order for the fray.

The army marched on Marathon
Straightway at his decree,
And lay upon the mountains
Over against the sea :
Nine thousand brazen hoplites,
Of every tribe the flower,
To stake the hopes of Hellas
On one immortal hour.

Even as they chose their station,
Guarding to left and right
The roads that led to Athens,
Came marching through the night
A slender line of warriors,
Whose clear and martial tramp
Was lost amid the cheering
That rose from all the camp.

The heroes of Plataea,
One thousand spears in all,
Drew to the aid of Athens,
With her to stand or fall :

Bound by the ties of honour,
Unstayed by selfish fears,
They came to pay on that great day
The debt of former years.

Four days and nights, the Hellenes
Clung to that mountain side,
Looking upon the Median camp
Spread out in all its pride :
There six and thirty nations
Had all their flags unfurled,
Servants of one dread master,
The lord of half the world.

Dark in the Autumn evenings
The drifting smoke arose
From all the myriad camp-fires
That lighted their repose :
So thick across the heavens
Zeus spreads his murky cloud,
Ere through the quaking universe
His hunder peals aloud.

There rose an ancient temple
To fair Alcmena's son,
To honour through all ages
His mighty labours done :
And here the Grecian leaders
Met on the fateful night,
Urged by the son of Cimon
To force the foe to fight.

" Too long," said he, " we tarry,
While danger hems us in ;
The traitors in our city
Plot still their dastard sin :

That monstrous army lingers
Upon Euripus' shore
Till some concerted signal
Shall open wide the door.

And therefore on the morrow
Ourselves will take the field ;
Bid all the host be ready
With spear and sword and shield :
Onward, ye sons of Hellas,
Across the sloping plain,
Strike home for life and freedom,
And heap yon shore with slain."

The sixth of Metageitmon
Beheld that bold descent ;
The Medians poured to battle
From every ship and tent :
" Whom the gods doom to slaughter
They fill with madness first,"
Muttered the Persian captain,
Watching that onset burst.

The Polemarch Callimachus
Raised both his hands on high,
And vowed to the chaste Huntress
Who lights the midnight sky
That on her smoking altar
In triumph he would lay
An ox for every spoiler
Who died upon that day.

Under the royal standard,
The Persian and the Mede,
Datis and Artaphernes,
Sat each upon his steed :

And, waiting in fierce anger
• To have his heart's desire,
Stood the old king of Athens,
With eyes of sombre fire.

Loud cried the sons of Hellas
Above the battle's roar :
" Thine own Hipparchus waits thee
On Hades' dusky shore :
Know that the Violet City
Hath no more need of thee ;
Thou who wouldst break to bondage
The spirits of the free."

On came that sweeping crescent
Flashing in armour bright ;
Callimachus the Polemarch
Commanding on the right :
Then stretched the tribes in order,
According to their rank ;
The hoplites of Plataea
Closing the other flank.

The wings were strongly marshalled,
The centre weak in power ;
Leontes and Antiochis,
Alone, against the flower
Of the barbarian legions
Moved in a cloud of dust,
Led by the son of Neocles
And him men call the Just.

Now, massed in thick battalions,
Gathered the Median host,
Pressing amid the tumult
Each to his wonted post :

The Persians and the Sakae
Holding the pride of place,
The centre of the army,
The guerdon of their race.

The subject nations crowded
To right and left of these,
And many a barbarous warcry
Rang out upon the breeze :
No thought took they for order
When that great fight began ;
Nor sorrowed for their absent horse,
Looking to whelm that little force
Charging upon its headlong course,
And crush it man by man.

But, as the waves of Athos
Break on each iron rock,
So broke the ranks of Asia
Before that sudden shock :
To right and left the nations
Went down before the charge,
As the long spears drove inward
Through breastplate and through targe.

Alone where in the centre
The native Persians fought
Was stark and stern encounter,
And deeds of arms were wrought ;
The Hellene line was halted,
Its onward rush was stayed,
By flights of countless arrows,
By axe and shield and blade.

As turns in wrath the lion,
• When bearing off his prey,
To face the shouting shepherds
And scare their dogs away,
So, while the subject nations
In panic terror fled,
The Sakae and the Persians
Stood firm amid their dead.

High rose the whirling scimeter,
And fell, and rose again,
Fast flew the whistling arrows
As thick and close as rain,
And step by step the hoplites
Were driven from their post,
Back up the sloping ridges
And further from the coast.

Yet, while the foe was pressing
The centre's broken ranks,
The wings paused in their triumph
To fall upon his flanks :
Right glad were then the fliers
To hear the Paeon swell,
And turned to meet their comrades
Amidst the bloody mell.

They clashed awhile together,
Till not a wicker shield
Nor proud tiara flaunted
Above the stricken field :
And underfoot lay trampled,
In mire and dust and gore,
The pennons of the Sakae
That never sank before.

Strong men were hewn in pieces,
Striving to strike a blow, "
The weak were crushed and mangled
In writhing heaps below :
There was no thought of quarter,
Of mercy, or of gain,
In that tremendous slaughter
Upon the central plain.

Swiftness, and skill in shooting,
And strength of single might,
Availed not in that struggling mass
Pressed in too close for fight :
Till a great shout of triumph
Burst from ten thousand lips,
To see the swarming myriads
Fly shrieking to the ships.

Then formed the bravest foemen
A close and serried ring,
Around those haughty satraps,
About the ancient king :
And hewed their desperate passage
Amid the whirl of flight
Out to the furthest galley,
One moving wall of might.

Slowly, with shields together,
The baffled plunderers drew
Back to the stretch of sandy shore,
Back to the ocean blue,
While, from the prows behind them,
Fell in a steely sheet
*The arrows of their archers,
To cover their retreat.

The rest were striving vainly
 To cut their cables free,
And bear their shattered legions
 To safety on the sea.
The Hellenes rushed upon them
 Ere they could leave the shore,
And hand to hand they mingled
 In a Homeric war.

Full fiercely raged the battle
 Along Euripus' coast.
There died the great Callimachus,
 Still standing at his post ;
Pierced through and through with weapons
 He stood his ground withal,
Though reft of life and spirit
 His body might not fall ;
So many were the javelins
 They held him on his feet :
By Theseus, for our Polemarch
 It was an ending meet.

Then rose the din of conflict
 Higher and ever higher,
While the Athenians shouted
 And called aloud for fire,
To burn the alien galleys
 That would have thrown the brand
Upon the walls of Pallas
 With sacrilegious hand.

The valiant Cynaegirus,
 The brother of the bard
Seized on a Persian vessel,
 And grasped it firm and hard :

All round him rocked the battle,
Yet loosed he not his grip,
Till his right hand swung severed
Still holding fast the ship.

There also fell Stesileus,
One of the deathless Ten
Who led the line of battle,
Those more than mortal men :
Struck by a random arrow
Sped by a nameless hand,
He sank amid the corpses
Upon that fatal strand.

Then rang aloft the death-cries,
As through those masses vast,
All wedged in wild confusion,
The thrusting spear-points passed :
Small fence that day the linen
That wrapped the archer's breast,
Down went the glittering head-dress,
Down went the embroidered vest.

An offering to Hephaestus
The winds of heaven bore,
From seven stately galleys
Left blazing on the shore :
The camp, with all its treasure
Of slaves and silk and gold,
To the victorious Hellenes
Yielded its wealth untold.

Tharsippus the Athenian
Burst from the battle's heat,
To bear the glorious tidings
To Pallas' ancient seat :

All in his bloodstained armour,
With heart on fire he sped
Fast to the south o'er hill and vale,
Bade the astounded archons hail,
Told in quick gasps his wondrous tale,
Then reeled, and 'fell down dead

Down from the steep Acropolis
Echoed the triumph shout ;
From every keep and stronghold
The folk came hurrying out :
From every crowded hilltop,
Along each swarming street,
Swelled high the song of victory,
Poured fast the stream of feet.

They thronged the towering temples,
They lit the soaring fires,
They blew the joyous clarions,
They smote the sounding lyres :
To Pallas, queen of battles,
To Arcady's great king,
The choirs of youths and maidens
Made haste their praise to bring.

Out on the purple ocean
Faded that mighty fleet,
When, high on Mount Pentelicus,
For craven eyes to greet,
A brandished shield caught hastily
The last ray of the sun,
Nor scaped, though swiftly lowered,
The eye of Cimon's son.

He smote his hands together
To see that sight of shame ;
Fast at his urgent summons
His conquering captains came :
“ Lo there,” he cried, “ the token
That I have feared before ;
Now must we quickly hasten
To guard Phalerum’s shore.”

He stationed Aristides
To watch amid the slain,
Where the night shades fell darkening
Upon the fatal plain :
Though wearied from the struggle,
His victor army pressed
Hot-foot across the mountains,
Obeying his behest.

So, when the fell barbarians
Had rounded Sunium’s steep,
The host that fought at Marathon
Its watch and ward did keep
Beneath the walls of Athens,
Facing Phalerum’s bay,
In serried line of battle
All ready for the fray.

No further heart for conflict
Was left in all the fleet,
Nor durst they draw to landward,
Those dreaded ranks to meet ;
They turned their prows together,
And beat to open sea,
Owning the might of Athens,
The rampart of the free.

They touched at sad Aegilia,
Resolved at least to bring
The captives from Eretria
Before the angry king :
They left the golden image
Of Phœbus at His-fane
In Delos the Inviolatè,
And passed across the main.

They knelt, that woeful company,
Before the Great King's throne,
Token that one more city
Had stooped his sway to own :
In wrath remembering mercy,
He spared, and bade them go
To dwell in Ardericca,
Where the pure waters flow.

Ho, king, who takest tribute
Of water and of earth,
Ask thou thy fallen legions
How much those gifts be worth.
Dost miss some haughty faces
From those around thy feet ?
Dost still remember Athens
In sitting down to meat ?

Farewell, ye Median satraps,
Lash if ye may with whips
The shrinking sons of Asia
To man again your ships :
A welcome here awaits you,
Far keener than before,
If once again with Hellas
Ye dare to meet in war.

Lead hither Epizelus,
 Stricken with endless night,
Who saw the Hero Theseus
 Come striding through the fight ;
He saw him cleave a Persian
 Through helm and skull and brain,
His brazen club down-swinging ;—
 And sees no more again.

Pour forth the free libation,
 Then fill the goblet deep,
And drink to those who triumphed
 And sleep the swordsman's sleep :
Rising anew at midnight
 To mingle in the fray,
Where spectral forms encounter,
 And ghostly horses neigh.

Out on the plain of Marathon
 Rises against the sky
The mound that marks their restingplace,
 Whose fame shall never die :
Crowned with the tribal pillars
 Bearing the sacred name
Of every fallen hero
 Who scorned to live in shame.

Long as the sculptured pictures
 Adorn the temple wall,
Long as the votive offerings
 Are brought in festival,
Shall live the praise of Athens,
 The bulwark of the free,
Queen of the sparkling islands
 Set in the sapphire sea.

While to the Virgin Goddess
 • We tune the gladsome lute,
While the sweet strains rise upward
 To Him who made the flute,
While still the flaming torches
 Are passed from hand to hand,
Shall live their glorious memory
 Who died to save our land.

EUMOLPOS.

ART. III. THE DEATH OF AKBAR : A TERCENTENARY STUDY.¹

AFTER completing a reign unexampled in the annals of India for prosperity and splendour, Akbar died in October 1605. Consequently in last October fell the Tercentenary of his death, a solemn historical occasion worthy of due celebration. But modern India was, it seems, indifferent to that great name on this occasion, and the date was allowed to pass by without even a thought being given to that great Emperor. In these days when there is so much talk amongst Indians of an united India and of national movements, it is very significant that Indians themselves should have made no movement to celebrate on such an occasion the memory of the illustrious monarch who did so much in his time to unite all Indians and ruled beneficently over all his subjects, -- Hindus, Mahomedans, Sikhs, Parsis, Buddhists, and tried to bring them together. Shivaji, it would seem, appealed to some better than Akbar, and there have been celebrations in his honour, not only among the Mahrathas but also among the Bengalis. But with all due deference to the memory of Shivaji, for whom I have the greatest respect which I have shown on many occasions, I would say that after all he was but the hero of only a section of the Indians ; while Akbar ought to appeal to all Indians alike, as he worked more than other rulers for the union of all the peoples under his sway.

It would have been in the fitness of things if the present rulers of India, who have succeeded in the course of events by a wise Providence to the heritage

¹ Paper read before the Bombay Branch, Royal Asiatic Society.

of that illustrious mediæval ruler, had celebrated the memory of their most illustrious predecessor. Surely the man was here who would have plunged with his whole heart into the work, who has given unmistakeable proofs that he possesses the historic imagination, to whom the works of Akbar and his descendants, the magnificent Mughals, have throughout his career in India appealed as they had appealed to no other English ruler, who in short was best fitted to do justice to the occasion. But somehow or other Lord Curzon missed the occasion and the Tercentenary of Akbar has been allowed to pass by unremembered, unsung, even unrecorded. People were too busy with the present to bestow thought on the past, even on such a splendid past as the times of Akbar. But that present was indeed worthy to eclipse even so glorious a past. All India, and particularly all Bombay, was busy preparing to receive the Prince of Wales who is to be the future Akbar of this land. All thoughts and hopes were centred on this heir of the ages, and Akbar may find some consolation that he was forgotten in favour of one who may prove greater than even himself, ruling over a vaster, happier, and more powerful empire. Something also is due to the unsettled state in which Lord Curzon found himself at the end of his rule, and to the circumstances which rendered all his movements, even his departure, uncertain.

But if the State was too much preoccupied with other matters which rightly demanded its attention, at least our learned Asiatic Societies, within whose province this subject specially lies, should have, I venture to think, moved in the matter. I had looked forward to our elder sister of Bengal, the mother of Asiatic Societies in the world, taking the lead in this Tercentenary celebration. It has indeed done as much as, and probably much more

than, any learned body to preserve and illustrate Akbar's name and work in literature. By its scholarly edition in the original Persian of the *Akbarnama*, that great monument which Abul Fazl, his *fidus Achates*, has raised to his great patron's name and fame, more lasting than those marble mausolea and palaces by which Akbar expressly desired to commemorate his reign to posterity, and still more by its worthy translations of that great work into the language most widely spoken on this earth, it may be said to have done enough to celebrate the memory of that great monarch. The labours, still unfinished, of that ripe scholar Mr. Beveridge, a past President of that Society, on the purely historical part, and of Colonel Jarrett, and that late prince of Persian scholars the erudite Henri Blochmann on the what we may, for want of a better term, call the constitutional part of the singular work of Abul Fazl, have made him speak and write English much better than he writes Persian,* and rendered his work an English classic for all those who care for his great theme, and for many more who do not, but read him for diversion and even amusement. But for some unexplained reason this Society, having its headquarters in the capital city of India, Calcutta, has missed the occasion. Nor has our Society done anything. At one time I had hoped that we might hold a symposium in honour of the Tercentenary of Akbar, where our members could make their literary offerings in the shape of contributions, illustrative of certain aspects of his life, character, and times. But the change in our Honorary Secretaryship last October, and still more the Royal visit, forbade the fulfilment of this hope.

* "Abul Fazl's style seems, at least to Western eyes, to be quite detestable being full of circumlocutions, and both turgid and obscure. He is often prolix, and often unduly concise and darkly allusive."—Beveridge, preface to *Akbar-Namah*, tr. Vol. I, 1902.

Still it is not too late ; and we might hold one or more meetings for this object, and even devote a special number of our Journal to papers relating to Akbar.

Meanwhile I offer this paper as a slight contribution to the discussion of a subject intimately connected with Akbar, namely, his death, on which sufficient light has not yet been thrown and which remains as yet obscure and unelucidated. This would appear somewhat strange to anyone who remembers that of Akbar's reign we have more and fuller historical accounts, and those too by contemporaries, than of any other reign in Indian History. There is the great work of Abul Fazl, which, with its lavish details, lays bare before us nearly all aspects of the court and camp of Akbar, and even enlightens us with minute accuracy about his kitchen and stables. There are the elaborate histories of Nizam-ud-din and Abdul Kader Badaoni, which are so important for the different standpoints of their authors to that of Abul Fazl. Then there is the curious composite history of the millennium, the *Tarikh-i-Alfi*, in which both these authors collaborated with others to produce a record of the thousand years of the Hegira which came to a conclusion in Akbar's reign. But all these famous contemporary chronicles were written before the close of Akbar's life and reign, and therefore do not record the very close. Their authors predeceased Akbar by several years, Abul Fazl was murdered in 1602. Badaoni died in 1596 and Nizam-ud-din a year or two earlier still, circa 1594. (Blochmann in *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society*, 1869, Pt. I., p. 143). In these famous writers, therefore, there is necessarily no account of his death.

Failing therefore the guidance of such authors, especially the conscientious and sober Nizam-ud-din, we have to fall back upon other contemporaries of inferior

worth and reliability among Akbar's countrymen and co-religionists. But we find in these a different account of his death from that given by Europeans, one of whom at least was a contemporary and in India ; and it is hard to reconcile these Persian and European accounts of his death.

I shall bring together first the accounts to be found in Persian works. At the head of these stands the elaborate story of Akbar's last days and moments which his son, the Emperor Jehangir, gives in his autobiographical memoirs which go under various names and forms such as "Wakiaati Jehangiri," "Tuzakh-i-Jehangiri," and the like. The Imperial author did not necessarily write these memoirs with his own hand ; and it "seems very probable that the Emperor kept two or more memoir-writers to whom he gave directions as to the events they were to record and a general expression of his opinion on the various subjects to be noticed " (Professor Dowson, in Elliot's History of India, Vol. VI., p. 255). In that form of these memoirs which goes under the name of "Tuzakh-i-Jehangiri" and "Tarikh-i-Salim Shahi," and which was translated by Major David Price, a great Orientalist and original member of our Society at its foundation in 1804, Jehangir relates with all the details and circumstances favourable to himself the story of Akbar's end. It is very long, but it will be given here shorn of many details with which we are not here concerned. He introduces his account with these remarks which naturally put us on our guard against implicitly believing everything that he says or has bade another say in his name: "With regard to the circumstances of my father's last illness and the means by which the duplicity and hostile designs of some turbulent ameers became known to me on that occasion, I may remark

that the influence of my predominant fortune was finally triumphant, and without the slightest effort of human skill God Almighty placed the Empire of Hindustan at my disposal. The story of the events of which it furnishes the recital are among the extraordinary things of the age in which we live, and the particulars may be learnt with sufficient accuracy in the following relation."

He then proceeds to the main story. "On Monday, the nineteenth of the former month of Jemady of the year 1014 (16th September 1605 A.D.), during a paroxysm of his complaint, the inmates of my father's harem proposed to him, previous to his taking a particular draught—the *Noush-i-jann* or life draught—to eat of some fruit and other delicacies presented to him. The effect of this indulgence was a violent indigestion and as his anger was at the same to a violent degree excited against Amin-ud-din, whom reproaching in severe terms for his gambling propensities, this combined with the previous malady, produced results so unfavourable, that the whole of the ensuing day was passed in complete abstinence not a morsel passing his lips. This was on the Tuesday. On the next evening, which must have been Wednesday, they administered to him the before-mentioned draught in some broth. Another day he spoke in terms of displeasure to Hakim Ally, one of his physicians, who endeavoured to appease him by assuring him, that things done under the influence of alarm were always unavailing, and that his constant solicitude was the application of such remedies as were best calculated to relieve him. My father, however, not less for the purpose of tranquilising the alarm of his attendants than that of sustaining the remnant of life, consented to eat of some rice and vetches dressed with oil (the Indian dish called *kitchery*). But such was the

debilitated state of his bowels, that what he had eaten could not be digested and a violent dysentery was the result. Hakim Muzafar, another of the physicians, now pronounced that his brother physician had grossly erred in his prescriptions, particularly in allowing melon to his patient at the commencement of the attack. From a just repugnance to take away from any man his reputation, and perhaps from a disposition to forgive, I determined that Hakim Ally should not be trodden under foot, at a mere malicious suggestion or an accusation on the part of Muzafar actuated by mere jealousy.

"If," thought I, 'God's destiny and the blunders of the medical class did not sometimes concur, we should never die.' This much on a feeling of discretion and kindness, I confessed to Hakim Ally; but in the bottom of my heart all confidence in his skill was extinguished.

During the last ten days of his illness, I attended my father as usual for two or three quarters of time in the latter part of the day; and this I continued to do until Tuesday, the 14th of the latter Jemady, when he became so greatly reduced that I remained with him from the time at which his medicine was administered in the morning for the remaining part of the day. While he was yet in a state to discriminate, he advised me on one occasion to keep away from the palace; at all events never to enter unattended by my own guards and retainers: and it now occurred to me that it would be prudent not to neglect such advice; that at such a crisis it behoved me in my intercourse with the palace to employ the most guarded circumspection. One day I entered the citadel accordingly attended by my own retinue. The very next day, without consulting their sovereign, they dared to close the gates of the citadel against me, and actually brought forward the ordnance on the towers. On

Thursday, the 16th, perceiving the pretence of alarm under which these men were screening themselves, I discontinued my visit to the palace altogether ; and I then received by Mokurret Khan, a note from Man Singh expressing on his part the expectation that I would concur in their views. How deeply my feelings were agonised at the thought of being excluded from the sight of my father, during the period in which I thus abstained from entering the castle of Agra, I for some time withheld myself from communicating to any man, resigning myself entirely to the will of God. Having with the advice of my truest friends discontinued my visits to the castle, I sent my son, Parviz, with an apology to my father, stating that I was prevented from attending that day by a severe pain in my head. My father, lifting up his hands in prayer for my health, sent Khwaja Weissy to entreat that if possible I would come to his presence, for that he had no longer any hope of life, particularly under the violent paroxysms of his complaint. 'Alas!' said he, 'what a time is this that thou hast chosen to be absent from my person, when thou knowest that, on my demise, the succession to the crown is without dispute !' "

Jehangir then describes the intrigues that were going round the deathbed of Akbar for bringing about the succession of his grandson, his own son, Prince Khosro, to the exclusion of himself. Raja Man Singh, the brother-in-law of Jehangir and maternal uncle of Khosro, and Mirza Azaz Khoka, were the principal persons in these intrigues. The latter asked the sick monarch as regards his wishes about Khosro. To this he replied : "The decree is God's decree and of him alone is the sovereignty. For my part with one mind I retain a thousand hopes. Surely, in giving a loose to such language in my presence you have abandoned me to the jaws of death.

Nevertheless it may happen that I have still some portion left in this life. If however the awful crisis be at hand—if the hour of departure be arrived—can I have forgotten the military promptitude, political sagacity and other qualities indispensable to the successful exercise of sovereign power, which at Allahabad I witnessed in Selim Shah? Neither do I find that the love and affection which I have ever borne him has for a moment been diminished. What if, through the misguidings of the Evil One, he should, for an instant, have been led astray from his filial duty, is he not my eldest born, and as such the heir to my throne: to that throne which by the institutes of my race belongs to the eldest son and never descends to him who is in years younger? But the six months wide territory of Bengal I bestow upon Khosro." "Having received these assurances from my father's lip," continues the Royal author, "the specious hypocrites repaired in numerous groups to my presence, in such throngs indeed that people had scarcely room to breathe. The chief intriguers seemed penitent of the part they had taken, and acknowledging their folly, cordially resolved on yielding to me, without further opposition, every proof of submission and allegiance. ... My father sent me one of his dresses, with the turban taken from his own brows, and a message, importing that if I were reconciled to live without beholding the countenance of my father, that father, when I was absent, enjoyed neither peace nor repose. The moment I received the message, I clothed myself in the dress and in humble duty proceeded into the castle. On Tuesday, the 8th of the month, my father drew his breath with great difficulty; and his dissolution being evidently at hand he desired that I would despatch someone to summon every ameer, without exception, to his presence 'for I cannot endure,'

said he, 'that any misunderstanding should subsist between you and those who, for so many years, have shared in my toil and been the associates of my glory.' Anxious to comply with his desire, I directed Khwaja Weissy to bring the whole of them to the dying monarch's sick chamber. My father, after wistfully regarding them all around, entreated that they would bury in oblivion all the errors of which he could be justly accused, and proceeded to address them in the following terms, arranged in couplets.

"Remember the repose and safety which blessed my reign,
The splendour and order which adorned my court, O
remember,

Remember the crisis of my repentance, of my oft revolving
beads,

The canopy which I prepared for the sanctuary of the
Kaabah ;

Let the tear of affection shed rubies over my dust,

In your morning orisons turn your thoughts to my soul ;

Let your evening invocations irradiate the gloom of night,

Do not forget the anguish of the tear-flowing eye,

When the chill winds shall visit your courts like the
autumnal blast,

Think on that cold hand which has so often scattered gold
among you."

"He added the following stanza of four lines :

"Didst thou see how the sky shed around its flower-like
fascinations ?

My soul is on the wing to escape this rage of darkness,

That bosom, which the world was too narrow to contain,

Has scarcely space enough to inspire but half a breath."

"Here I perceived that it might indeed be this mighty monarch's latest breath and that the moment was arrived for discharging the last mournful duties of a son. In tears of anguish I approached his couch, and sobbing aloud I placed my head at my father's feet. After I had then passed in solemn sorrow thrice round

him, the dying monarch, as a sign auspicious to my fortune, beckoned to me to take his favourite scimitar, Futteh-ul-Mulk (the conquest of empires), and in his presence to gird it round my waist. Having so done and again prostrated myself at his feet, I renewed my protestations of duty. So nearly was I indeed exhausted in these paroxysms of sorrow, that I found at last the utmost difficulty in drawing breath. On the evening of Wednesday when one watch and four sections of the night were expired, my father's soul took flight to the realms above. He had however previously desired me to send for Miran Sadrjehan, in order to repeat with him the Kalma Shahdat (the Mahomedan formula of faith: there is no God but God, etc.) which he said was his wish to the last moment, still cherishing the hope that the Almighty disposer of life might yet bestow some prolongation. On his arrival I placed Sadrjehan on both knees by my father's side, and he commenced reciting the creed of the faithful. At this crisis my father desiring me to draw near threw his arms about my neck and addressed me in the following terms:—

“ My dear boy (*baba*) take this my last farewell, for here we never meet again. Beware that thou dost not withdraw thy protecting regards from the secluded in my harem—that thou continue the same allowance for subsistence as was allotted by myself. Although my departure must cast a heavy burden upon thy mind, let not the words that are past be at once forgotten. Many a vow and many a covenant have been exchanged between us—break not the pledge which thou hast given me—forget it not. Beware! Many are the claims which I have upon thy soul. Be they great or be they small, do not forget them. Call to thy remembrance my deeds of martial glory. Forget not the exertions of

that bounty which distributed so many a jewel. My servants and dependants, when I am gone, do not thou forget, nor the afflicted in the hour of need. Ponder word for word on all that I have said—do thou bear all in mind, and again forget me not !

“After expressing himself as above he directed Sadrjehan once more to repeat the Kalma, and he recited the solemn text himself with a voice equally loud and distinct. He then desired the Sadr to continue repeating by his pillow the Surah Neish and another chapter of the Koran, together with the Adilah prayer, in order that he might be enabled to render up his soul with as little struggle as possible. Accordingly Sadrjehan had finished the Surah Neish, and had the last words of the prayer on his lips, when, with no other symptom than a tear drop in the corner of his eye, my noble father resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. The venerated remains of my father were now laid on those boards equally allotted to the prince and the pauper ; whence after being bathed in every description of perfume, camphor, musk, and roses, a shroud for his vestment, a coffin for his chamber, they were conveyed to their last repose. One foot of the bier was supported on my own shoulder, the three others by my three sons, until we passed the gate of the castle. Hence my sons and the principal officers of my household, alternately bearing the coffin on their shoulders, proceeded all the way to Secundra where that was mortal of the renowned Akbar was consigned to the care of heaven's treasury. Thus it was, and thus it will be, while this lower world continues to exist.”

(*Autobiographical Memoirs of the Emperor Jehangir*, Tr. D. Price, 4to, pp. 70-78, London, Oriental Translation Fund, 1829).

There is another contemporary account of the death of Akbar, which is also pretty minute and confirms the account given by Jehangir. This was written by one who was in the service of Abul Fazl and later an official of Akbar's Court, a sort of Lord Almoner, Asad Beg, and occurs in his history of the times, "Wakiat Asad Beg." He was dismissed from his service at Court by Jehangir on his accession, but was afterwards favoured by him and honoured with the title of Peshrau Khan. He died in 1631. (Elliot and Dowson, *Historians of India*, Vol. VI, p. 150.) Asad was not present during the last illness of Akbar.

"As I, Asad, wandering in the wood of evil destiny had started for the second time as envoy to the four southern provinces, Bijapur, Golconda, Bidar, and the Carnatic, I was not present when that peerless sovereign departed this life. When the question of my embassy was in agitation, the Emperor was also projecting a combat between the elephants, Chanchal and Giranbar. His Majesty now at rest ordered me not to depart till I had seen the elephant fight; but Fate had ordained otherwise and I was not sorry for it, for as I shall relate, His Majesty had cause for severe anger at that elephant fight which came off after my departure. A few days after I had left Agra, His Majesty had been taken somewhat ill, and in a short time was very much broken down. While he was in this condition the combat of the elephant Chanchal with the elephant Giranbar, belonging to the Royal Prince, came off. While the fight was going on, an angry dispute arose between the servants of Prince Selim and Sultan Khusru and both overstepped the bounds of courtesy. When His Majesty heard of it, he became exceedingly angry, vexed, and enraged, and this so much increased his illness, that the chief

physician, one of the most skilful of his time in the healing art, could do nothing more. During the Emperor's illness the weight of affairs fell upon the Khan-i-Azam, and when it became evident that the life of that illustrious sovereign was drawing to a close, he consulted with Raja Man Singh, one of the principal nobles, and they agreed to make Sultan Khusru Emperor.

"They were both versed in business and possessed of great power, and determined to seize the Prince (Selim), when he came, according to his daily custom, to pay his respects at Court, thus displaying the nature of their mind, little considering that the sun cannot be smeared with mud, nor the marks of the pen of destiny be erased by the penknife of treachery. He whom the hand of the power of Allah upholds, though he be helpless in himself, is safe from all evil. The next day that chosen one of Allah, not dreaming of the treachery of his foes, went, as was his wont, to pay his respects at Court, and entered a boat with several of his attendants. They had reached the foot of the tower and were about to disembark, when Mir Zian-ul-Mulk of Kazwin arrived in great agitation and jumped into the boat. He brought word of the hopeless state of the Emperor, and of the treachery and perfidy of those evil men. The boat returned, and His Royal Highness with weeping eyes and a sore heart, re-entered his private palace so that through the endeavours of that faithful friend and sincere well-wisher, the arrow of those perfidious enemies missed its mark. When the raw attempt of those wretches had thus been brought to light, and the lofty-flying Phoenix had escaped their treacherous snare, and the curtain which concealed their intentions had been torn, they were obliged to throw off all dissimulation.

“ At this time the breath was still in the Emperor's body, and all his servants and officers were assembled in the audience-room in great distress and agitation. The Khan-i-Azam and Raja Man Singh sat down, and calling all the nobles together, began to consult with them and went so far as to say, ‘ The character of the mighty Prince Sultan Salim is well-known, and the Emperor's feelings towards him are notorious, for he by no means wishes him to be his successor. We must all agree to place Sultan Khusru upon the throne.’ When this was said Sayyad Khan, who was one of the great nobles and connected with the Royal house, and descended from an ancient and illustrious Mughal family, cried out, ‘ Of what do you speak, that in the existence of a Prince like Salim Shah, we should place his son upon the throne ! This is contrary to the laws and customs of the Chagatai Tatars and shall never be.’ He and Malik Khan, who was also a great Chief and well-skilled in business, with others of their opinion, rose and left the assembly.”

After describing how these machinations were foiled and the accession of Prince Salim was settled, Asad proceeds : “ As soon as the Prince was relieved from all anxiety as to the course affairs were taking, he went with the great nobles and Mir Murtaza Khan at their head, without fear, to the fort, and approached the dying Emperor. He was still breathing, as if he had only waited to see that illustrious one. As soon as that most fortunate Prince entered, he bowed himself at the feet of His Majesty. He saw that he was in his last agonies. The Emperor once more opened his eyes, and signed to them to invest him with the turban and robes which had been prepared for him, and to gird him with his own dagger. The attendants prostrated themselves and did homage ; at

the same moment that sovereign, whose sins are forgiven, bowed himself also, and closed his life. A loud lamentation arose on all sides, and groans and cries ascended from the world and race of men, and the voices of the angelic cherubims were heard saying, 'God created him and to God he has returned.' When the Emperor Akbar died groans arose from earth to heaven.

"After that sad occurrence the gracious Emperor Jehangir had all his confidential servants and faithful friends perform the obsequies of the deceased sovereign, with all the ceremonies due to his rank. When they had gone through the funeral rites prescribed by religion and tradition, and had arranged the royal corpse in all state, the Emperor, in great pomp with weeping eyes and a sad heart, took the foot of the bier of the deceased king upon his shoulder, and carried it as far as the door of the public reception room; from thence the great nobles, each anxious for the honour, relieving one another in quick succession, carried His Majesty as far as the gate of the fort. Thence the nobles and ministers, and courtiers, and imams and all his servants and troops, followed the bier with heads and feet uncovered."

From this account it seems that Asad Beg must have seen Jehangir's narrative which it follows closely. Jehangir circulated his memoirs among his friends and courtiers and it is likely that Asad Beg also was among these. He was at first in disgrace with the new monarch, but in the end succeeded in pleasing him so far that a title was conferred on him. In his chronicle he shows that he was anxious to please Jehangir, and it may very likely have been one of the means by which he regained favour. We might, therefore, safely dismiss this account as being merely an echo of the "Wakiat-i-Jehangiri."

There is a third and a short account of Akbar's death in the "*Takhmila-i-Akbarnama*." This work is, as its name implies, a continuation of the great work of Abul Fazl, who had recorded the history of forty-six years of Akbar's reign when he was murdered. Inayatullā, at the Emperor's command, wrote the account of the last four years, and this is usually found bound up with manuscripts of the *Akbarnama* of Abul Fazl. (Elliot and Dowson, Vol. VI, p. 103.) In this work Inayatulla says: "On Monday, the 12th Aban, corresponding with the 20th Jumada awwal 1014 Hijra (September 1605), an illness insinuated itself into the frame of the Emperor and he became indisposed. Hakim Ali, who was the most skilful of physicians, was summoned to attend. After considering the symptoms, he refrained for eight days from administering medicine, in the hope that His Majesty's vigour of constitution would overcome the disease. On the ninth day, the debility and symptoms appeared to be aggravated, so the physician resorted to the remedies of his art; but they produced no good effect for ten days. The complaint in the bowels increased, and the limbs lost their power. It then became evident that recovery was hopeless, and that the collar of the world was in the clutches of the Fates. On the 9th Azar, when the age of His Majesty had reached the period of 65 lunar years, he bade adieu to life in the capital of Agra, and took his departure to the paradise of love. On the following day his sacred remains were borne by men of all ranks in stately and becoming pomp to the grave and were interred in the garden of Bihishtabad." (*Takhmila-i-Akbarnama*, apud Elliot and Dowson, Vol. VI, p. 115.)

The great and famous historical work of Ferishta who was also a contemporary of Akbar, beyond whose

reign it does not go very far, as it stops at 1612, touches slightly on this subject and says that the death of Akbar was due to his grief at the death of his favourite son, Prince Daniel. "On the 1st of Zehuj (8th April) the Prince Daniel died in the city of Burhampore owing to excess of drinking. His death, and the circumstances connected with it, so much affected the King, who was in a declining state of health, that he every day became worse, till on the 13th of Jemadi Sani, in the year 1014, he died after a reign of fifty-one years and some months." (tr. Briggs, Vol. II, p. 280.)

These are all the contemporary Mahomedan accounts of Akbar's death that are to be found now. In fact they reduce themselves to one account, namely, that of Jehangir. Now Jehangir in spite of his prolixity of detail and of circumstance, does not mention exactly what disease it was precisely that attacked Akbar. He says that indigestion was the complaint, but that could not have lasted so long, and besides it ought to have been amenable to the skill of the court physicians. And here is another difficulty. Hakim Ali, the physician, seems to have grossly blundered or worse. And stranger still, Jehangir says he took no notice of it. Here is a royal physician who, when his imperial master is seriously ill, refrains for full eight days from giving him any medicine! And the Emperor's son takes no notice of his incompetence or criminal folly. And the reason Jehangir gives shows that he carried his good nature to excess. "If thought I," says he, "God's destiny and the blunders of the medical class did not sometimes concur we should never die." He actually said so to the physician and pardoned him! There are here many grounds for suspicion. Jehangir evidently was very complacent to the man who nearly killed his father!

Mr. Talboys Wheeler indeed suggests that Jehangir actually employed Hākīm Ali, the court physician, to poison Akbar, and says that he was capable of such a crime (History of India, Vol. IV., Pt. I., p. 188 n). This is too much. Jehangir was an indolent voluptuary, but he was not a determined murderer. He needlessly opposed his father, but it was not in him to go to the length of murder. Had he the strength of character and determined will of his grandson, Aurangzib, he would have been a parricide like him. But his weak good nature is clearly portrayed in all his actions, and was such as to keep him from so foul a crime.

Moreover, there was no motive for such an unnatural crime on the part of the pleasure-seeking Prince. During his father's last illness there was a formidable intrigue going on for passing him over in the line of succession and putting his son, Khosro, on the throne after Akbar's expected death. Akbar was old, nearing seventy, and in uncertain health, after the death of Prince Daniel, Jehangir's brother and rival. Jehangir, if he would have his way to the throne made smooth and clear, would have removed not the dying monarch, whose end was but the question of months, but his own son whom Akbar was known to prefer to him as his successor. At least he would have been more likely to benefit by the death of his son than of his father. But such determined villainy, we think, lay not in him. What he says about his own disposition to forgive his son Khosro seems quite true, and is in conformity with his general character. This son's conduct at a later time during his own reign reminds him of his conduct during his father's illness and he says :—“ He refrained through folly and a false sense of shame from recurring to the only remedy by which he could have been saved from ruin. For, as I

stand in the presence of God, had the unhappy Khosro at this moment of returning shame and remorse, presented himself before me, not only would his offence have been overlooked, but his place in my esteem would have been higher than anything he had previously enjoyed. Of this he had already experienced the strongest proof, when after his implied conduct during the illness of my father, which I must have suspected to have risen from hostile views and motives of the most dangerous nature, yet on his bare expression of repentance and a returning sense of duty, I freely banished from my mind every favourable impression." (*Wakiat*, p. 70) This is true; he forgave the intrigue in favour of Khosro's accession, and not only Khosro but the other intriguers also. Such a man could not have been an accessory to his own father's murder.

What then was Akbar's illness, the course of which his son describes minutely without alluding to the cause? The Mahomedan accounts we have seen throw no light on it. But there are two European accounts which clear up the mystery. Unfortunately of Akbar's court and times we have no contemporary account by any European travellers who have left a detailed narrative behind them. The full and interesting European accounts of the Mughal Court begin some years after Akbar's death, with Sir Thomas Roe's narrative of his Embassy to Jehangir's Court. Had we possessed a narrative like Bernier's and Tavernier's, or even like Mandelslo's or Thevenot's for Akbar's reign, we would have, a good criterion for judging the Persian historians of that reign, as we possess in these travellers' accounts a criterion for the reigns of the son, grandson and great-grandson of Akbar,—Jehangir, Shah Jehan and Aurangzib. The Catholic priests who were invited by Akbar to his court from time to time

had nearly all left before his death, and can therefore tell us nothing about it.

But there is an European account of Akbar's death which was written only a few years after and published in 1631, and which may be said to be almost a contemporary narrative. It was written by Peter van den Broecke, the first President of the Dutch Factory at Surat, who came to India ten years after Akbar's death. He became Director of the Dutch trade in the East in 1620 and was an important personage (cf. Foster, *Embassy of Roe*, Vol. II., p. 408). He very likely visited the Mughal court to obtain privileges for his nation when Sir Thomas Roe was there. (Anderson "English in Western India," 1854, p. 19.) He wrote, with the other Dutch factors at Surat, an account of Mughal history from Humayun down to 1628. For the later years this account has the value of a contemporary authority, as the authors were at the time in India. Probably some of the information was supplied by the Mughal's Viceroy at Surat and other high officials with whom the Dutch came into contact. This chronicle was published by the famous Dutch author, Johannes De Laët in his Latin work on India called "*De Imperio Magni Mogolis sive India Vera; commentarius e variis aucotorilus congestus*:" published at Leyden in 1631 by the famous printers, the Elzevirs. This dainty volume is excessively rare and therefore not much consulted by modern writers, who have however much to glean from it. Sir Roper Lethbridge wrote several years ago about a copy which he had used in these terms: "The fact that it does not appear to have been consulted by any of the modern writers on Indian subjects is to be explained by the difficulty of procuring a copy of the book. The most careful

enquiry in England and India has failed to discover a second copy, either in the market or in a library, and consequently I am justified in assuming that the copy used by me is at present practically unique."

I was long hunting for this work of De Laët, and but lately succeeded in procuring a copy of this very scarce book. Probably only a very few copies were printed by the Elzevirs, and this accounts for the great difficulty in procuring one. The copy in my possession is one of the two copies that are said to exist in India. On communication with Sir Roper Lethbridge, he has kindly requested me to collaborate with him in publishing a translation for the Hakluyt Society. This work deserves to be known for the excellent topographical account that it contains of the Mughal Empire when it was at its zenith. On account of the great rarity of the work, and also on account of the fact that it is in Latin, it is almost unknown.

The fragment of Mughal History occupies the tenth and last section of the book and forms a large part of the whole. De Laët thus speaks of its authorship: "*Nostratum observationes, et imprimis insigne illud Historiæ Indicæ fragmentum humaniter nobis communicavit insignis vir Petrus van den Broecke, qui aliquot annis Surattæ hæsit et negotia Societatis Indicæ Orientalis cum fide adminstravit.*" "The observations of my countrymen and especially the fragment of the history of India, have been communicated to us by the well-known Peter van den Broecke, who was for several years a resident at Surat, and conducted the affairs of our East India Company." This he says in his preface to the very kind reader—*præfatio ad humanissimum lectorem*. The fragment was originally written in Dutch from which De Laët translated it into Latin. As he says in the separate

preface to this section :—" Fragmentum nos e Belgico, quod è genuino illius Regni Chronico expressum credimus libere vertisse servata ubique Historiæ fide." " We have translated freely—though everywhere we have preserved faithfulness to historical truth—from the Dutch this fragment which we believe is based on a genuine chronicle of that kingdom." . From this we think it very probable that Van den Broecke had access to the original chronicle in Chagatai and Persian which was kept by the Great Mughals of their doings. Manuci, the court physician of Aurangzib, as we shall see presently, had also access to it and embodies information obtained from it in his memoirs in Portuguese. The Persian courtly chroniclers, from whom chiefly our account of Akbar's times and those of his immediate successors are derived, suppressed whatever they liked, especially whatever they thought was not flattering to the sovereign. The "Akbar Nama" of Abul Fazl is an illustration of this, who suppresses unscrupulously and without hesitation, everything that does not tend to the credit of his patron, and consequently his work is a picture in which there is all light and no shade, and therefore not a trustworthy history. His work, however valuable from other points of view, has not much value for a just estimate of Akbar's reign and character. His object was to present to posterity the most favourable portrait of his imperial patron to whom he owed everything.

* But European observers had and could have no motive in suppressing all adverse information. Hence we find them copying from the genuine chronicle everything they found important without regard to its bearing on the King's character. Hence we find in van den Broecke, the following account of his

death, which is very likely taken from the court chronicle — *e genuino illud Regni Chronico*, as de Laët calls it :—

“ Tandem Rex (Akbar) Myrzæ Ghaziæ Zianii filio qui Sindæ et Tattæ imperaverat, ob arrogans verbum quod ipse, forte exciderat, iratus, cum veneno e medio tollere decrevit : et in eum finem medico suo mandavit, ut binas ejusdem formæ et molis pillulas pararet et earum alteram veneno inficeret : hanc Gazîæ dare proposuerat, medicam ipse sumere ; sed insigni errore res in contrarium vertit, nam Rex quum pillulas manu aliquamdiu versasset, Ghaziæ quidem innoxiam pillulam dedit, venenatam vero ipsemet sumpsit : Serinsque errore animadverso, quum iam veneni vis venas pervassisset, antidotâ frustra adhibita fuerunt ; Itaque Rex salute nondum desperata, Xa-Selim, invisenti Tulbantum quidem suum imposuit, cinxitque illum gladiô patris sui Humayonis, sed extra palatium operiri iussit, neque ad se ingredi-
antequam convaluisset : Obiit autem Rex duodecimo post die anno Mahometano 1014 postquam annos 60 felicissime imperasset.” “ At length, the king being angry with Mirza Ghazi, the son of Ziani (Jani) who had been Governor of Sind and Tatta, on account of some overbearing words he had accidentally let fall, determined to get him out of the way by poison : and he ordered his physician with this object to have ready two pills of the same shape and size, into one of which poison should be put. He had intended to give this to Ghazi, and to take the harmless pill himself ; but by an extraordinary error things turned out quite in the contrary way, for the King mixed up the two after he had kept them for a time in his hands, gave the harmless pill to the Ghazi, and himself took the poisoned one. Afterwards when the error was found out when already the poison had begun to act on his blood, antidotes were administered but to no purpose.

The King, therefore, before all hopes of his recovery were given up, put his own Tulbant (turban) on the head of Sha Selim and girded him with the sword of his father Humayun, but he ordered him to be shut out of the palace, and not to come near him till he should recover. The King, however, died on the twelfth day after this in the Mahomedan year 1014 (A.H.), having ruled most prosperously for 60 years."

There is evidently a misprint here in de Laët's excellently printed volume: 60 should be 50. Akbar's reign fell short by a few months of a half century; though according to the Mahomedan reckoning, which is lunar, he reigned for nearly 52 years. Akbar himself had adopted the solar reckoning with the ancient Parsi Calendar in his reign.*

This account of van den Broecke as given by de Laët is not generally known, and it is certainly startling. It upsets the common notion that Akbar was a good ruler scorning everything base. That he was such for the greater part of his rule no one who knows his history will question. But those who have fully studied his history know, what is not generally known, that in the latter part of his reign Akbar degenerated, and during his last years he was hardly the good and great monarch of his best days. But this is a subject on which we should not like to dwell, especially on the occasion of his Tercentenary. His degeneration is very pathetic and shows that however great as he was, he did not escape for very long the defects of his age and environment. That may be treated on another occasion, as for historical truth it is very necessary that we should know

* See my article in the *Calcutta Review*, January 1897: "Akbar and the Parsis," pp. 103-106.

Akbar as he really was at all times and periods, in his zenith as well as nadir. Let it suffice here to say that van den Broecke's account appears to me to be probable, and it is only of probabilities that we can speak; certainty is out of the question. The Dutch writer was mostly copying from the court chronicle and he had no reason to invent the story, if he did not find it there. He had nothing to do with the politics of the Mughal court and had no side to take, either Jehangir's, or Khosro's, or anybody else's. Moreover he did not write for the Indian or indeed any public at all. His historical fragment was written for the private information of his employers at home in Holland, and when he came to know that de Laët was writing a description of real India as he called it—"Descriptio Indiæ Veræ," he called his work—he communicated it to him for publication. If he was misled in his account, he was misled in good faith. If the account is invented, it is certainly not by him. How could he have invented such a circumstantial story as this? He must have found it in India. Now there is no Persian source from which he could have taken it, except the court chronicle which he professes to have used, for no Persian history that is known to us contains such an account. The account bears *prima facie* signs of being true.

That the Mughal court chronicle is the source of Broecke's information receives confirmation from the fact that Manucci, who had undoubted access to it, has the same story to account for the death of Akbar. Manucci was for forty-eight years at the Mughal court of Shah Jehan and Aurangzib, under the latter of whom he was court physician. He wrote his memoirs in Portuguese, and on these manuscript memoirs Catrou has based his history of the Mughals so important for a right understanding

of that period as the only trustworthy European account. For the reign of Akbar it is particularly valuable as Catrou uses also the accounts written by the Jesuit priests at Akbar's court. Manucci's memoirs are hitherto known only through Catrou's work. But recently Mr. Irvine, late of the Indian Civil Service, has discovered a greater part of these memoirs in the original in two or three libraries in Venice and Paris, and is at present, I learn, engaged in editing them in four volumes for the Indian Government (Buckland, *Dict., Indian Biography*). He has given a brief account of his interesting discovery before the Royal Asiatic Society in 1903.

Catrou thus gives Manucci's account: "One day when the Mughal was hunting in the environs of Agra, he lost sight of his attendants, and being much fatigued sat himself down at the foot of a tree, which afforded a welcome shade. Whilst he was trying to compose himself to sleep, he saw approaching him, one of those long caterpillars, of a flame colour, which are to be found only in the Indies. He pierced it through with an arrow, which he drew from his quiver. A little time afterwards, an antelope made its appearance, within bow shot. The Emperor took aim at it, with the same arrow with which he had pierced the caterpillar. Notwithstanding the antelope received the shaft in a part of its body, which was not susceptible of a mortal wound, the animal instantaneously expired. The hunters of the prince, who opened the beast, found the flesh black and corrupted, and all the dogs who ate of it died immediately. The Emperor knew from this circumstance, the extreme venom of the poison of the caterpillar. He commanded one of the officers of his suite to get it conveyed to his palace. It was on this occasion, that the Emperor created the office of

poisoner, an office till then unknown to the Mughal Government. By the instrumentality of this new officer, Akbar quietly disposed of the nobles and the Rajas whom he believed to be concerned in the conspiracy of Mustapha. Poisoned pills were compounded for him, which he obliged them to take in his presence. The poison was slow in its operation, but no remedies could obviate its mortal effects. This pernicious invention proved fatal to its author. Akbar carried always about him a gold box, which was divided into three compartments. In one was his betel, in another the cordial pills, which he used after a repast, and in the third were the poisoned pills. One day it happened, that he took inadvertently, one of the poisoned pills and became himself a victim to its fatal power. He immediately felt himself struck with death. He, in vain, made trial of all the remedies prescribed for him by the Portuguese physicians. His illness was a lingering one, and he died in the year 1605." (*History of Mughal Dynasty*, pp. 133-4, ed. 1826).

It is evident that Catrou, who wrote his history in 1715, did not copy from de Laët this account; but that both took from a common source, the one which they avow, the Mughal court chronicle. Their accounts of Akbar's death supplement each other. Catrou knew of de Laët's work which he thus mentions in connection with the very source we are discussing: "I had no reason to doubt the existence in the archives of the Mughal Empire, of an exact chronicle, in which the principal events were narrated at length. It is from memoirs drawn from the chronicle, that Jean Laët has composed his notice of the Mughal States. He speaks of it in the following terms: Nos fragmentum e Belgico quod genuino illius Regni Chronico expressum

credimus libere vertimus. I had, moreover, the most convincing evidence attainable in such matters, of the veracity of the Mughal chronicle, of which I possessed a translation in the Portuguese tongue. M. Manucci assures us that he has caused it to be translated with great care from the original lodged in the palace, written in the Persian language. The Venetian does not appear to have been sparing of expense that he might be enabled to transmit to Europe exact documents of the Empire in which he resided. He has procured portraits to be painted at a great charge, by the artists of the harem, of the Emperors and the eminent men of the Mughal Empire." It is interesting to note that these paintings have been discovered in the Library of St. Mark, at Venice by Mr. Irvine.

So much, therefore, about the authenticity of the accounts of de Laët and of Manucci as given by Catrou. No reasonable doubt can be thrown on it and on the fact that they are based in the chronicle of the Mughals themselves. The Persian writers have suppressed its narrative of Akbar's death, as they justly thought it to be very damaging to the memory of that great monarch. But historical truth demands that we should know it, however much we may regret the necessity of bringing it into notice. All the accounts of Akbar's death, as Sir R. Lethbridge says, have been derived either from the narrative of Jehangir himself, or from other sources almost equally interested in maintaining the good reputation of the Imperial family. (*Calcutta Review*, Vol. LVII., p. 200.) Nearly all modern accounts,—Elphinstone's, (p. 531), Mr. Keene's (*History of Hindustan*, p. 59, 1885), Malleon's (*Akbar*, pp. 41-4, 1890), Count de Noer's (Vol. II, p 425),—follow Jehangir's or Asad Beg's story we have given at

the beginning. Only Mr. Talboys Wheeler rejects it and follows Catrou. But not having seen de Laët's account he makes the mistake of supposing that Jehangir caused him to be poisoned. Count de Noer says in a note (Vol. II, p. 425) that Mr. Wheeler should not have given credence to the poison story. But beyond saying that it is "palpably correct," which it certainly is not, he advances no ground for disbelieving it. He, indeed, says "it deserves no refutation." It stands, indeed, in great need of refutation if it can be refuted. But de Noer was a very enthusiastic admirer of Akbar, and he naturally refuses to believe anything derogatory to the consistently high character which he has imagined for his hero. Moreover, the second volume of his work was published posthumously from his papers by his Secretary, Dr. Gustav von Buchwald, and we must make allowance for this, while finding fault with his beautiful panegyric rather than history. An instance of the want of care in this part of the work, is afforded by the fact that Mr. Wheeler's authority for his statement is not Tod, as is said in de Noer's work, but Catrou. Mr. Wheeler refers to Catrou in the passage referred to in the second volume of de Noer.

A third European account of Akbar's death is that by the celebrated English traveller, Sir Thomas Herbert, who came to India and was at Agra in 1628-29. He wrote at almost the same time as van den Broecke, with whose account his very closely agrees.

"Ecbar taking distaste," says Herbert, "against Mirza Ghashaw (the Viceroy of Tutta's son, and formerly high in his favour) for speaking one word which Ecbar ill interpreted, no submission will serve his turn, no less than his life must pay for it. To which end the King's physician was directed to prepare two pills of

like shape, but contrary operation ; Ghashaw must be trusted with them, and bring them to Ecbar ; who (imagining by a private mark he knew the right) bids Ghashaw swallow the other. Ghashaw ignorant of the deceit, by chance light upon the best, so as Ecbar by mistake was poisoned. Too soon the miserable Mogol perceives his error, and too late repents his choler ; but (for shame concealing the cause) after fourteen days' torment and successful trial to expel the poison yields up the ghost, in the 73rd year of his age, and 52 of his reign ; and with all possible solemnity in Tzekander (three course from Agray) in a monument which he had prepared, that great Monarch was buried." (Herbert, *Travels into Africa and Asia the Great*, p. 75, ed. 1665).

The Mughal court chronicle's account of Akbar's death, as given by De Laët, Mannuci, Catrou and Herbert receives confirmation from another and an independent source. In the chronicles of Rajputs it is stated that Akbar died of poison. Akbar came into great and constant contact with the Rajputs, with whose great ruling families he allied himself by marriage. They certainly ought to know the truth about his death. Tod thus relates the story in his chronicles of the Rajputs of Mewar : " If the annalist of the Boondi State can be relied upon, the very act which caused Akbar's death will make us pause ere we subscribe to these testimonies of the worth of departed greatness ; and disregarding the adage of only speaking good of the dead, compel us to institute, in imitation of the ancient Egyptians, a posthumous inquest on the character of the monarch of the Mughals. The Boondi records are well worthy of belief, as diaries of events were kept by her princes, who were of the first importance in this and the succeeding

reigns ; and they may be more likely to throw a light upon points of character of a tendency to disgrace the Mughal king than the historians of his court, who had every reason to withhold such. A desire to be rid of the great Raja Man of Amber, to whom he was so much indebted, made the Emperor descend to act the part of the assassin. He prepared a *majoom*, or confection, a part of which contained poison ; but caught in his own snare, he presented the innoxious portion to the Rajput and ate that drugged with death himself. We have a sufficient clue to the motives which influenced Akbar to a deed so unworthy of him, and which was more fully developed in the reign of his successor ; namely, a design on the part of Raja Man to alter the succession, and that Khosro, his nephew, should succeed instead of Selim. With such a motive, the aged Emperor might have admitted with less scruple the advice which prompted an act he dared not openly undertake, without exposing the throne in his latter days to the dangers of civil contention, as Raja Man was too powerful to be openly assaulted." (*Rajasthan*, Vol. I, p. 351—2, ed. 1829.)

This account agrees in the main point with the other accounts ; but differs in the details as to the person who was to be poisoned and why. These were not matters of fact but of opinion, and opinions may vary. But whether Akbar intended to poison Raja Man Singh, his Rajput wife's brother, or any other noble, it is pretty clear that he unwittingly poisoned himself. This, let it be repeated once again, is a very melancholy conclusion to which to come to, and I wish I could avoid coming to it. But I think it cannot be helped. It is melancholy to reflect that Akbar after all did not escape the dangers of his high and irresponsible position as an unconstitutional autocrat.

About the exact date of Akbar's death there is not much doubt. All who chronicle it have given dates which, *inter se*, agree except Jehangir, who puts it ten days later; but he is evidently mistaken and his dates throughout are somewhat confused. Inayutulla, in the work above quoted, "Takmila-i-Akbar Nama," gives the date as 12th of Jemada-i-Akhir or the latter Jemada of 1014 of the Hijra era. Ferishta has the 13th of the same month. This difference of a day does not matter much. Muhamad Amin in his "Anfan-l-Akbar" gives the 12th (Elliot, VI, 248) and agrees with these. Abdul Baki says that Akbar died on 23rd Jemada-i-Auwal or the first Jemada. Here "Auwal" is evidently a mistake for "Akhir." The year 1014 commenced on 9th May 1605 (Sewell and Dikhshit, Indian Calendar, p. CXXXIV, Table XVI,) from which the 12th Jemada-i-Akhir would be 12th and 13th October 1605, as the Musalman day commenced at sunset.

The duration of Akbar's reign was from Rabi-ul-Akhir, 963, to Jemad-i-Akhir 1014, that is, 51 years and 2 months. These are lunar years, which are equal to 49 solar years and 7 months. According to English reckoning he reigned from March 1556 to October 1605. (Cf. Table of Akbar's regnal years in Elliot and Dowson, Vol. V, p. 246. Sewell and Dikhshit, op. cit. p. CXXXIII.) Akbar, therefore, missed his Jubilee of half a century by only 5 months. But he might have celebrated his "Jubilee" according to the original Jewish or Biblical reckoning, and I believe French reckoning too—at the commencement of his fiftieth year, *i.e.*, when he had completed his seven weeks of years, $7 \times 7 = 49$. (Leviticus, XXV. 8.)

Art.—IV. FROM PEKIN TO SIKHIM, THROUGH GOBI AND THIBET.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following articles, written by the Count de Lesdain, describing the adventurous journey concluded in November last, by his wife and himself, should be of considerable interest to our readers. All rights of republication and translation are strictly reserved:

VII.—FROM LEANTCHOU TO GNANSITHOU.

PREPARATION FOR TIBET.

ON the 5th of May we started again for the town of Yung Thrung, from which we proposed to make an expedition into the desert to look for another lake, marked on some maps, of which the inhabitants of the country professed complete ignorance. From this lake we intended to go to Moming, and thence to Gnansithou, all the while remaining inside the Gobi. In this latter town, almost on the borders of the Northern Kansuh, we should complete our caravan and buy the necessary provisions for our crossing of Tibet from north to south. All the route was entirely new, and crossed only country unknown to Europeans.

We left Leantchou in rain, a light spring rain which would last all day, and we reached Yung Thrung in two days. Our road crossed valleys formed by water courses in the mass of loes, pebbles, and earth brought down from the great southern mountains. Some important passes are to be found in this chain, which all, more or less, lead towards Sining fu. One of them is inhabited by some people called Sifins who have a

bad reputation and gave some trouble to the explorer Bonin.

On the 8th of May we left Yung Thrung, early, hoping to reach Ni-iang pou before night, and plunged into a mountain defile, following the banks of the river Tatto (great river) which does not deserve this pompous name. All day long we travelled northward, cutting across ridges of hills running from east to west, all uninhabited, and containing, I think, many minerals. Towards the middle of the afternoon, at a place called Hosipou we found a long broad plain fairly well cultivated and covered with farms. The great wall again put in an appearance there, in the shape of a moderate mound of earth, and all the dwellings had lofty towers abundantly fortified with stones and pebbles. Having marched another seven miles we reached Ni-iang pou just as the sun was setting. ••

Ni-iang pou is a picturesque little town on the right bank of the Ta Ho, with no great commerce or industry. It serves as a rallying point for the farmers and peasants scattered over this remote corner of China. A worm-eaten wooden bridge, on which no heavy load dare pass, leads up to it. Opposite the town, on a cone-shaped hill stand a large number of small red and white pagodas dedicated to the genii of the desert, the wind and the rain. Beyond Ni-iang pou lies the bare desert, sinking perceptibly towards the north, in which the Ta Ho apparently disappears. The mountain ends at Ni-iang pou, but one chain extends towards the north-west, of which I shall speak again.

I wished to follow the course of the Ta Ho and enquired what became of it. Accordingly, leaving on our right a road which leads to Tchong fen, we set out across a dry and barren country, the soil of which,

being made of pebbles, was firm under foot. I had been informed at Ni-iang pou that a series of villages, named Tien sou Kiang and Tchung ning ou had been built on a stretch of fertile alluvial ground in the heart of the desert about 20 miles to the north. We soon beheld them, twinkling in the distant mirage, since nothing blocked our view and the day was clear.

Nothing is more curious and interesting to the traveller than to find flourishing life and prosperous cultivation where he only expected the barrenness of the Gobi. These villages are far from poor, and would be rich but for the sand hurricanes which from time to time destroy some of their fields and rob them of the profits of their labours. The water of the Ta Ho is skilfully used for the irrigation of the field, and herds of cows and camels feed peacefully around.

In answer to my question about the Ta Ho, the inhabitants of Tien sou Kiang assured me that the river did not run on towards the north, but on the contrary took a turn to the east, and not far from Tchung fen joined the streams which pour into the lake Tching trou rou, I decided to verify this statement, and the next day reconnoitred the country to the north.

The Ta Ho did in fact change its course and took a turn to the east, which would enable it to reach Tchung fen, but its volume was very much reduced, a large portion of its waters being drawn off for cultivation, and a great quantity being lost in the porous ground which here took the place of the gravel in the desert. In places there were great impassable stretches of mud, from which flowed little streams which united later on to form again the bed of the river. I saw no trace of a lake, except a pond made by human

hands and used for watering and bathing animals. As I returned to Liensen krang a terrible sand hurricane broke out. Immediately on all sides columns of whirling sand rose in the air dragging after them all the small objects which they encountered. It was soon impossible to see even two or three yards ahead, and as the wind still grew in violence our only course was to stretch ourselves on the ground with cloaks over our heads. I admired the patience of the Mongol horses. Accustomed from their youth to these natural hardships, they only turned their backs to the wind and from time to time shook their ears when the pebbles struck them, though the violence of the wind now and again drove them some paces forward. This hurricane lasted for about 20 minutes. Then the sky became clear, while large masses of sand and dust could be seen travelling southwards. According to the inhabitants it was one of the feeblest hurricanes that one could experience. I shudder at the thought of what the others must be like. These hurricanes are called "houranes" in Chinese Turkestan, where they cause fearful damage ; so at least the explorers who have experienced them assert.

Two days later we were back at Ni-iang pou and continued our march westward, leaving the bed of the Ta Ho to the south. Our road was crossed by many small torrents and river beds, all making for the Ta Ho. In these days they are only rarely filled with water during the rainy season, but the deep impression they have made in the land and the ravines that they have dug out prove beyond question that the rainfall, now very feeble over all this district, was formerly heavy. This observation applies not only to the route which we were then taking, but generally to all the north of Kansuh and the south of the Gobi.

We continued marching westward for two days, now rising slightly towards the north and again inclining perceptibly towards the south. The country is by no means barren, and the abundance and quality of the pasturage increased as we advanced. The grass was high, there was plenty of good water in the wells. There were large herds of cattle, horses, and camels handed over to the inhabitants of this district for the summer by the city traders of Kantchou and the surrounding country. The peasants who live on these wide plains, crossed by high ridges, and marked on the map as sandy desert, do not indulge in agriculture but are content with the modest profits which they make by acting as cattle drovers. There are but few cottages, since ten men can overlook a wide stretch of ground. In the evening of the second day we reached the little ancient garrison town which bears the name of Sia-krou and which in olden times was built up against the great wall. To the north of this town is an immense stretch of grassy plain.

From Sia-krou I had suddenly decided to make for Kantchou fu, for we had heard much talk of the importance and prosperity of that city. The road to it which follows the old great wall in a gentle downward slope is one of the largest in Kansuh. It passes many large villages and small fortified towns. The country is well cultivated and seems fertile.

Before reaching Kantchou we crossed the sandy bed of the river Edsin Gol, which is very broad, and found ourselves suddenly in a very fertile district, abundantly watered by various tributaries and affluents of the river, very populous and full of life. As we advanced, the high walls of the town rose before us with a curtain of trees in front of them, and tall trees

overtopping them from inside. The first sight of the town is very pleasing, but unfortunately it does not stand a closer examination. In fact, while this town has the great advantage of being very shady, it pays for it by being built on the site of an ancient marsh and during the rainy season it becomes a collection of unhealthy swamps. Even during the dry season there are sheets of water, sometimes of considerable size, inside the walls on all sides, and the inhabitants may be seen angling in the pools created by the rains at their very doors, a spectacle as amusing as it is uncommon. No house in Kantchou is conceited enough to hold itself erect. The ground is too soft to bear the weight even of slender mud walls for many years, and the buildings, which are incessantly being rebuilt, change their position at once, as if afflicted by perpetual earthquake. This state of affairs causes no anxiety to the inhabitants, who live in peaceful happiness sheltered by roofs which may come down on their heads at any minute. Four hundred years ago Kantchou occupied a much better position, but popular superstition, so powerful in China, moved it in consequence of some disaster, and erected it again in this unsuitable spot.

We spent some days in Kantchou, during which I took the opportunity of increasing the number of mules and horses that we should require for our crossing of Tibet. I recruited them right and left as chance offered. The mules of Northern Kansuh, although moderate in size, have extraordinary staying power, and can cover long distances under a load of 200 pounds on scanty nourishment consisting almost entirely of dry straw. The price of the best of these pack mules seldom exceeds 40 taels. The horses are even cheaper, and, excluding fast amblers, excellent mounts can be obtained for 20 or 30 taels.

Han, one of our men, was suddenly taken ill, and profited by the seizure to indulge in his favourite secret vice of opium. Unluckily for him, as I made my round one night I discovered this, and informed him that he must either go back to Leantchou at once, or give up smoking. He assured me that he was only smoking because he was ill, and that opium acted upon him as a sedative. He might as well have said an anæsthetic, for the man seemed absolutely senseless. I left him behind us at Kantchou for some days after our departure, hoping that he would return to Leantchou. He was an idle and stupid fellow, and feeble in health, and I thought that perhaps the crossing of Tibet would be more than he could manage. To reach Moming we plunged into a corner of the Gobi desert, instead of following the high road explored some years previously by the great Russian traveller Obrotchieff. Moming is situated on the river Edsin Gol, and commands the stretch of cultivated land which reaches to the centre of the desert for some hundred lis on the two sides of that watercourse which ends in two important lakes, the Sokho Nor and Athum Nor.

The route that the caravan pursued for several days was very monotonous. We travelled between the bed of the Edsin Gol and the desert. Occasionally we passed small hills, the outlying points of more important ridges starting from the Gobi, all running from east to west.

After a six days' march we reached on the 29th May some sand hills, so high that those previously described to the north of the lake Tching trou rou were not to be compared with them. They extend for seven miles in length and a mile or two in breadth from north to south. The highest are collected in the south and reach a height varying from 150 to 200 feet.

I shudder to think what a sand storm, a hourane, would be like, if it raged between these ridges of sand so easily shifted and displaced even by a light breeze. Luckily during our crossing there was complete peace and not a grain of sand was whirling in the air.

It was, even oppressively hot. Although we had become accustomed to begin our marches before daylight, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, we had not yet been able altogether to avoid the terrible radiance of the sun on the sand and the gravel, and our progress was painful. When we halted, towards 11 o'clock in the morning, both men and beasts had well earned their rest.

When these high ridges had been crossed without serious difficulty, we came out again upon the river Edsin Gol, flowing here over a gravel bed in the midst of a desert dotted with small oases. On all sides, east, north, and west, the view was bounded by a horizon of sand hills.

Having followed the Edsin Gol for two days across a monotonous country in which, however, the poverty of the inhabitants seemed to increase, we reached the town of Moming, also known as Mo-mo and Ping-su-ing.

This wretched and tiny city did not answer to the description we had received of it. It is useless to ask for information in China, your interlocutor will always reply in the affirmative, through sheer politeness, and because he wishes to please you and become popular. I had asked different people on a score of occasions about the resources of Moming, enquiring especially whether I should be able to obtain a fresh stock of provisions there. In spite of my previous experience under similar circumstances I had counted from their replies upon being able to buy at Moming many provisions, and even animals, with which I

was unwilling to burden our caravan on leaving Leantchou.

Unfortunately there is only one shop in Moming and that shop has nothing for sale. With great difficulty we obtained a little rice, and some peas with which I had to nourish my mules for some weeks to get them into good condition before venturing into the deserts of Tibet. As to buying animals, it was hopeless. All the mules which people tried to sell me at ridiculous prices were nearly 20 years old and hopped on three legs. The camels were only skin and bones, and their wistful eyes told a long story of privations and ill-treatment.

I had no other choice, and had to buy five of these poor creatures. I hoped that a substantial diet of peas and good grass would quickly restore them to condition and I was not disappointed in my expectations.

There is no Kon-Kouan at Moming, and as the inns were repulsively dirty we calmly took up our quarters in the chief temple, to the great astonishment and amusement of the inhabitants of the town. On reaching it we found opium smokers settled in the temple itself, which removed any hesitation or doubt as to the profanation of the sacred place. The chief hall was lofty and airy, and much to be preferred to any luxury in view of the torrid heat which oppressed the town.

In the course of the two days that we spent here Han arrived from Kantchou by the high road along the left hand of the Edsin Gol. He brought with him a boy of nineteen called Liao Tsang, consumptive in appearance, feeble, and entirely devoid of those qualities of physical energy which all my men, except Han, possessed. I wanted to dismiss this rickety gentleman at once, but he begged so hard, and affirmed so stoutly that he was used to hard work, that I took him with us.

It was an unfortunate weakness on my part, for we had hardly entered Tibet when he began to be a burden to everybody, and he died of chest and heart troubles before the end of the journey.

Moming would be nothing but a village were it not for the peculiarity of its situation, as I explained before. The inhabitants assured us that for the past three years not a drop of rain had fallen in the district, and that the lack of provisions and the sorry condition of the beasts was due to this fact. But for the Edsin Gol the country would be an appalling desert.

Three high roads meet here, one comes from Repalaraitze, another from Hamil, the third goes to Lutchou fu. The road from Hamil passes to the east of a low range of mountains which is visible to the north-west of the town.

The evening before the day of our departure heavy rain fell for the first time for years, and caused a great sensation. Some well-disposed spirits attributed this sudden fructifying downpour to the fortunate influence of our presence, which was very good of them.

On the 2nd of June we nearly lost the whole caravan in less than a quarter of an hour, in crossing the Edsin Gol. The bed of this river consists of shifting sand, constantly moving, whose exact situation is accordingly very difficult to determine. The peasants and caravan drivers who have to cross it fix wooden stakes here and there to mark the passage. Unluckily for us the current had carried away half of them and the ford was only marked out for the first hundred yards. The whole breadth is about 250, and when we reached the middle of the stream, which was swift, if not deep, we suddenly discovered that our pack mules instead of advancing were gradually disappearing under water.

our horses began to do the same, and we only had time to slip from our saddles into the water, while the terrified drivers ran from one animal to another, as far as the shifty sand would permit, vainly striving to set them on their legs again. Only the camels reached the further bank without much difficulty, since their large flat feet did not penetrate into the sand or the liquid mud. The mules, horses, and asses, continued to sink. Luckily the river was not more than three feet deep, and when the poor beasts had sunk up to their stomachs the enlarged surface of their bodies and loads helped to stay their descent into the mud and sand. We were all up to the waist in water, obliged to take every precaution against being sucked down ourselves, while we had to disengage the animals which would all have perished without our help. First the loads were carried to the bank, each 100 lbs. requiring the efforts of six men, then the beasts were lifted out with levers of wood, and all were saved except two. This accident gave us six hours' hard work, and we encamped where we were, only a mile and a half from the town, since we could not pursue our march. We also had to dry all our wet things in the sun. We lost several curiosities in this manner, such as paintings and embroidery. Our food had not suffered at all, having been on the backs of the camels.

Our route from Moming to Gnansithou requires little description. The country which we crossed, although forming part of the Gobi desert from its shape, position, and climate, was not absolutely barren, owing to the presence of villages wherever there was a small stream, or a well to provide water and foster the growth of a little grass. The track was not often trodden, to judge from its appearance, and when we had passed the small town

of Rettentze the only travellers we met were an honest peasant who was pursuing, at such speed as his donkey could compass, his daughter, who had eloped towards Hoarajitze with a long haired young gallant.

I would observe that the lakes marked on one of the maps of Asia published by the London Royal Geographical Society do not exist. A huge sandy basin is there instead, and no water is to be obtained in this neighbourhood.

On the 19th of June we came in sight of Gnansithou, which, so far from being an important town, is a poor place half buried in the sand which the desert winds have heaped against its walls, and resembling Tchong fu in its position and its poverty. Once again we had been misinformed, and were to encounter the greatest difficulty in equipping ourselves suitably for incontestably the hardest and most dangerous portion of our journey.

For various reasons I did not halt in the town itself, but having noticed good pasturages round the village of Pow Kankou, I pitched our tents on a threshing floor of earth stamped flat, sheltered by tall trees which made an excellent camping ground. I was specially anxious to avoid the necessity of revealing our future plans in any way, and up to that time I had been able to keep our secret fairly well. I was afraid that the prefect of Gnansithou might suspect our intention of entering and crossing Tibet, and might oppose it. I was still more afraid that he would attempt to assist us, and would encumber our movements with an escort of rascals. Accordingly I thought it wise to have no dealings with this gentleman, and to achieve this was obliged not to stay in his town. In Gnansithou I could not have refused to receive him; whereas at Pow

Kankou etiquette would forbid him to visit us in our humble tent, and I could deal summarily with any envoys from him.

When travelling in China one must take a high line to avoid trouble, while in Tibet one must be unostentatious, and above all try not to attract attention.

On reaching the neighbourhood of Gnansithou I had given myself out as a humble merchant in search of furs and skins who desired to enter upon the high table land of Tibet to obtain them. I do not flatter myself that this story was believed by all whom we met, but I am sure that it never did us any harm, which is more than many explorers under their various disguises have been able to assert.

We set ourselves at once to hunt for the necessary provisions and animals. I say to hunt for, for a reasonable amount of stock could not be found in one place. One man could sell us 20lbs. of rice, another 15. Under these circumstances it was hard to hunt up the thousands of pounds of rice, flour, millet, and peas which we needed for our maintenance. Transport animals were still more difficult to obtain, and for some days I really thought that we should find it impossible that year to procure pack animals and to enter Tibet during the good season.

I had been impressed by the fact stated in the reports of all travellers that no sufficient nourishment could be found on the plateaus of Tibet for beasts, which died one after another, and thus imperilled the lives of the travellers who had ventured into these deserts. Accordingly I had thought out a plan by which I hoped to reach my destination safely, even if we should find it impossible to get fresh victuals or to obtain fresh animals throughout our whole journey.

This plan, which was very simple, consisted in sacrificing the majority, about three-quarters, of the pack animals to the safety of the stronger ones, and not to attempt to bring any to our destination except those which were absolutely necessary. I reckoned that by loading 35 animals with peas for the nourishment of twelve others, when the grass failed or was poor in quality, and by abandoning these 35 when the provisions which they carried were consumed, I should about double our chances of success. I do not pretend to assert that this proceeding was wholly devoid of cruelty in itself, but I argued that it was far more inhuman and blameworthy to sacrifice the lives of my men to the safety of lower animals.

I had fully determined to take camels in preference to other means of transport, since they carried proportionately larger loads and ate less. But I had to give up this idea, for it was absolutely impossible to buy any of these animals. The few merchants at Gnan-sithou who possessed any had sent them out to pasture and declined to send for them without receiving the full price before I could even see them.

Accordingly I had to buy mules, and even asses, since there were not enough mules for our requirements. So I sent my people round all the villages in the neighbourhood and in six days they managed to buy 33 pack animals. These, with the 13 mules, 4 horses, and 4 camels that I had already obtained on the way raised the sum total of our baggage animals to 54. Most of them were in good condition and seemed able to bear the fatigues and privations of a journey across Tibet. I had certainly paid more than their value. Either my men had pocketed a round sum or the sellers had really forced up the prices. If by chance any other explorers

undertake a similar journey I strongly recommend them to buy all the animals they may need at Sining-fu or at Leantchou, preferably at Sining-fu. It will not cost them more, and they will obtain animals used to mountains, precipices, snow, and even to glaciers, a combination of invaluable qualities.

The provisions also took six or seven days to collect and were piled up in great heaps round our two tents, causing the greatest surprise to the peaceful inhabitants of Pow Kankou. We had overcome one of our last difficulties by obtaining camel's hair bags which were quite new and in which our provisions ran no risks of being scattered along the road, as had unluckily happened in January in the Gobi desert. My men spent their time in making loads of equal weight, so as not to gall the backs of the animals, and in stuffing the pack saddles which in China are always inadequately stuffed when bought. Our camp was a scene of great activity, especially when the animals returned from pasture in the evening, skipping and frisking in all directions, with no suspicion as to the sad fate which awaited them.

When the loads were ready I had them weighed, and thus obtained an exact notion of the extent of our provisions. We had 6,000lbs. of peas for the animals, 800lbs. of rice, 700lbs. of flour, 550lbs. of millet, plenty of salt and sugar, and a little vinegar and Chinese wine. It was nothing much to boast about, nor could we expect much variety in our menu, but it was enough to keep us going, and I relied upon some lucky shoots to give us from time to time a good dish of meat.

It was only on the evening before our departure that the mandarin in charge of Gnansithou decided to show any sign of life. He sent to me several of his

subordinates in succession. I bowed them all out very politely and assured them that the pleasure of shooting was quite enough to embolden us to face the privations and perils of which they insisted on giving us a fearful description. As we were leaving Pow Kankou as early as possible the next day I invited them cordially to visit me again in the afternoon if they wished for more details. Whether they returned or not is hardly a matter of history.

The 25th June was a great day for us. We broke up our camp to move to the assault of the unknown plateau and the huge mountain chains which make Central Tibet practically impassable. I must admit that our first day's march was not encouraging. The animals, fresh after their stay of nearly ten days amid abundant pasturage, showed one after another an unpromising desire to throw off their loads and to return to the attractive neighbourhood of the deep grass. Some of them had the delicate considerateness to choose the moment of crossing a broad river for the execution of this intention, and thus threw the whole caravan into confusion. While our men worked up to the waist in water, at saving the sacks, my wife and I had the utmost difficulty in preventing the escape of the mules which had crossed first. The peaceful and unconcerned camels alone retained their dignity on this memorable day.

When we halted at nightfall we had covered but a very little distance though we were almost tired out. Our ten caravan drivers pulled long faces at the prospect of other marches of this character, for the few miles that we had accomplished had in no way reduced the spirits of the beasts.

In fact the next day we advanced about ten miles at the cost of much exhaustion, and, which was specially

annoying, upon an excellent road, on which we ought to have been able to do double the distance without feeling it. To crown our troubles, we had no sooner halted and unloaded than half the animals thought fit to make a bolt towards the mountains. I spent half the night myself on foot among the outlying spurs, looking for my favourite horse, and only brought him back into camp after much trouble.

Nan Kankou, the point that we had reached that evening, is the last inhabited place on the great Gobi plateau, or, to put it differently, of the strip of land which here constitutes the furthest corner of Chinese Kansuh. Directly south rise the first mountains, which, though small in height and cut off from one another by valleys running from east to west, unquestionably belong to the Tibetan system. Their appearance is wild and savage.

On the morning of 27th June after a tiring night, due to the necessity of pursuing the escaped animals, which had fallen upon all, we had the pleasure of observing the rising of a hurricane of wind, sand, and dust. I will not dilate upon our troubles in marching under these conditions, but I may say that a few more days of this kind would have rendered further progress impossible. In the middle of the day we negotiated an easy pass, and after crossing the low range of mountains found ourselves on the banks of a little river amid pasturage of astonishing excellence and extent. However, we did not halt, and pursuing our road towards a dip in the mountains some twenty miles away we crossed a dry swamp which, in the rainy season, must be quite impassable. After the swamp came a "sai," a gentle slope, interrupted by ridges of sand, on which a little grass had taken root, and pitched our camp in a place in

which no water or grass could be obtained. Our troubles had only begun, but at least our baggage animals had become more manageable.

In the morning the sky was clear, and the wind had dropped. The gorge to which I was leading the caravan was plainly visible, and we reached it after marching some seventeen miles over firm ground rising about one and a half yards in a hundred in a gentle and regular slope.

On reaching the mouth of this gorge we saw a charming and unexpected sight. A torrent of foaming water fell into a cañon some hundred feet deep, down a bed which it had dug for itself in the loes. Here and there the sharply cut banks drew closer together. It could not be seen from the desert, in which it terminated, and from a little distance it was imperceptible, buried as it was in its steep channel.

As we went on we found that the gorge widened considerably, that the sides of the cañon sank to the level of the water, and that an oasis of grass and trees had developed in a well watered corner sheltered from the wind. We pitched our tent under some over-arching trees, beside the torrent, and let the animals loose to crop the grass.

An amusing incident occurred towards evening. Some honest peasants from Gnansithou knowing the rich pasturage of this oasis, had taken up their abode for the summer in a sheltered spot a little to the south of that which we had selected, and were peacefully watching their herds of mules, asses, and sheep. When we arrived they took us for brigands, of whom there are plenty in the district, and having no idea of our numbers or of our real business, they bravely took up arms to defend their herds which they supposed to be threatened. Thus it came to pass that just as our men were beginning

their preparations for a meal we were aware of five gentlemen armed with long Mongol rifles who ordered us to decamp immediately. They had hardly given vent to this preposterous command when my people, relying on the superiority of our repeating rifles, threw themselves on the unfortunate herdsmen, disarmed them in a moment, and began to inflict a sound beating upon them. When I thought they had suffered enough I intervened, and explain to them briefly wherein their mistake consisted, and how thoughtless actions bring unpleasantness to those guilty of them. Then I confiscated the weapons of these dangerous neighbours, promising to restore them when we started again next morning. A few minutes later they were on the best of terms with my men, and even sold us one of their finest sheep. Our road next day after following for some time the course of the torrent, traversed a wide desert plateau crossed by cañons dry at this season, which increased in number as we moved south. In the distance rose barren mountains and the vegetation on the plateau itself was reduced to a minimum, consisting only of some bushes which the camels alone could eat. We had advanced in front of the caravan and disappeared from them for some time while crossing the dry ravines, and when at length we found a suitable camping ground on the banks of the river near which we had camped on the preceding evening, we found that we were alone. The caravan drivers, probably fast asleep on the backs of their animals, had lost our trail and wandered off. It was late in the evening when they rejoined us, exhausted by a trying march across this uneven ground cut by deep ravines.

During the last two days we had risen some 2,600 feet, and Gnansithou being about 3,800 feet high we

were now 6,400 feet above sea level. It was the beginning of the great climb, and we only hoped we might never have to cross more difficult country. As long as we followed the course of the torrent marching was easy, and we avoided having to climb the surrounding ridges. The water was very low, and when we were compelled by a rock to cross the stream the animals did not sink in further than the knees. Tamed by the work of the last few marches the pack animals let themselves be led peacefully and made no further attempts to get rid of their loads.

On 30th June we did not make a long march, only eight miles. During the first days of our journey I thought it well to halt whenever we reached good pasturage in view of the fact that we might afterwards have to do without it very often. We followed the gorge which I have described, and approached a curious rampart of pointed mountains, at the foot of which the torrent suddenly turned to the right between two masses of rocks. A great number of torrent beds proved that the road we were taking must be almost entirely flooded and impassable in the rainy season and at the melting of the snows. We found it quite easy and very picturesque. The water had cut its way across gravel, sand, and loes, forming here and there embankments of strange shape, fantastic arches, and grottoes of all kinds. Some camels must have past over the road a few days before, for their footprints were still fresh.

On the next day we soon reached the end of the defile, and a broad wide plain on a gentle slope spread before us, instead of the mountains which we had been threading for some days. We had crossed a second and more important chain which acts as a step towards the high ground of Tibet. At once I directed our course

towards a dip in the mountain before us, and all day long we advanced in that direction over easy ground. In the evening we reached a slender stream which had been out of sight till then, just as we were beginning to despair of finding drinking water. It was perceptibly colder, which was not surprising, seeing that we had risen more than 3,000 feet on that day. We had covered at least 28 miles, and the animals showed signs of fatigue. The grass too was very poor and would not be sufficient to support them for two days.

During the night a deluge of rain came down and we had to cover our provision sacks hastily with felt and oil cloths. In spite of our precautions the downpour was so violent that more than a quarter of the sacks were soaked and we had to dry their contents in the sun next morning before breaking up the camp.

We discovered some tents, inhabited by peaceful Mongols, in the small valleys across the principal chain. They were feeding their flocks of sheep, and could be seen riding about on all sides on their small ponies. They all wore fur cloaks, and so did we, for the wind blew with great violence and the thermometer was near freezing point. It was useless to try and climb the rocky chain which rose before us, and I ordered a deviation to the right. After some twelve miles we reached a broad valley shaped like a rounded bay, in the middle of which we found fairly good grass. Accordingly we encamped and received a visit from two Mongols, apparently small mandarins, who informed us that our camping ground and a river which rose not far from our tents were called Ha She Ha. This place is apparently often visited, to judge from the remains of fires, and it must have some history, for on a rock a little to the left before reaching it are the ruins of a tower.

This tower commands a magnificent view of the whole plain and of the mountains which we crossed, and as the day was clear I took advantage of it to make an exact plan of the neighbourhood with the help of an eclimeter compass.

July 3rd was a very tiring day, we were continually crossing ravines from 30 to 120 feet deep, lying close together and all running from south to north. Nothing was more fatiguing for the animals than this perpetual ascent and descent which added considerably to the distance. The descent was sometimes so steep that the loads slipped over the heads of the beasts and we lost much precious time in reloading them.

None the less we rose 1,000 feet, and had still to cross two or three deeper ravines before reaching the end of the pass for which we were making.

Having once crossed this pass, and risen 600 feet more, we discovered a broad valley turning perceptibly to the north. As we saw no other road before us and had no intention of climbing the steep rocky sides of the mountains, we went down the valley for some fifteen miles. The bottom of the valley practically consisted of the dry bed of a great torrent, in the furrows of which many heads of "ovis ammon" were to be found. This fact alone would have proved how many of these animals inhabited the mountains to the south, even if we had seen none ourselves. There were also many skeletons of kyans, or wild asses.

We came suddenly upon a Mongol camp pitched at a place called Ta T'chuen, near copious springs and pasturages which would have been very fine if the sheep had not cropped it as close as a carpet. We were hospitably received by ten Mongols wearing Tibetan dress, who sold us two sheep. They seemed much

astonished at our presence, and could not understand why we had made so great a detour from our way to Zaidam simply for the pleasure of fixing the site of certain mountains and valleys.

We spent the next two days climbing a succession of ridges and coming down into the deep valleys between them. It was very tiring work and we made slow progress. Luckily there was plenty of grass. At the end of the second day we turned northward again, and having climbed a small height on the left bank of the river which we had been following all day along the well marked tracks made by men and animals, we came upon the tents of a Mongol colony of some hundred souls, skilfully hidden in a small valley which was furnished with a spring of pure water and rich in pasture. Flags flew on all sides, more especially near the dwelling of a petty prince who came to meet us and received us as well as he could in spite of his astonishment at our appearance.

LESDAIN.

(To be continued.)

SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS.

THE RECORDS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, Vol. XXXIII, Part 4, and Vol. XXXIV, Part 1. Part 4 contains a very interesting article on the Geology of the State of Panna, principally with reference to the Diamond-bearing deposits, by E. Vredenburg, A. R. C. S.

AFTER a very graphic description of the present methods of obtaining the gems, methods that are as old as the mining, he makes out a very strong case for the working of these deposits by the State. "After careful consideration, I am of opinion that it is essential for the success of the enterprise, to secure from the very commencement, and for a certain number of years at least, the services of a fully qualified and experienced European mining engineer, one with a knowledge of coal mining, which is the only sort of mining that can be compared to the present one." He concludes with the remark that after at most two years of systematic trials it could be seen whether the work would be remunerative or not.

Going into the question of the origin of the Panna diamonds it would certainly seem as though future investigation should be made in the direction of the basic dykes of Bijawur age. It would hardly seem probable to find their origin in the granite itself and indeed the facts are very much against such an origin. Part I contains an article on coal occurrences in the Foot-hills in Bhutan by Guy E. Pilgrim, B. Sc. The coal itself has been reduced by crushing to such a flakey condition that it is exceedingly friable, and it is impossible to dig it out except in the form of dust. It is evident from the article that it would probably be a waste of money to prospect in this direction for coal. It does not appear that, even at Darjeeling, where the beds are much thicker and the quality much better, the mining of the coal has proved a paying investment.

REPORT ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE ANDAMAN AND NICOBAR ISLANDS AND THE PENAL SETTLEMENT OF PORT BLAIR for 1904-05. Calcutta.

THE mortality due to phthisis still calls for remark despite the slight reduction in the death-rate due to the same. "Phthisis caused 174 admissions and 100 deaths during the year, 21 less admissions and 10 less deaths than in the previous year. This slight diminution in the prevalence of the disease is probably attributable to the strict segregation of cases which is now enforced. It is not due to an improvement in the accommodation provided for the convicts. For while the male labouring convict population increased by 648, the accommodation failed to keep pace with it."

This is plainly shown on page 32. In 1899 there were 8,734 male labouring convicts and nominal accommodation for 9,094. In 1904 there were 11,405 male labouring convicts and nominal accommodation for 10,517.

Thus while the male labouring population has increased in the last five years by 2,671 accommodation for only 1,423 men had been built up to the close of the year under report. To this closer packing of the men in barracks, in the opinion of the Senior Medical Officer, the increase in phthisis that has occurred since 1900 must chiefly be attributed.

REPORT ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE JAILS IN THE PUNJAB, 1905. Lahore.

WE can congratulate the authorities on the excellence of their work in the conduct of the jails in the Punjab. They have the remarkably low death-rate of 16.34 per mille and this notwithstanding the appearance of both cholera and plague, which owing to prompt precautions were able to make no headway.

Another point calling for praise is the fact that it has been found possible to maintain steady discipline concurrently with the fewest cases of corporal punishment on record. Other facts, such as the decrease in the number of cases in which fetters were imposed, and in attempts to escape, as well as the

above all redound to the credit of the staff and the efficiency of the subordinate establishment employed in the department.

REPORT ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE POLICE OF THE UNITED PROVINCES, for the year ending 31st December 1905, Allahabad.

WE learn from the report that the criminal history of the year was largely influenced by the scarcity and high prices which prevailed, and the effect of these was enhanced by the occurrence of an unprecedentedly severe outbreak of plague, which caused the evacuation of a large number of villages and offered strong temptation to criminally-minded persons. There was naturally an increase in the offences against property and a decrease in offences against the person. An increase in the number of cases of murder and culpable homicide is noticed, but no attempt at an explanation is made.

There was a great increase in dacoity, against which proceedings do not seem to have been very successful.

We are glad to notice that amongst the Bhars of Benares a non-criminal section of the tribe is coming into existence, the members of which refuse to marry with the criminal families. This is a movement which should be encouraged.

REPORT ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF BENGAL, 1904-05. Calcutta.

A VERY well written report considering the amount of information that has to be condensed into the few pages that form this book. It is a mine of information, though only the salient facts from any one department are shown, for fuller information it is necessary to go to the special report of that department.

The book is furnished with an excellent map, which would be even more valuable and useful if it were mounted on cotton.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE STORY OF MY STRUGGLES. The Memoirs of Arminius Vambery, C.V.O., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Budapest. London : T. Fisher Unwin, 2 Vols. 1905.

"MAN is the writing himself" is an old saying, and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the autobiography of Professor Arminius Vambery, the great explorer of Central Asia and the Mahomedan world. To all genuine Orientals the august personality of the great Hungarian scholar is a source of genuine pleasure, and to all men of the world the psychological development of the great man is a study of great interest. The story of his infinite struggles in life through which he rose step by step to eminence and popularity through the sheer force of a strong will and a stubborn determination possesses so much educating value for the young aspirants to fame that it can safely be recommended as one of the "golden" books which every student should read and digest as best as he can. Coming to the world without any of those accidents of birth and fortune which are regarded as means of advancement in life and which if possessed would surely make introduction to the world smooth and easy, Arminius Vambery in his childhood only found thorns, privation and misery. His great great-grand father came from the worthy little town of Bamberg, and when the Emperor Joseph II commanded his Jewish subjects to take a surname, his grand-father who was born in Hungary, took the name of the town of his ancestors and was entered as Bamberger. As time went on, the "B" became "W," and his father wrote his name as Wamberger, although he made but little use of this registered name, for in those days, the orthodox Jews followed the Oriental custom according to which the father's name is the one generally used and the family name is merely of official importance. Vambery's father was not only a devout Jew, but also a distinguished Talmudist who often spent whole days and

nights in study without troubling himself much about mundane affairs. Though a profound scholar in his own way, he was a simpleton in society and, as such, was unable to make his two ends meet. While musing and cogitating upon the intricacies of the Mishna and Gemara, the good man quite forgot that in order to live, one had to look beyond the world of books and plunge with courage into the busy market of every-day life. But his study could not awaken him to the rude realities of life. So his wife came to the conclusion that it would be best to leave her husband to his books and herself to look after the support of the family. But inexperienced as she was in the struggle for existence, she could not prosper in life. Rapidly her poverty increased, and, to crown all, she lost her husband and became a widow with two children in the greatest distress.

One of these children was, of course, Arminius Vambery. His mother, a young energetic woman of unwonted activity, married again in the belief that she would be able to get a man's support to improve her lot and those of her children, but unfortunately her second husband, being an easy-going man, could not assist her much. At his suggestion, she with her children, left St. Georghen, where Vambery was born, and settled at Duna Szerdahely. Vambery was then only three years old. It was about this time of his life that an accident brought about the lameness of his left leg, an affliction for which no cure was found, and the great man became lame for life. When other children find roses on their paths, Vambery could find nothing but thorns, privation and misery. With the increasing poverty his mother began to sell leeches which was a sort of family trade of the Fleuschnanns in Duna Szerdahely. But this too was not profitable enough to meet the demand of the poor lady and her children. Thus the rosy days of childhood of Vambery were for him days of suffering and privation. But poverty instead of weakening his health and depressing his energy, made him very strong to struggle for existence and made him acquainted with "strange bed fellows." While sauntering about in search for bread, Vambery came to know the wandering gipsies, and his first impressions of nomadic life were gained through these brown children of the East.

Vambery's elementary education was received in a third-rate school, and his mother kept him vigorously at his lessons. When he went to bed, his mother put his books under his pillow saying "for knowledge will get into thine head over night, right through the bolster." Up to his eighteenth year, his knowledge consisted of the Pentateuch with commentary, the Prophets and other Biblical stories, besides Hungarian and German reading and writing. When he was about ten, the poverty and misery of the family reached a climax, and in order that he might not take the bread out of the children's mouth, his mother made up her mind, though with a heavy heart, to send him out of the house as an apprentice to a lady tailoress whose son he agreed to instruct in Hebrew in return for which she boarded him and initiated him in the mysteries of sewing together light cotton and linen materials. This engagement proved disagreeable to Vambery and he quitted it within a month and returned home. Next he got a teachership in the house of the Jewish inn-keeper in the village of Nyek about two hours' journey from Dona Szerdahely. This post he kept only for six months and then returned to his mother with eight florins in his pocket. Living some time at home, Vambery next went to Presburg to devote himself to Christian studies and entered the Piarists' College to study in the first Latin class. At the examination at the end of the first term, he succeeded in gaining the approbation of his teachers, and was promoted to the second. At the end of the second year he obtained a certificate of "Eminent" and started for the imperial city of Vienna in 1845. From Vienna Vambery went to Lundenburg, where his uncle was staying, and again came back to Presburg, where he got a teachership, besides studying in the third class at the college of the Benedictine monks. Within two years he finished the third and fourth classes at the Benedictine College, and in 1848 when the War of Independence broke out, his stay at Presburg became impossible. So he left the town in the capacity of family preceptor of a poor Jew, but returned to it after a while and became a student at the Protestant Lyceum. But difficulties regarding his livelihood having arisen, he decided to study for a year and then seek employment as a tutor. At the end of the year he left the school and for

want of sixteen florins, could not get his testimonials of merit. From 1851 to 1856 Vambéry became a professional private tutor to gain his livelihood and during the interval, studied closely the Oriental languages. In the beginning of 1857 he made up his mind to go to the East. In the meantime his mother died, and thus the last link with the land of his birth was broken.

With one hundred and twenty florins in his pocket, which he could save from his income as a tutor, and with the necessary passports which he got with the assistance of Baron Joseph Eötvös, Vambéry started in May 1857 for the East. When he landed at the Golden Horn opposite Galatta, he became penniless. From Galatta he went to Pera, where he met with a countryman of his who helped him in finding board and lodging. The first days of his sojourn in Pera passed away in traversing in all directions both the European and the Turkish quarters of the town and conversing with the Turks in the coffee-houses, who were greatly impressed by his knowledge of Turkish and Persian. Slowly he made friends among the Turks, and in autumn, was summoned by the General-Consul of Denmark to give him lessons in French. For eighteen months he taught the Consul-General and became thoroughly conversant with Turkish society manners and customs and the elegancies of the Osmanli speech, as his pupil always entertained a company of Effendis and Porte officials in the evenings, with whom Vambéry conversed for hours. Next he was offered the position of private tutor in the Konak of the Hussain Daim Pasha, in the town quarter of Kabatash, which he accepted with delight, and he henceforth became a regular Turk. His master ordered his household to address Vambéry henceforth as *Reshid*, i.e., the valiant, to which the title of Effendi was added for his linguistic skill. So Reshid Effendi became his Turkish name. When this was done, he was able to move in Turkish society without any hindrance. Rising step by step he came into the house of the Chief Chancellor of the Imperial Divan, Afif Bey, whose son-in-law became his pupil for about twelve months and where he had daily intercourse with the *élite* in Porte society. Here he made the acquaintance of Midhat Pasha, the father of the Turkish constitution.

In 1859 Vambéry received an appointment at the house of Rifaat Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs as a teacher of history, geography and French. Besides, he taught Turkish to Count Kayserling of the Prussian Legation who introduced him to the then Lord Stratford Canning. In the intervals of his regular work as a teacher, he edited a Germano-Turkish pocket dictionary containing about 140,000 words, which was published at Pera by Georg Kohler. This was the first work with which he appeared before the public and also the first German book printed at Constantinople. Moreover he began contributing to the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* and soon became a regular correspondent of the *Wanderer*. It was about this time that he was seized with a desire to take a journey to Central Asia to find there a few rays of light to guide him through the dark regions of primitive Hungarian history. Judging from the relationship between the written and the spoken language of the Osmanlis, he hoped to find among the idioms of the Central Asian steppes and of the town dwellers on the other side of the Oxus linguistic elements which would show a relationship with the Magyar language. This was the principal object of his risky adventure in Central Asia.

In 1861 Vambéry returned to Hungary (to Pest) from Stambul after an absence of four years to prepare himself to start for Central Asia. In acknowledgment of his literary work, the Hungarian Academy of Sciences made him a corresponding member of the Institution and placed at his disposal one thousand florins to enable him to go into the interior of Asia to investigate the relationships of the Magyar language. To get this help he was greatly assisted by Count E. Desseffy. Within six months he again left Pest for Constantinople and in March 1862 left for Trebizond to go to Persia. At Trebizond, he was hospitably received by Emin Mukhlis Pasha, the Governor, and continued his journey to Persia in the company of a small trading caravan. Arrived at Erzerum, he enjoyed a good rest under the hospitable roof of the military Governor with whom he was acquainted while at Pera, and who convinced of the pious motives of Vambéry's journey to Bokhara, instructed him for hours in the mysteries of the various orders and especially of the Nakish Bendi

Crossing the Persian borders at Diadin, he arrived on Persian soil and reached Tebris, where he was greatly helped by an European merchant. After a prolonged stay at Tebris, he started for Teheran, where he lived at the Turkish Embassy and recovered from the fatigues of the journey in the cool valley of the Shimran mountains. While he was staying there the discouraging news that a journey to Bokhara was fraught with gigantic and unconquerable dangers came to him. Besides, the war between Dost Mahommed and Ahmed Shah made the journey *via* Meshed and Mero or *via* Herat quite impossible. Under the circumstances he started for South Persia and reached Ispahan in the company of some Tartar pilgrims who were then returning to Central Asia after performing the Haj. The Turkish Ambassador, Hder Effendi, apprehensive of danger to Vambéry's life when in Central Asia, especially requested the leader of the pilgrims to take care of him and protect him by giving rich presents: he also gave him an authorised passport bearing the name of Hadji Mehemmed Reshid Effendi with the official signature and seal of the Sultan of Turkey. This passport rescued Vambéry's life many times when in Khiva and Bokhara. Besides this great help, Dr. Bimsenstien, an Austrian by birth who then acted as physician to the Legation at Teheran, seemed much concerned about Vambéry. When he saw him starting on his dangerous adventure in Central Asia, he called him into his dispensary and gave him three pills, saying "These are strychnine pills. I give them to you to spare you the agonies of a slow martyr's death. When you see that preparations are being made to torture you to death, and when you cannot see a ray of hope anywhere, then swallow these pills; they will shorten your agony." With tears in his eyes, the kind-hearted man gave him the fateful globules which Vambéry carefully concealed in the wadding of his upper garment.

In Ispahan and Shiraz, he saw the graves of Hafiz and Saadi and the many glorious monuments of venerable antiquity, especially the ruins of Persepolis. Then he set his face towards the Caspian Sea. The journey was extremely perilous, and the preservation of his *incognito* was a tremendous mental and physical exertion. During the whole of the

journey, he was ever on his guard and never by the slightest mistake or neglect, betrayed his identity. In this way, he visited Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarkand and was introduced into the presence of the Emirs of these respective places. In his earlier works, Vambéry gave us many exciting and critical incidents of his *incognito* in Central Asia, but here he entertains us with another more equally romantic and exciting. When he went to Khiva, he was accompanied by an Afghan. He was a Kandahari who, during the British occupation of 1840, had escaped the English Criminal Law; he had spent some time in the Afghan Colony on the Caspian Sea and afterwards had wandered about for many years in Khiva. He would insist that in spite of his knowledge of the languages of Islam, Vambéry was a disguised European and, therefore, a dangerous spy. At first Vambéry treated him with every possible mark of respect and politeness; he flattered his vanity but all in vain. The scoundrel would not be taken off his guard, and one evening he overheard him saying to the head of the caravan: "I bet you, he is a Feringhi or a Russian spy, and with his pencil he makes a note of all the mountains and valleys, all the streams and springs, so that the Russians can later on come into the land without a guide to rob you of your flocks and children. In Khiva, thanks to the precautions of the Khan, the rack will do its part and the red hot iron will soon show what sort of metal he is made of." Vambéry, with infinite self-reserve, managed to show cold indifference to this discourse. But one evening, during his passage through the steppe, the Afghan was quietly smoking his opium pipe, in the night camp. By the glimmer of the coals on his water-pipe Vambéry met his dull, intoxicated gaze, and a diabolical idea took possession of him. "This man is planning my destruction and he can effect it; shall I throw one of my strychnine pills into his dish of tea, which he is even now holding in his shaky hand? I could thus save myself and accomplish my purpose." A horrible thought no doubt. He took the pill from the wadding of his cloak and held it for some time between his fingers close to the edge of the dish. The deadly silence of the night and the opium fumes which held this man under the spell seemed to

favour his devilish scheme, but when in his distraction, he gazed upwards and saw the brilliantly shining canopy of heaven; the magic beauty of the stars overmastered him; the first rays of the rising moon fell upon him—he stayed his hand, ashamed of meditating a deed unworthy of a civilised man and quickly hid the fateful pill again in the lining of his dervish cloak.

After his dangerous adventure with the Emir of Bokhara, Vambéry commenced his return to Europe in the company of pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Leaving Samarkand behind, he approached the south-west of Persia. At Kerki on the Oxus, he was received kindly by Rahmet Bi, a trusty chamberlain who afterwards became Minister to the Emir of Bokhara. This man seemed to have guessed his *incognito* but following the promptings of his kindly feelings, did not betray him, but on the other hand, helped with a passport for safe conduct in Central Asia. He reached Herat and stayed there for several weeks to allay the most trying fatigues of the journey. Here he was introduced to Prince Yakub, Khan, then Governor of Herat but afterwards Amir of Afghanistan and a son of Shere Ali Khan, Amir, Prince Yakub, peering into his face, said, "*Walla au billa Faringi hasti*" (this man must be a European). This Vambéry denied and the conversation was then changed. But the ex-Amir Yakub told the story thus afterwards: "I was seated in an upper chamber watching a parade of my troops, and the band was playing on the open ground in front of my window. I noticed a man beating time to the music of the band with his foot. I knew at once that he must be a European as Asiatics are not in the habit of doing thus. Later on, when this man came into my *darbar*, I charged him with being a Feringhi which he denied. However, I did not press the matter, being afraid that if suspicion had been roused against him, his life might not have been safe."

From Herat Vambéry came to Meshed, where he was kindly received by Colonel Dolmage. From Meshed he came to Teheran, where Sir Charles Alison, the English Envoy, asked him to write an account of his travels and gave him official recommendations to Lord Palmerston, Lord Strangford, Sir John Sheil, Sir H. Rawlinson, and other political and scientific notabilities in London. The Russian Ambassador, M. Von

Giers, also urged him to go to St. Petersburg, but Vambéry did not listen to him. After a stay of three months at Teheran he left the Persian capital and travelling *viâ* Tebriz, Erzerum and Trebizond, where his European friends most warmly received and *fêted* him reached Pest in May 1864. At home, the kind of reception given to him was greatly disappointing; only the Hungarian Academy did all they could to make up the neglect of others. So he made up his mind to go to England and appear before the London Geographical Society, the best known forum of Asiatic travel. Through the intervention of his noble patron, Baron Eötvös, he got a loan of a few hundred florins from the Library Fund of the Hungarian Academy by depositing his Oriental manuscripts, the treasured results of his travels and started for London. In the railway carriage from Dover to London, one Mr. Smith was so pleased with the purpose of his journey that on his arrival in London, he took Vambéry to Hotel Victoria, engaged a splendid room for him, entertained him right royally, found for him a private house and paid the first month's rent for him. After he had seen him comfortably settled this kind-hearted man took leave of Vambéry and never met him again. When he became somewhat familiar with London life, he presented his letters of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society; Sir Henry Rawlinson, the greatest authority on Central Asian affairs; Sir Henry A. Layard, Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; Sir Justin Sheil, former Ambassador at Teheran, and Lord Strangford the great authority on the Islamic East. All gave Vambéry a hearty welcome. Under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, he gave a lecture on Central Asia at Burlington House, and through the help of Lord Strangford, got Mr. John Murray as the publisher of his Central Asian travels. The British Ambassador at Teheran asked him to draw up a memorandum on the condition of things in Central Asia which he did and was with great kindness received by Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister. Thus he became a great figure in England and became introduced to the Athenæum and Cosmopolitan clubs where he became acquainted with King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales.

Having created a name in England and assured his greatness in the world, Vambery went to Hungary, and through the help of the Emperor Francis Joseph, got the Professorship of Oriental Languages in the University of Budapest, which he still holds. This appointment gave him ample time to devote his labour in the journalistic direction. Between 1865 and 1885 he wrote very largely on political and politico-economic questions of Central Asia, Persia, Turkey in English, German, French, Hungarian and American periodicals, and published (1) *Power of Russia in Asia*, (2) *Central Asia and the Anglo-Russian Frontier Question*, (3) *The Coming Struggle for India*, published in 1885, when England and Russia were about to wage a war on the Pendjeh question. After the publication of the latter work, Vambery was invited by Queen Victoria to dinner at Windsor Castle, where he remained one day enjoying the kindness of the great Queen and visiting the objects of historical interest in the Castle. After her death in 1901, her son and successor, Edward VII, showed him many marks of favour. In 1902 Vambery was decorated by King Edward VII by conferring upon him the third class (Commander) of the Victorian order on the seventieth anniversary of his birthday. The following very interesting incident took place while Vambery lived at Sandringham. "At the time of my visit to Sandringham," says Vambery, "I lived in the apartments of the late Duke of Clarence, who was absent at the time and thus I became the neighbour of Prince George as he was then called (now Prince of Wales). One afternoon, while I was occupied with my correspondence, I received an invitation from the Queen to join her in the garden; as I wished to wash my hands before going down I rang several times for warm water, but no one came. At length the young Prince came to my door, and asked me what I wanted. I told him, and he disappeared, returning in a few minutes with a large jug in his hand which he placed, smiling, on my washstand." On another evening at Sandringham, a gala dinner was given in honour of Queen Victoria and Vambery was to take Princess Louise in to dinner; King Edward VII took a glance at the assembled guests, then approached Vambery saying "Vambery, why did

you not put on orders?" Before Vambery's reply, the Princess Louise (now Duchess of Fife) said: "Why papa, Professor Vambery ought to have pinned some of his books on to his coat; they would be the most suitable decorations."

Besides enjoying the confidence of King Edward VII, Vambery is intimately acquainted with Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey and Shah Nasreddin of Persia. His acquaintance with the former dates from the time when he was a tutor of the wife of Khalib Pasha, Fatma Sultan. It was during this tutorship that he was particularly struck by a slender, pale looking boy who used to sit behind him and hear his discourse. He was a brother of Vambery's pupil and was then called Prince Hamid Effendi. In time, this slender, pale looking boy became Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey, and invited Vambery more than once to Constantinople, for consultation on political questions. With the late Shah of Persia, Nasreddin, he was acquainted when his Persian Majesty paid his third visit to Europe and visited Budapest, where Vambery welcomed him on behalf of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in a Persian speech. In 1900 when his son and successor, the present Shah of Persia, Mozuffaruddin, passed through the capital of Hungary, Vambery met him for the second time, nearly forty years after his first visit with the young ruler whom he first met in 1862 when he was Governor of Azerbaidshan. Before his imperial Majesty arrived at Budapest, he several times enquired for Vambery to learn his whereabouts, and when he arrived at the station of Budapest he looked round enquiringly and said "Where is Vambery?" Vambery was immediately called and the Persian monarch pressed his hand in the most friendly manner, and invited him to come with him to the hotel. In course of his conversation with the Persian King, Vambery suggested the regeneration of Persia on Western models to which the King replied: "Very well, very well, but that will take time."

The last chapter of the memoirs entitled "The Struggle's End, and yet no End" contains the author's reflections from a careful comparison of certain institutions, manners, and customs in Asiatic and European society and hence is the most important of all. "These reflections," says Vambery, "the

chief factors of the transformation of my mental life, are very possibly shared by many others and explained in various ways, but the manner in which I gained my experience was rather out of the ordinary, for before me no European or Asiatic ever acted so many different parts on the world's stage in two continents, and I will, therefore, endeavour to draw a comparison between some institutions, manners and customs of society in Asia and Europe. I will reveal a picture of my mental conditions when, saturated with Asiatic ways of thinking, I made the acquaintance of various European countries, and how, when comparing the two worlds, I came to the conclusion that here as there shortsightedness, prejudice, prepossession and want of objectiveness prevented the forming of sound and just opinions." The author's comparison is a delightful reading, showing deep insight into the social manners and customs of East and West. With a singular courage of conviction, he exposes the defects of both the types of civilisation as found in Asia and Europe.

Vamberg's is a most successful life, and as it is full of bitter and hard struggles, so it is crowned with singular honour and renown. We have not read another piece of autobiography which is so candid, lucid, and interesting. The author most distinctly points out the steps through which his psychological development took place, without concealing from public knowledge the rather undignified fact of his poor early life. If there is any man in the modern world, who can be called a self-made man, he is certainly Vamberg. "And now the evening of my life," says Vamberg, "has come; the setting sun is casting warning shadows before me, and the chilliness of the approaching night becomes perceptible. I sit and think of all the dangers, difficulties and troubles of the day that is past and in the possession of my two jewels (experience and independence) I feel fully rewarded for all I have gone through. It has been my good fortune to contribute my mite to the enlightenment and improvement of my fellow-creatures, and when I made the joyful discovery that my books were being read all over Europe, America, and Australia, the consciousness of not having lived in vain filled me with a great happiness."

HARSA VARDHANA, EMPEREUR ET POETE, by Maurice, L. Ettlinghausen, M. R. A. S. (Ernest Leroux, Paris.)

A THESIS presented to the Sorbonne, to qualify the author for a degree. It will hardly appeal to the public, but will be appreciated by the specialist. A careful and scholarly performance, of the general type of French scientific and historical monographs.

ETHNOGRAPHIC NOTES ON SOUTHERN INDIA, by Edgar Thurston. (Government Press, Madras.)

MR. THURSTON's position as Superintendent of the Madras Government Museum has afforded him facilities of which he has taken full advantage to produce an excellent and readable book, copiously illustrated with 40 plates. He modestly terms it a farrago, intended to be of use only to those already engaged in the study of such questions. But it seems to us that this book should be found of very general interest, and that it should secure a wide circle of readers. We can have no feelings but those of gratitude to all who, like Mr. Thurston, labour to establish a better acquaintance among the rulers of this huge continent with the ideas, fancies, and beliefs, of its various inhabitants.

THE WRONG ENVELOPE, AND OTHER STORIES, by Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan & Co.)

THERE is really nothing to be said about Mrs. Molesworth's latest book, except that it resembles her other successful efforts to cater for the taste of the rather prosaic and unromantic girl.

VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

Subhā Bibāha (The auspicious marriage). [The Mozoomdar Library, 20, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta.]

This short story of a hundred and twenty-five pages is evidently from the pen of a lady. We know of no male writer in the field of Bengalee literature who can so closely and carefully observe the minute details of the daily life of Indian ladies of the upper-middle class. The book is a singular addition to Bengalee literature. Its plot, *mise en scène*, and incidents are simplicity itself. There is no science, no book-learning, and but few ethical problems in it from beginning to end; and it all goes in one small volume for the tale concerns but the members of a few families related to one another. We can apply to it Mr. Frederic Harrison's remarks about George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. The "charm of the piece, the perfection of tone and keeping, the harmony of the landscape, the pure, deep humanity of it, all make it a true and exquisite work of high art." Though it is a simple tale simply told it betrays in the writer a wonderful faculty to observe an uncommon grasp of the subject and a marvellous power of observation. There is sufficient internal evidence to make us confident in asserting that the work is written by a lady who is the master of a fascinating style, and a word-painter of no mean order. It is she, perhaps, who contributed a few brilliant sketches to the *Tādhand*.

Because "the smallest speck is seen on snow" we would like to point out a few blemishes in the work. In Bengal a boy—even when he is an only child—is weaned long before he is eleven. Young men of twenty-five never sleep with their mother, and, like Hamlet, seek "metal more attractive." Every house in Calcutta does not possess a garden, and a tank. During the rains cow-dung intended to be used as fuel is not kept exposed in the yard. Our authoress is, perhaps, acquainted with English. But she ought to have known that old women of the type of Niru's aunt do not interlard their conversation with English words. The character,

of Niru's mother is the worst drawn in the book—for she presents a contrast—the “reformed” in her character does not shade off gradually and imperceptibly into the “conservative” in her.

We accord the new writer a hearty welcome, and hope she will be able to do for Bengal what George Eliot did for Great Britain by her exposition of the middle class minds of her day.

Chin-Vramana. (Travels in China) by Dr. Indu Mâdhab Mullick, M.A., B.L. [S. C. Mozoomdar, 20, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta.]

This volume of some two hundred pages embodies the results of the author's observations during his tour in the Far East.

The Doctor's scientific training has sharpened his power of observation, and sights of sorrow and suffering have not made him a cynic. Little acts of kindness never escape his notice, and he relates touching incidents in touching language. The author's deductions are such as one cannot but approve.

The author had contributed a series of articles in newspapers and magazines. Some of these he has collected in this volume. No wonder the chain of narrative snaps here and there, and at least one promise of “I will relate hereafter” is not fulfilled. On page 23 he writes of the Tibet expedition; but he refers to the Burmese expedition. On page 169 he writes: “I have brought a picture of such a *stupa* with me. Its representation is given above.” As a matter of fact the representation is to be found four chapters back (page 135). These are shortcomings which could easily have been avoided.

The most remarkable feature of the work is its language. The language used by the author is the racy, colloquial Bengalee used by the people in ordinary conversation. It is likely to gladden the hearts of men like Mr. Beames and Dr. Grierson, who would see Bengalee free from slavery to Sanskrit. But how very difficult it is to use this plain speech will be evident from the significant fact that the author has not been able to avoid frequent lapses into Sanskritised Bengalee.

We are glad to find Bengalee travellers detailing their experiences for the benefit of the reading public, and can recommend the book to all lovers of Bengalee literature.

Sochitra Arabyopanyasha (The Arabian Nights Entertainments.—Illustrated) by Rāmānanda Chatterjee, M. A. [The Indian Press, Allahabad.]

The author tells us in the Preface that it is an expurgated edition of the Arabian Nights Entertainments and as such can safely be placed in the hands of juvenile readers. And he calls it "Family Edition." However laudable his intention might have been—the success achieved by the author is meagre indeed. We miss the charm of the original as preserved in the English translations, which proved fascinating when we read the book in our boyhood days.

None but a master of style should undertake to write a work of this kind, for, in it, a graphic, expressive, lucid and picturesque style is indispensable. Unfortunately the author's is not a finished style, it lacks grace and flow. And juvenile readers will find his rendering difficult to appreciate.

The author puts the fact very prominently that the book is illustrated. In the Preface he states that to please the readers some half-tone pictures have been inserted in the book. Such illustrations, we are further told, are not to be found in any other Bengalee edition of the book. Unfortunately these illustrations are neither well executed nor carefully done. On page 213 we read: "The beauty of the prince failed to produce pity in the hearts of the two sisters who wrapped the beautiful boy up in a cloth and put him in a trunk which they placed in a canal to drift away." In the illustration we find a lady placing a *basket* (and not a trunk) containing a *naked* (and not covered with cloth) baby on what may be water.

We are sorry the first attempt to place an expurgated edition of the work in the hands of Bengalee boys and girls has ended in a dismal failure.

Meer Kāsim, by Akshoy Kumār Maitra. [G. C. Basu and Co., Calcutta.]

Babu Akshoy Kumār jumped into fame by trying to whitewash Shirajah Dowla at the expense of the English. It is idle

to deny that a section of the reading public in Bengal delights to find the English vituperated. Babu Akshoy Kumâr caters for that section. That members of this section are not in the majority is evident from the popularity gained by books like Babu Kali Prosanna Banerjee's "History of Bengal" and Babu Nikhil Nâth Roy's works. Still they are there. And Babu Akshoy Kumâr's books are addressed to them. Bâbu Maitra possesses an eminently readable style, and can, like the spider which spins long threads within a very short space, write books on scanty themes.

In the present work, though the author has not been able to ignore the faults of Hindus and Mahomedans, his earnest endeavour has been to paint the English so many "rogues in grain." To give one instance. Referring to the burning of Omichand's house the author remarks that through fear of the outrage of English soldiers the ladies of his house took leave of life, and his nectar-white house was turned to ashes because of the mercy of the English. The insinuation is that the outrage of the English soldiers was so notorious that the ladies of the house preferred death to falling into their hands, and the English burned the house. The author quotes Orme as his authority. We quote the original and leave it to the reader to decide if the English can be held responsible for these atrocities :—

"On the 13th, likewise, a letter was intercepted, written to Omichund, by the Nabob's head spy, advising him to send his effects out of the reach of danger as soon as possible : which confirming the suspicions that were already entertained of Omichund's conduct, he was immediately apprehended, and put under strict confinement in the fort ; and a guard of twenty men was placed in his house, that his effects might not be clandestinely removed. His brother-in-law, Hazarimull, who had the chief management of his affairs, concealed himself in the apartments of the women, until the next day, when the guard endeavouring to take him, were resisted by the whole body of Omichund's peons, and armed domestics, amounting to 300 : several were wounded on both sides before the fray ended ; during which, the head of the peons, who was an Indian of a high caste, set fire to the house, and, in order

to save the women of the family from the dishonour of being exposed to strangers, entered their apartments, and killed, it is said, thirteen of them with his own hand; after which he stabbed himself, but, contrary to his intention, not mortally."

If in writing his *History* Macaulay substituted word-painting for poetry and anecdote for philosophy Babu Akshoy Kumar has substituted vituperation for veracity and advocacy for abstract principles. His imagination, moreover, runs riot. In the extract quoted above he speaks of Omichund's nectar-white house. Is nectar white? The Mahomedans, we are told by this hysteric historian, came to occupy the throne of India swimming over the ocean. This is beyond the poet's dream.

It is a pity that the slender beginnings of historic research in Bengal should be disgraced by bias and violent vituperation.

Phulasara (the flowery dart) by Bijoy Chandra Mozoomdâr [Danamayee Press, 20, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta].

The poems collected in this volume betray elements of poetic power which must be our only justification for considering what matter of real value as poetic literature is to be extracted from the somewhat chequered contents of a book which contains poems most of which are "clogged with morbid sensuousness." Moreover these poems belong to a distinct school which has some followers at least. There are fine lines in these poems. But "fine lines and metaphors," as Buchanan puts it, "do not in themselves make fine poetry, any more than carved stones make architecture." The aim of true poetry should be to elevate and ennoble. The work of the true poet is to place higher ideals before us than our daily lives permit us to get. And it is here that our author has signally failed. He not only hints at human heat, but delights to treat of passion. And, with him, passion and love are synonymous. He does not treat of the love of the chivalrous knights, but paints the passion of the Bohemian profligate. He does not realise that love was given to man "to lift from earth our low desires." He cannot conceive woman as the divinely purifying element in human life. Nor can he understand that "chivalry to woman is

no mere romantic echo of the past ; it is the sign-manual of every noble soul." With him woman is the toy of desire, the beautiful, but fragile plaything of an hour. And his poems leave upon the taste the taint of an unwholesome voluptuousness.

If literature and society act and react on each other then, the conception, the publication, and the appreciation of books like the present work disclose a deplorable depth of degradation in Bangalee literature and Bengalee society. It is with considerable pain and disgust that we have marked the growth of the new fashion in Bengalee literature. The poems of Balendra Nâth, some of the later productions of Rabiudra Nâth, many poems of Govinda Chandra and Bijoy Chandra are the types of the products of the new school. They would bring back the women of Byron ;—women without any sign of divine intuition about them ;—women who are merely warm, weak and foolish ; women who never exercise the slightest control over men, except the sensuous control of passion ;—women who are neither revered nor obeyed, with them the home is not the highest and noblest expression of human life. And they would leave men and women to sink or swim as they can in the great seething whirlpools of sensual temptation. No wonder they turn poems which would otherwise have sparkled with a crystal purity into poems brilliant only with the iridescence of corrupt conception.

The evil influence exerted by poems of this kind on the minds of half-educated women and immature youths can be easily imagined. Such poems are a danger and a disgrace, especially when they have free access to young women whose imperfect education has not sharpened their intellect sufficiently to make them distinguish the good from the bad.

To the poets of this "Fleshly School of Poetry" we would recommend a study of Tennyson who, brought up in the cloistral calm of clerical life, shunned the fleshy aspect of love and leaped upon the desecrator of human love with "a bitter wrath, and with words like the sword-flash of an avenging angel." We would further ask them to remember Carlyle's words : "Thou shall not prate even to thyself, about these 'secrets knownt to all.'"

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